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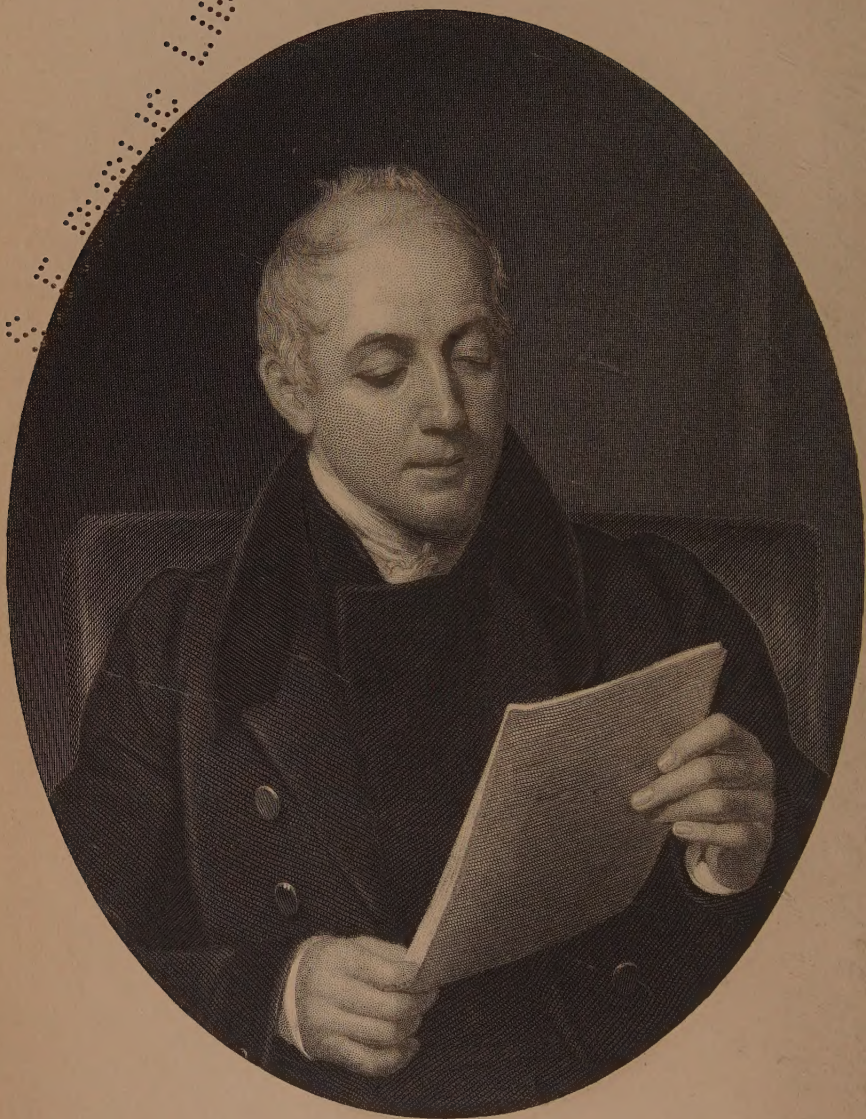
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yours affectionately
John Murray

BORN 1778 — DIED 1843.

A PUBLISHER AND HIS FRIENDS ✓

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MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

JOHN MURRAY,

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF
THE HOUSE, 1768-1843.

SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS,' 'SELF-HELP,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAITS.



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MEMOIRS OF JOHN MURRAY.

CHAPTER XX.

WORKS PUBLISHED IN 1817-18—CORRESPONDENCE, &c.
—HOGG—SCOTT—MALCOLM.

CONSIDERABLE space has been devoted to *Blackwood's Magazine* during Murray's part-ownership of that periodical, but it must not be supposed that the correspondence between the two publishers was confined to that topic; they were in constant communication about other matters of common interest, and chief among these were the works of Byron and Scott, in which they were jointly interested. Blackwood declared that he "was like to be torn to pieces for copies of Byron's Poems."

The first series of the 'Tales of my Landlord' had proved a great success, and while edition after edition was going off, Scott was busy with the second series, containing the 'Heart of Midlothian'; but Murray and Blackwood had still 1500 copies of one edition of the first on their hands, when Ballantyne advertised a new edition of the work, in deliberate disregard of the existing arrangement with the other publishers. Blackwood expostulated with Ballantyne on this, as being "a piratical invasion of our property," and threatened an action for damages. Counsel's opinion was taken; Jeffrey and Cranstoun were

retained, and the publishers determined to proceed, but as this would have called forth the author—who still remained *incognito*—into the witness-box, the action was compromised, by the two publishers obtaining from Ballantyne the subscription price for the unsold copies. When this affair was settled, the books were transferred to Constable.

Murray and Blackwood were also jointly interested in the publication of the works of the Ettrick Shepherd. In 1816, his 'Mador of the Moor' came out; and successive editions of 'The Queen's Wake' were also published.

Mr. Wm. Blackwood to John Murray.

"I am happy to hear that 'Mador' has been doing so well. The Shepherd will be quite elated when he hears of it. He is at present in the Highlands, exploring the wild scenery of Argyleshire. I have not seen 'Waterloo' advertised yet.* It is a misfortune that it is very much in Mr. Scott's manner. As Mr. S. said to me himself the other day, when talking of 'Ilderim,'† 'It does not do, Sir; every man should have a trump of his own.'"

Scott himself was beginning to suffer from the terrible mental and bodily strain to which he had subjected himself, and was shortly after seized with the illness to which reference has been made in a previous chapter, and which disabled him for some time. Blackwood informed Murray (7th March, 1817), that Mr. Scott "has been most dangerously ill, with violent pain arising from spasmodic action in the stomach; but he is gradually getting better. Was it not Johnson who said that Garrick's death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations? Ballantyne informed me that he had been bled and blistered." A few days later, Blackwood wrote to Murray again, enclosing copy of a note from Scott

* Mr. Canning's ode.

† By H. Gally Knight.

in which he said: "I am greatly better, but not able to write. The author's copy of the third volume of the 'Curiosities of Literature' reached me two or three days ago, as Robinson Crusoe says, to my exceeding refreshment. When you write to Murray, say I am still *hors de combat*. When anything new reaches you, I shall be glad to see it."

For some time Scott remained in a state of exhaustion, unable either to stir for weakness and giddiness; or to read, for dazzling in his eyes; or to listen, for a whizzing sound in his ears—all indications of too much brain-work and mental worry. Yet, as soon as he was able to resume his labours, we find him characteristically employed in helping his poorer friends.

Mr. Blackwood to John Murray.

May 28th, 1817.

"Mr. Scott and some of his friends, in order to raise a sum of money to make the poor Shepherd comfortable, have projected a fourth edition of 'The Queen's Wake,' with a few plates, to be published by subscription. We have inserted your name, as we have no doubt of your doing everything you can for the poor poet. The advertisement, which is excellent, is written by Mr. Scott."

Hogg wrote to thank Murray for the exertions he was making in his behalf.

Mr. James Hogg to John Murray.

"I heard of your liberal subscription for the Author's copy of 'The Queen's Wake,' set on foot by some of my friends, and likewise that you were interesting yourself warmly in it. I must now inform you that the two guinea subscriptions have come so slowly in, that it has been abandoned, and the subscription copy now is to be royal octavo, price one guinea. Pray could not you at your

sales get off a few of them for me among the trade ; for as I have made nothing by my literary exertions for a long time bygone, I have enough need of it. You have quite given over writing to me ; but pray do send me a few lines in answer to this, and tell me how you have been, and when I shall again have the pleasure of clinking a glass with you in Scotland."

John Murray to Mr. James Hogg.

January 24th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do assure you that your kind letter has afforded me very great pleasure ; for although our correspondence has been suspended by my own indolence, and no other cause, yet my regard for you has never diminished, and I should much rejoice in any occasion of doing you a service. I shall have great pleasure in taking a share in your new work, and in being its publisher in London. With regard to the projected quarto edition of 'The Queen's Wake,' I am not sorry that it is at an end ; for you will gain more, I think, by one in royal octavo. But I really think that you ought to print a thousand in demy octavo to sell for 9s., and throw off no more in the larger size than you are confident of obtaining subscribers for—otherwise you will absolutely stop the sale of your book by printing it in a form that is neither customary nor useful, and retard at the same time the advancement of your own fame. If Blackwood likes, I will join in giving you at once half the profit of the edition of 1000 copies to sell at 9s., and let you throw off copies for your subscribers in royal octavo, paying only for the paper and working. If you will draw out a neat advertisement of the royal octavo, and give me all the names of subscribers, I will print the whole for you, and insert it in the next number of the *Quarterly Review*—of which, by the way, the number printed is now equal to that of the *Edinburgh Review*, 12,000, and which I expect to make 14,000 after two numbers. I beg you, at any rate, to put my name down upon your list for twenty-five copies, at £1 1s. each, and I will try to get you other subscribers. This is the very best time, if you will send me your advertisement and list of subscribers. I am happy to say that I have your portrait in my room—the one done by a painter

in Edinburgh. I expect to receive the MS. of 'Childe Harold,' Canto IV. and last, in a few days, as Mr. Hobhouse is on his way from Venice with it. Lord Byron was very well. With sincere regard, I remain, my dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. James Hogg to John Murray.

March 28th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed answering your very friendly letter so long, that I might be in Edinburgh and consult with Mr. Blackwood personally about its contents. He is extremely glad that you are going to interest yourself in my tales as well as the edition of 'The Queen's Wake,' and advises me to conform to your proposals with regard to the tall edition of the 'Wake,' as to one who knows better than any man what will do with the public. . . . In the meantime you must make a long pull and a strong pull in London for subscriptions, as you and Mr. Rogers are the principal men we have to depend on. Walter Scott will write to you himself within these few days. . . . Blackwood is keeping the literary world and the trade here alive by that d—d Magazine of his. . . . P.S. I have seen Mr. Scott this moment, and he says he will not write till he has an article for the *Review* to send along with it, to put you in better humour; but in the meantime you may use his name freely to any friend of yours that you think likely to forward the subscription. You will hear from him very shortly.

J. H.

Mr. Scott did send the article (though it does not seem to have been inserted), and, on forwarding it, wrote:

Mr. W. Scott to John Murray.

"I send an article on our friend Hogg. It is too long and rather too dogmatical; but if you have room for it, it may do our poor friend some good, who really requires to

have the public attention called to him now and then. Please to correspond on this subject with Mr. Grieve, North Bridge, to whom the article may be returned if it does not suit, or the consideration transmitted if it should find favour in Gifford's eyes. Remember me kindly to him."

Hogg was tempted by the Duke of Buccleuch's gift of a farm on Eltrive Lake to build himself a house, as Scott was doing, and applied to Murray for a loan of £50, which was granted. In acknowledging the receipt of the money he wrote :—

Mr. James Hogg to John Murray.

August 11th, 1818.

. . . . I am told Gifford has a hard prejudice against me, but I cannot believe it. I do not see how any man can have a prejudice against me. He may, indeed, consider me an intruder in the walks of literature, but I am only a saunterer, and malign nobody who chooses to let me pass. . . . I was going to say before, but forgot, and said quite another thing, that if Mr. Gifford would point out any light work for me to review for him, I'll bet a MS. poem with him that I'll write it better than he expects.

Yours ever most sincerely,

JAMES HOGG.

As Scott still remained the Great Unknown, Murray's correspondence with him related principally to his articles in the *Quarterly*, to which he continued an occasional contributor. Murray suggested to him the subjects of articles, and also requested him to beat up for a few more contributors. He wanted an article on the Gypsies, and if Scott could not muster time to do it, he hoped that Mr. Erskine might be persuaded to favour him with an essay.

John Murray to Mr. Scott.

1817.

"We look for the Killiecrankie article, which, from the peculiar appetite excited by these novels, will be most gratifying to the public. Would you like to dash off a few pages on the 'Residence in Belgium,' of which something may be said *pro* and *con*—mixed up with what yet remains in your mind upon the subject? The author is a Miss Waldie, a very amiable young lady; but I beg leave to remind you that its being my publication is not upon any account in the world to influence you even in the estimation of a hair. By the way, I send, as in duty bound, a letter which I got yesterday from Southey, in which he speaks of the 'Tales,' which Hallam, Frere, and W. S. Rose are discussing round my fire at this instant. Frere is repeating with delight whole passages of the Scotch."

Scott, however, in the midst of pain and distress, was now busy with his 'Rob Roy,' which was issued towards the end of the year.

A short interruption of his correspondence with Murray ✓ occurred—Scott being busy in getting the long buried and almost forgotten 'Regalia of Scotland' exposed to light; he was also busy with one of his best novels, the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Murray, knowing nothing of these things, again endeavoured to induce him to renew his correspondence, especially his articles for the *Review*.⁴

John Murray to Mr. Scott.

March 17th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

Totally unable to account for the interruption of all interesting correspondence with you, I content myself with believing that it arises from causes wholly independent of me, and that when these subside, the bird of correspondence will fly to me again. In a word, I take it for granted that you have been fully occupied, and, having no time to spare on me or mine, you have left it to my own sense at once to make the discovery

and to wait. Has the moment of temporary leisure yet arrived, and will you have the kindness to bestow it upon me? I sent you a volume of 'Lord Orford's Letters,' hoping that the amusement and lightness of their subject might tempt you to dash off a review of them. They would admit of copious judicious extracts, forming an interesting and lively picture of the fashion of the times in which they were written, and of the character of their author. It would be doing me a great service to attempt this, and I am anxious for so pleasing a paper for the next number of the *Quarterly*. It will appear absurd to ask for more, when I have so little claim to ask for anything, but if the subject happened to please you, perhaps you would give a curious as well as an amusing review of Mr. Rose's translation of the *Animali parlanti*; Mr. Frere's 'Whistlecraft,' and (*entre nous*) Lord Byron's 'Beppo,' showing their origin and object, and detailing their beauties and fun. 'Beppo,' a copy of which I hope you have received, is really an extraordinary effort, written in two nights, in consequence of reading 'Whistlecraft.' The attack upon your valued friend Sotheby* arises from his temerity in sending the author an anonymous letter, and from his having cut his acquaintance abroad. I have received the Fourth Canto, which contains finer things than the author has ever yet written, comprising a noble tribute to yourself, whose kindness he will not easily forget. I should be very glad if, when you and your friends are making arrangements with Constable, you thought of me; for I fancy that neither of us have any objection to publish good books in conjunction. Perhaps a word from you might yet induce Ballantyne to ask for my junction in the 'New Tales of my Landlord,' as it will be thought to be from dissatisfaction in their mighty author, that I am not their continued publisher. But I have no right to ask, much less to expect, any exertion in this way from one to whom I am already so much obliged; and it is only if an opening arises which may be penetrated without difficulty, that I will venture to hope that you will thrust me in. At any rate, do allow me the pleasure of receiving a few words from you.

Yours very faithfully and much obliged,

JOHN MURRAY.

* See page 24.

To this letter Scott replied—

*Mr. Scott to John Murray.**

Abbotsford, March 23rd, 1818.

DEAR MURRAY,

"Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead; but sleepeth here."

I have little to plead for myself, but the old and vile apologies of laziness and indisposition. I think I have been so unlucky of late as to have always the will to work when sitting at the desk hurts me, and the irresistible propensity to be lazy, when I might, like the man whom Hogarth introduces into Bridewell with his hands strapped up against the wall, "better work than stand thus." I laid Kirkton aside when half finished, from a desire to get the original edition of the 'Lives of Cameron,' &c., by Patrick Walker, which I had not seen since a boy, and now I have got it, and find, as I suspected, that some curious *morceaux* have been cut out by subsequent editors. I will, without loss of time, finish the article, and think you will like it. Blackwood kidnapped an article for his Magazine on the Frankenstein story, which I intended for you. A very old friend and school companion of mine, and a gallant soldier, Sir Howard Douglas, has asked me to review his work on 'Military Bridges.' I must get a friend's assistance for the scientific part, and add some Balaam of mine own (as printers' devils say) to make up four or five pages. I have no objection to attempt 'Lord Orford,' if I have time, and find that I can do it with ease. Though far from admiring his character, I have always had a high opinion of his talents, and am well acquainted with his works. The letters you have published are, I think, his very best—lively, entertaining, and unaffected. I am greatly obliged to you for these, and other literary treasures, which I owe to your goodness from time to time. Although not thankfully acknowledged as they should be in course, these things are never thanklessly received. I could have sworn

* A considerable part but not the whole of this letter is published in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.'

that 'Beppo' was founded on 'Whistlecraft,' as both were on 'Anthony Hall,' who, like 'Beppo,' had more wit than grace. I am not, however, in spirits at present for treating either of these worthies, or my friend Rose, though few have warmer wishes for any of the trio. But this confounded changeable weather has twice brought back my cramp in the stomach. Attacks, however, are not at all of the formidable description they were at first, still they only give way to laudanum, a medicine which disagrees with me particularly. We have had snow and frost alternately, and I have so much the habits of robust health that I am too apt to run after my workpeople in all weathers, but I suppose time and pain will make me wiser at last.

I do not know anything about Mr. Ballantyne's arrangements with Constable. I only understand generally that he had some unexpected difficulties in settling with Blackwood; and doing the best he can for an author who does not act for himself, I suppose he has tried to mend his market elsewhere. I have no reason to think my interference on the occasion could be of service in the way you mention.

The newspapers have been croaking, I hope inaccurately, respecting Lady Byron's health. I should like much to know how she is. Adieu. My next shall be with a packet.

Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—Direct to Edinburgh if anything occurs. How do you stand with 'Paul's Letters'? The other publishers are, I believe, out. I do not, however, mean to press a new edition unless I should go abroad again. Remember me kindly to Gifford.

It will be seen from the foregoing letter that Scott, with the best intentions regarding Murray, was practically powerless in the disposal of his own works, but perhaps on this account he was all the more ready to exert himself on behalf of the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Scott to John Murray.

Edinburgh, May 15th, 1818.

I received your favour of Friday this morning, and now enclose the sheet. I wish some of your learned men would still give a glance at the algebra. I am not confident in these matters, and a blunder would be discreditable.

My delay to review Canto IV., 'Childe Harold,' does not arise from my not liking the conclusion of that extraordinary poem,—very much the contrary. But I would like to have full time to read over the former Cantos, and form something like a general view of the whole, and the time did not suffice for that purpose. I will endeavour to meet your wishes against the next number. By this you will have received Orford. I have got D'Israeli from Blackwood, and I enclose reference to the quotation, which you will patch together as well as may be, unless you have done it already.

Hogg's Tales are a great failure, to be sure. With a very considerable portion of original genius he is sadly deficient, not only in correct taste, but in common tact. But I hope you will not cancel the title-page, because it would be doing the poor fellow irretrievable injury. We are now trying to get subscriptions for an edition of 'The Queen's Wake,' his best poem, for his own immediate benefit, for by the failure of the bookseller he was deprived of all emolument from his most popular work. Now your withdrawing your name from his Tales would be a sad slap in the face. After all, you who print so many good books can suffer nothing from now and then publishing one which, for the sake of the author, we may all wish better.

In case you have time I add a curious quotation from 'Kirkton.' The copy I had in the country lacked the leaves which contain it, otherwise I would have inserted it before, for it is capital. I am here for two months, but I hope your journey and visit will rather take place when I am at Abbotsford.

What manner of book is 'Evelyn's Diary'? If there is stuff in it for a review I should like to try it.

Remember me kindly to Gifford, to whom I will write in two days. I trouble you with a letter for the twopenny post-bag.

I will give you an article on D'Israeli—I have notes lying by me—on the Calamities of Authors, which contain some curious literary anecdotes. I suppose they may be blended together.

Yours truly,

W. S.

What Scott thought of Byron may be inferred from his interview with Blackwood at Edinburgh.

Mr. Blackwood to John Murray.

“He told me that he had no objection in the least (but the contrary) to be known as the author of the critique. He said he had written it with the feeling that it was the only way to expect better things from Lord Byron to treat his conduct gently. He would not wonder, he said, if his Lordship should yet become a very different man, and as people often go from one extreme to another, he would not be surprised at seeing him a Methodist. I happened to remark that there was one evident amelioration in Lord Byron's views, for in his later poems there was frequent reference to a great First Cause, and not the gloomy materialism which was too often seen in his former works. Mr. S. said he regretted he had not noticed this.”

John Murray to Mr. W. Scott.

June 6th, 1818.

DEAREST SIR,

I have the pleasure of sending you a copy of the new number of my *Review*, to which your unabated kindness has contributed so much value. As we cannot afford to put all our plums into one pudding, Mr. Gifford has reserved the amusing paper on ‘Lord Orford's Letters’ for our next number. I have therefore enclosed it to you revised, and shall be happy if it receive any enlargement of interesting extracts which may have occurred to you. . . I am sorry to say, Southey had nearly completed an article on Evelyn's delightful memoirs before I had been favoured with your inquiry. But I would like to send for your consideration Miss Aikin's very entertaining ‘Court of Queen Elizabeth,’ and Coxe's ‘Memoirs of the Duke of

Marlborough.' Perhaps you will favour me with putting your memoranda together on D'Israeli's work. George Chalmers persists in his determination to publish the private life of Queen Mary, on the printing of which he has already made great progress. This will afford an opportunity for giving a most interesting account of this unfortunate woman, and of the characters and times of her reign. I have myself ten or twelve original letters,—from which something might be extracted—written during her confinement in Sheffield Castle. Now, if you would do me the favour to make your memoranda for such a subject,—and much preparation you must already have formed in spite of yourself,—and favour me by writing the life, which you could accomplish easily in three or four sheets of the Review, I shall have the pleasure of being your debtor in the sum of 100 guineas and a hundredweight of obligation. I have just parted with Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, who set out for Edinburgh on Wednesday. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before the autumn closes.

I remain, dear Sir, &c., &c.,

J. MURRAY.

Mr. Scott to John Murray.

Abbotsford, July, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

I am busy with an article, which the General Election has sadly interrupted. Every one, you see, is worried on these occasions more or less; and I had two elections to attend. I hope to send 'Harold'* early next week. I will also attempt the little article promised. I have however committed the blunder of locking up both the second part of the National Poem and Rose's book carefully in Edinburgh; and I will be obliged to you to lend me other copies. I should also be glad to see Rose's original '*Gli animali parlanti*,' if it can be bought or borrowed. I am here, in all hurry and bustle, taking possession of an instalment of my additional building, where you will find me on your coming this way; and I hope you will bring Mrs. Murray with you, in which request my wife joins. I have at present hardly a place to write upon, or a pen to write with.

* Review of the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' *Q.R.*, No. 37.

Towards the end of the year, Mr. Murray paid a visit to Edinburgh on business, and after seeing Mr. Blackwood, and expostulating with him in person as to the personalities in the magazine—apparently without effect—he made his way southward, to pay his promised visit to Walter Scott at Abbotsford, an account of which has already been given in the correspondence with Lord Byron.

John Murray to Mr. Walter Scott.

September 3rd, 1818.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I rejoice in the opportunity of presenting my best thanks to you for your very kind reception of me at your delightful Castle, and for the gratification which I derived from your amiable family. Long may your health and happiness last. Our confidential communication has made a great impression on my mind, and our friend Mr. Gifford appeared no less struck by its palpable good sense and propriety. With regard to the magazine, I have been obliged to write peremptorily to Blackwood to say that if the scurrilous part of the personality be continued, my name must be removed. Hunt and Hazlitt merit every exposure and chastisement, but it is not for me to inflict it in the way it has been done. Besides, it lowers completely the tone and character of the journal, to which respectable persons will cease to contribute, as they would soon find themselves exposed to the abuse of such fellows in return. Indeed, I cannot conceive how our friends, of so much character as well as genius, can condescend to the use of such language. Barrow, as the head of all my most respected friends, has told me that it would be utterly detrimental to my character to continue my name any longer; and there is no occasion for its use, for if the writers direct their minds to higher objects, to which they are fully competent, the journal will sell ten times better. I have already raised the sale 500 copies since I have joined in it. These personalities absolutely tied up my hands, for it is now a constant reproach. I think you must be equally aware of this. To be sure, I was not myself sensible of the effect, until I took upon myself the

responsibility. But now that I *do* feel its operation, I would not undergo it longer for any consideration.

I trust that you will have thought with every one here, that the number of the *Quarterly* is excellent. I don't know if the subject of the 'Translation of the Bible'* will yet have attracted you, but you will find it exceedingly interesting and most powerfully executed. I have got a copy of 'Tales of the Dead,' which I will take an early opportunity of sending to you, and perhaps you will send me a paper upon it. I am very much obliged by the two articles which you have contributed to our present number (No. 36). . . . There is no chance, I fear, that Sir John Malcolm will get the appointment which Sir Evan Nepean wants. Every one of his personal friends are out of the direction by rotation, and Elphinstone will get it. They are all alike deserving of it, and are the very best friends.

With the greatest esteem,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MURRAY.

James Hogg, who was present at the meeting of Scott and Murray at Abbotsford, wrote to Murray as follows :—

James Hogg to John Murray.

Edinburgh, February 20th, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I arrived here the day before yesterday for my spring campaign in literature, drinking whiskey, &c., and as I have not heard a word of you or from you since we parted on the top of the hill above Abbotsford, I dedicate my first letter from the metropolis to you. And first of all, I was rather disappointed in getting so little cracking with you at that time. Scott and you had so much and so many people to converse about, whom nobody knew anything of but yourselves, that you two got all to say, and some of us great men, who deem we know everything at home, found that we knew nothing. You did not even tell me what conditions you were going to give me for my 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland,' the first part of which will

* This article was by Dr. D'Oyly.

make its appearance this spring, and I think bids fair to be popular. . . . Our worthy friend, Scott, has again had an attack of the cramp in his stomach, and yesterday when I saw him he was very far from being well. He spoke in the very highest terms of both the *Quarterly* and the *Magazine*.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,
JAMES HOGG.

When young Walter Scott passed through London in June 1819, on the way to join his regiment, the 18th Hussars, at Cork, his father commends him to Murray.

As my son Walter passes through London to join his regiment, I have desired him to look in at Albermarle Street, about four or five o'clock, when he has a moment to spare. I do not send him any letters of recommendation; but I will be much obliged to you to name him to any of my friends that may chance to be with you, that he may say he has seen some of the English literati *en passant*.

Mr. Scott to John Murray.

July 3rd, 1819.

DEAR SIR,

I desired John Ballantyne to show the little edition of 'Cary'* (for the original manuscript of which I was many years since obliged to you), and to ask you whether you chose to take it at £105, or preferred accepting as many copies as would gratify your amateur friends. As he writes me that you have made the former option, I draw on you for £103 15s. at three months, instead of £105 at six. The bill may be easily renewed to the full term of credit; but I want the money just now to help out Walter's appointments, which come pretty heavy.

I have to thank you for your kind attention to the young soldier, who wrote me that he was to spend a day with you before he left town. I thought of being in town myself; but though in some degree recovered, I am not stout enough for a long journey. So that if you come

* This was the 'Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth,' published by Constable and Murray in 1808.

down to Scotland, you will find me stationary at Abbotsford, should you travel that way.

Yours, very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

After the discontinuance of Murray's business connection with Blackwood, described in the preceding chapter, James Hogg wrote in great consternation :

Mr. James Hogg to John Murray.

Eltrive, by Selkirk, Dec. 9th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

By a letter from Blackwood to-day, I have the disagreeable intelligence that circumstances have occurred which I fear will deprive me of you as a publisher—I hope never as a friend ; for I here attest, though I have heard some bitter things against you, that I never met with any man whatever who, on so slight an acquaintance, has behaved to me so much like a gentleman. Blackwood asks to transfer your shares of my trifling works to his new agents. I answered, “Never! without your permission.” As the ‘Jacobite Relics’ are not yet published, and as they would only involve you further with one with whom you are going to close accounts, I gave him liberty to transfer the shares you were to have in them to Messrs. Cadell and Davies. But when I consider your handsome subscription for ‘The Queen’s Wake,’ if you have the slightest inclination to retain your shares of that work and ‘The Brownie,’ as your name is on them, *along with Blackwood*, I would much rather, not only from affection, but interest, that you should continue to dispose of them.

I know these books are of no avail to you ; and that if you retain them, it will be on the same principle that you published them, namely, one of friendship for your humble poetical countryman. I’ll never forget your kindness ; for I cannot think that I am tainted with the general vice of authors’ *ingratitude* ; and the first house that I call at in London will be the one in Albemarle Street.

I remain, ever yours most truly,

JAMES HOGG.

Murray did not cease to sell the Shepherd's works, and made arrangements with Blackwood to continue his agency for them, and to account for the sales in the usual way.

In recording the dealings of Murray with Blackwood we have already mentioned the name of one of the correspondents whom he secured for *Blackwood's Magazine*, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, one of the first Greek scholars of his day, who on taking his B.A. degree at Pembroke College, Cambridge, had received a silver cup, valued at thirty guineas, for his remarkable scholarship. He also gained an open fellowship at Sidney-Sussex College. He was thoroughly Atticised, and yet his learning did not seem to be acquired, but to form a part of his nature and surroundings. After he left college he became a tutor in the family of Mr. Hope, the author of 'Anastasius,' and travelled with his sons. On his return to England he began to write for the press, and the high commendation which his translation of the 'Birds of Aristophanes' met with privately from Gifford, encouraged him to proceed with the translation of 'The Knights,' with a view to publication. Writing to Murray (27th July, 1817), he said, "Visiting your Critical Room does not tend to inspire confidence." There he met John Hookham Frere—also a distinguished Greek scholar—Gifford, Hallam, and many other authors. He wished to include Mr. Frere's translation of the Chorus in 'The Knights'; but he eventually made one of his own. There was much correspondence between him and Murray on the subject, and at length his work was ready for publication.

Mr. T. Mitchell to John Murray.

Oct. 19th, 1818.

"To what has been already done I certainly look back with satisfaction; and I am more and more persuaded

that a translation of 'Aristophanes' will be a real public service, in showing how many more blessings we enjoy in our constitution than young men of imagination are apt to allow themselves to believe. It is a very great satisfaction to me to find that Mr. Gifford's eye has been upon the work in its progress. Be pleased to express to him how sensible I am of his kindness."

Nov. 13th, 1818.

"Your letter of the 11th reached me too late to admit of being answered by return of post; but I should not do justice to the feelings which it excited in me if I did not seize the first opportunity of expressing in the warmest terms the sense I entertain of its kind, friendly, and, I may say, affectionate language. It will form a very satisfactory answer to all questions which continually assail me as to the reasons why 'Aristophanes' yet remains unpublished; and for all the rest I leave myself in your hands with the most perfect confidence. Your very liberal offer for writing in the *Quarterly Review* I duly appreciate; but as most of the materials which I have collected will be inserted at intervals in the 'Aristophanes,' I doubt whether what is left will be an adequate compensation for what is offered. It is too handsome, however, not to stimulate me to make the attempt. The season is now so much advanced, and my health so inadequate at present to any great exertion, that I believe we must drop the thoughts of bringing the 'Aristophanes' out this season. . . . With regard to my future plans in life, I will communicate with you on a future occasion: I am sufficiently aware of your value and estimation in society to know that, whatever my plans may be, they will stand a chance of being most materially assisted by your countenance and friendship."

On the 22nd November, Mr. Mitchell sent part of the preface to 'The Clouds,' and wrote:

"It just strikes me that the enclosed would furnish no bad paper for the *Quarterly Review*, and if you should like it in that way, I could easily dress it up for the purpose. I thank you for your kind attention in sending me a draft for £50; but I am in no immediate want of money, and I would rather that all considerations of the kind were dropped, till we settle whether the work shall be

continued after the printing of 'The Clouds.' I therefore return it. I will not fail to think of your wishes respecting the *Quarterly Review* and Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*. I have already two or three subjects in my thoughts for each, and indeed whatever I do hereafter in literature, I should wish to confine myself entirely to those two publications, as my opinions on almost all matters are strictly in unison with them, and I begin to be of an age [he was then thirty-five] when opinions on all matters of importance should be no longer in any state of fluctuation. I live too much in a state of seclusion to know who are the writers in the latter work; but they seem to me very able men, and I have been exceedingly amused by some of their lucubrations. The 'Mad Banker of Amsterdam' pleased me beyond measure."

From this time Mr. Mitchell, who became one of Murray's most esteemed personal friends, continued to write articles for the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* on the Grecian Philosophy, on the Convivial Parties of the Greeks, on the State of Female Society in Greece, on Grecian Women, on the Character of Socrates, the Characters of Xenophon and Plato, and other subjects connected with his translation of 'Aristophanes.' Mr. Murray maintained a regular correspondence with Mr. Mitchell, and occasionally gave his opinions of the articles which he transmitted. With respect to his article on Grecian Philosophy, Mitchell wrote :

Mr. T. Mitchell to John Murray.

"It may have rather a scholastic appearance, but I have given a light entrance to it in the hope of entrapping readers. Pray continue your remarks. It is to persons of your class—men of general intelligence and education, but whom other avocations have prevented from entering deeply into the more mechanical parts of the learned languages—that I wish chiefly to address myself. I do not believe that any age or country ever possessed a body of men so circumstanced as our own does at this present time; and which gives an opening to every species of literature being properly and justly appreciated."

The number of new works now brought out by Mr. Murray was very great. He wrote to Lord Byron:

John Murray to Lord Byron.

Sept. 1817.

"My hands are quite full. I am preparing several accounts of the unfortunate 'China Expedition'—by Lord Amherst, Captain Hall, Mr. McLeod, surgeon, and last, but not least, Mr. Ellis (Lord Buckinghamshire's son), who was second in command. I have also Captain Tuckey's Journal, a very interesting one, of the Mission to Africa, right to the day of his death. All Burckhardt's papers (the Sheikh Ibrim); two new novels, left by Miss Austen, the ingenious author of 'Pride and Prejudice,' who, I am sorry to say, died about six weeks ago; a 'History of the Middle Ages' (two vols. 4to.), by Mr. Hallam; *cum multis aliis*. I hope to be allowed to place at the head of the list 'Childe Harold,' Canto IV. . . . I am rejoiced at the prospect of again opening my Literary Campaign under such brilliant auspices."

We have several times had occasion to refer to Mr. Frere's 'Whistlecraft,'* a curious and brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, now almost forgotten, but which affords evidence that if Mr. Frere's ambition had been equal to his genius, he might have placed his name high among the poets of his age. In a letter to Mr. Murray relating to the extravaganza, he writes:—

Mr. Frere to John Murray.

Tunbridge Wells, 27th April, 1818.

DEAR MURRAY,

The stanzas which I now send, you have I believe seen before. There are in all upwards of a hundred, including a Whistlecraftian view of the æra of Pericles, Phidias, the

* 'A Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work, by William and Thomas Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to Sir Arthur and his Round Table.'

Elgin Marbles, and the Peloponnesian War, after which a few stanzas will conclude the siege of the Convent, and bring round the unity of the story; but there are eighty which may be printed by themselves, though I should like to divide them differently. What you say of the style, as foreign to our general taste, is perfectly true. The public have no notion of wit or humour without malignity, and put themselves at a loss for a meaning which they conclude must be an ill-natured one; perhaps they will like this better, for it has seemed good to me to gibbet a couple of names *en passant*, and to make a political allusion which is pretty palpable. I was, I confess, mortified at seeing no notice of 'Whistlecraft' in the last *Quarterly*. It might, I think, have occupied the place of 'Adams on Cataract.' What has the *Quarterly* to do with cataracts, or catheters, or cataplasms, or with any subjects which are neither of political, national, or literary interest?

With respect to advertising. The advertisements that I see are nothing to the purpose. 'Whistlecraft, a National Poem,' is nothing; but 'Metrical Prospectus and Specimen' gives an intimation of the possibility of good nonsense in the work. If you have a mind to advertise, I will furnish one—*e.g.* (after the old collar-making advertisement): "This article is confidently recommended to the public from its superior durability, being warranted not to wear out by the most repeated perusals.

"First purchase 'Whistlecraft,' and then
Peruse and re-peruse again,
A dozen times at least, or ten;
The flights of his Stowmarket pen
Require a keen attentive ken,
Soaring above all other men,
As much as hawks surpass the wren.
Let Envy grumble from her Den,
While Pindus yields from Dupham Fen.

CONFUCIUS, Poet-in-Ordinary to Her
Majesty's Lottery Office Keepers,
Warren's Blacking, &c., &c."

If you have the spirit to put in a longer, I will send you an excellent one, containing the testimonies of posterity in the same manner as they sometimes put in the testimonies of the reviews. "The following testimonies to the merit

of this work may be expected to appear early in the ensuing century." But it is too long to write unless you wish to have it, which you may let me know. Your usual prudery about advertising is quite out of place with such a work as this. A man comes into a room with a strange, uncouth foreign uniform. If he looks shy and diffident, he is immediately the last man in the company, and nobody troubles themselves about him. If he puts himself confidently forward, he becomes an object of general notice and curiosity. This is precisely the case with Whistlecraft's title-page. What you say of the opinion of the best judges is very satisfactory in one respect, and might induce me to go on if the work were a serious one ; but to write a burlesque poem for men of good taste to laugh at in private, is not an object of very exalted ambition. A sober man (Burke says it of himself) may condescend to amuse the populace with innocent buffoonery, but it would not I apprehend become him to go on with his grimaces if the mob look grave. If I should be induced to go on with the work, you will have nothing to apprehend from the shortness of your term in it. My object was to prevent the possibility (as literary history furnishes some examples of quarrels between booksellers and authors) of having the first cantos of a work which I was continuing wholly out of my own hands. I shall rate my present stanzas at two guineas apiece. If you think this too much, I will beg you to return them. I will stand my trial with posterity upon the first cantos, and if you should ultimately be a loser, I will find some way or other of reimbursing you. But for the future I shall require a higher stimulus to withdraw me from playing backgammon of an evening, which has been my main occupation this winter. I was much pleased to find that Lord Byron was pleased with 'Whistlecraft,' but you do not mean to deny that 'Beppo' is W. Rose's. I mean to assert it positively and distinctly. If I had seen it in his handwriting, I could hardly be more convinced of it than I am. It is much better than anything that he has done before, but there are his very phrases, and in some stanzas about the weather a sort of valetudinary tone, which belongs to him. I shall lose my walk if I write any more.

Believe me, sincerely yours,
J. H. FRERE.

In a later letter, Mr. Frere says, "Do *not* insert the buffoonish advertisement which I sent you."

Mr. Frere to John Murray.

May 4th, 1818.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I send you the concluding stanzas of the fourth canto. . . . Lord Byron has paid me a great compliment indeed. You will have thought it odd that I should persist in my first impressions after your letter, but the expression was ambiguous, and I fancied that it was intendedly so. In fact, I was only convinced by seeing it in the printed list of his works. If I had been in the habit of laying wagers, I might have been finely taken in; for the attack on *Botherby** appeared fully to me to account for its being attributed to Lord Byron, yet the expressions in it are such as (between ourselves) I have heard from W. Rose. But this is something like old Chalmers showing that he was in the right in believing the Ireland papers to be Shakespeare's. By-the-bye, that Shakespearian faculty of transforming himself was a quality which I did not think belonged to Byron in so high a degree as 'Beppo' has shown that it does. I am obliged to walk to the Wells, and remain,

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. FRERE.

The last letter of Frere's that we shall give relates partly to 'Whistlecraft,' and partly to his 'Translation of Aristophanes':—

Mr. Frere to John Murray.

Tunbridge Wells, May 29th, 1818.

DEAR MURRAY,

My brother has sent me an account of his negotiations with you. I certainly do not think that the office of buffoon to the public is which any one man ought to apply

* Meaning Sotheby. Byron supposed that he had sent him an anonymous letter, though Sotheby denied it. An account of 'Whistlecraft' is given, with extracts, in the large one-volume edition of Byron's works, 1837, p. 142.

for a second time, especially at my time of life. But this may perhaps be considered as making a part of the first sample, and therefore you are welcome to print it gratuitously for the remainder of your term in the post. If the public before-mentioned would have been contented with mere humour and creative fancy, and what in the old style was "honest mirth," I would willingly have condescended to "make sport for them." I had done about 26 stanzas of a new canto, but I consider your pecuniary estimate of the value of the work as the only way in which I can receive from you an undisguised and uncomplimentary opinion as to the probability of its popularity, and I cannot go on rhyming for rhyming's sake, or for the chance that posterity may laugh at my verses when I am dead. You are welcome, however, to what has been produced under a different impression.

With respect to 'Aristophanes,' I do not think it would be fair to the present translator to insert in his work those parts which I had selected and translated as the most capable of affording a good translation. This would be picking the plums out of the pudding. You may be assured, however, that if I publish anything, it will not be in a way calculated to injure your interest in the present translation; but rather I should hope to promote it by attracting attention to the merits of the original. I have translated about a third of two other plays which you have never seen, and which will probably see the light some time or other.* But I shall be glad to consult you as to the time and mode in which I shall do it. These, however, are things that will keep, and I am in no hurry either to finish or publish them.

I remain, yours sincerely,

J. H. FRERE.

The name of Robert Owen is but little remembered now, but at the early part of the century he attained some notoriety from his endeavours to reform society. He was manager of the Lanark Cotton Mills, but in 1825 he emigrated to America, and bought land on the Wabash

* Mr. Frere published a collected Edition of his Translations of 'Aristophanes,' some twenty years after this, in Malta.

whereon to start a model colony, called New Harmony. This enterprise failed, and he returned to England in 1827. The following letter is in answer to his expressed intention of adding Mr. Murray's name to the title-page of the second edition of his 'New View of Society.'

John Murray to Mr. Robert Owen.

September 9th, 1817.

DEAR SIR,

As it is totally inconsistent with my plans to allow my name to be associated with any subject of so much political notoriety and debate as your New System of Society, I trust that you will not consider it as any diminution of personal regard if I request the favour of you to cause my name to be immediately struck out from every sort of advertisement that is likely to appear upon this subject. I trust that a moment's reflection will convince you of the utter impropriety of my receiving the books of registry which I understand you talked of sending to my house. I beg leave again to repeat that I retain the same sentiments of personal esteem, and that I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

At the beginning of 1817 a curious correspondence took place with respect to the publishing of American books in England, and of English books in America. William Theobald Wolfe Tone—son of Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had, with the help of a French army under General Hoche, attempted to get up a rebellion in Ireland at the end of 1796—had emigrated to America, and, in the first place, endeavoured to obtain an honest living by entering into the bookselling and publishing business. He was not at all successful, and shortly after abandoned it, and entered the United States Artillery as lieutenant, having himself been a soldier under Napoleon I. He had, how-

ever, called upon Kirk & Co., publishers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* in America, as well as of the works of Lord Byron—all pirated of course. Kirk communicated with Mr. Murray, and expressed himself as willing to enter into a mutual arrangement with him for the early sheets of works published by him in England, and which he thought might be worthy of republication in America.

His proposal may be regarded as the forerunner of what is now called the "Advance Sheets" system, which is practised by English and American publishers.

Mr. Kirk to John Murray.

"Gentlemen in the trade on your side of the Atlantic, largely interested in the publication of very valuable and expensive copyright works, have long and deeply felt the great inconveniences, and to them the injurious operation of the laws in this country, inasmuch as they do not recognise the copyright of any book published by citizens of another state or nation. In this state of things, a remedy has presented itself to our minds, to wit, to make an arrangement founded on principles of reciprocity and confidence, and divide the profits arising from the first republication of new works in this country with the publisher in England who first sends out the copy. With this view, we propose that you furnish us with the sheets as printed, to be forwarded by duplicate conveyances as speedily as possible, of all such books of merit and general interest as might be deemed suitable for republication in America. On all such books thus forwarded by you, and republished by us, we propose to allow you one-third of the net profits, the proportion due to you to be subject to your order in six or eight months from the time of republication."

Mr. Kirk further stated that the first book which he proposed Mr. Murray to republish in England was the 'Narrative of Captain James Riley'; and he at the same time desired Captain Riley to address Mr. Murray relating to his 'Narrative,' which arrived in due time.

Captain Riley to John Murray.

"The book which I am about to publish is an authentic account of my own shipwreck and sufferings on the Western Coast of Africa.* I was redeemed from the worst of barbarous slavery by an *Englishman*, who possesses not only all the virtues and all the sympathetic feelings so justly attributed to the British character, but an elevation of soul which will not fail to enrol his name high on the imperishable list of worthy benefactors of mankind—I mean William Willshire, Esquire, a native of London. This work, though written by a seaman, I am confident will be read with avidity and interest by every class of readers throughout the civilized world, and in Great Britain it cannot fail to prove a source of uncommon profit to its publisher and proprietors."

This was certainly very high praise to come from the author of the work; yet it was justified by the result. Captain Riley desired that Mr. Murray should secure a copyright for the book if possible, and stated that he wished to share the profits with the widows and children of his unfortunate shipmates, who had been left destitute. Mr. Murray could not secure a copyright for the book, because it had already been published in the United States, but he at once published it, and subsequently sent Captain Riley half the profits of the sale. What was thought of the interest of the narrative may be understood from what Blackwood wrote to Murray.

Mr. Blackwood to John Murray.

May, 1817.

"What a treat you have given to Mrs. B. and me in 'Riley'! I never read anything so affecting and interesting. We cried over it yesterday like children. Surprising and

* 'The Authentic Narrative of the loss of the American Brig *Commerce*, on the Western Coast of Africa, with the sufferings of her surviving Officers and Crew.'

almost incredible as the events are, yet there is a verity and touching simplicity, with a natural eloquence of language, which have perhaps never been surpassed. Our philosophers laugh at religious feeling, but if it were no more than a matter of taste, if they thought justly, they would acknowledge its power."

Among the other new books published by Mr. Murray in 1817 were Mr. Charles Bucke's 'Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature'—described by Sir James Mackintosh as "one of the most beautiful works he had ever read, and that it must stand at the head of its class in modern times;" Mr. Charles Butler's 'Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics since the Reformation'—one of the ablest books of the time, which soon went to a third edition; Sheil's tragedy of 'The Apostate,' for which Murray gave the author £400 the day after he had seen it acted at Covent Garden; William Stewart Rose's 'Letters from the North of Italy,' addressed to Henry Hallam, for which Murray gave the author 300 guineas; La Rochejaquelein's 'Narrative of The Campaign in La Vendée'; G. F. Leckie's work on the 'Balance of Power in Europe'; John Macleod's 'Voyage of H.M.S. *Alceste* to the Island of Loochoo'; and various other books, hereafter to be mentioned.

Mr. Murray received a letter from Sir John Malcolm, with a review of Captain Williams' work on the Bengal Army.

Sir John Malcolm to John Murray.

Trincomalee, March 3rd, 1817.

You will not be sorry to hear that I am going on with my Letters with good success. Five are finished, and eleven or twelve will make a fair-sized quarto. They will include a journey across the Peninsula from Madras to Bombay, by Hyderabad and Poonah. The visit to these capitals in 1799 gave me the opportunity of writing what I am now revising—the account of the rise of Mahomedan and

Hindu power in the South of India, with a description of the country, buildings, and the characteristics and manners of its actual inhabitants. These letters will finish at Bombay, with a description of the character of the Indians. The next volume will be devoted to Persia. I once thought, from the fund of matter I had collected, that it would surpass the Indian series. But as I proceed, my opinion changes; and if I can manage to make the whole like those I have done, and I see no reason to doubt why I should, my Persian production will be a *younger brother*. The style of these letters is to my taste. I can be critically correct on historical facts, and strike off at pleasure into an interesting tale relating to a king, a dancing girl, a tomb, a queen, a palace, or a snake, and yet preserve unity; making the whole bear on one point, a full and faithful delineation of the usages, habits, and character of the natives of India. I am not yet resolved what I shall do with this production. If it never goes further, it will be of use, as it has served to condense all that is worth preserving of my letters, journals, &c. If I determine on its publication, you shall hear. But I see, from what is done, that I can form no judgment of its value till it is completed.*

Ever yours,

JOHN MALCOLM.

Mr. Murray had already begun to identify himself with works of voyages and travels—to the North Pole, and into the interior of Africa; his chief helper in the enterprise being his active friend, John Barrow, Under-Secretary of the Admiralty, who in May, 1817, brought to him the account of the ill-fated expedition to explore the Congo which was despatched by the Admiralty, with full equipment in 1816, to trace the river to its source. Fever, however, of a virulent type broke out among the members of the expedition, and nearly all of them, including Captain Tuckey, R.N., the commander, died.

* These letters were afterwards published in 'Murray's Home and Colonial Library.'

The Journals were published for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the unhappy sufferers.

Mr. Murray gave £400 for the Journal, but, as in the case of Mungo Park's narrative, it was soon discovered that some portion of the MS. had been surreptitiously printed and issued elsewhere.

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

August 25th, 1817.

It is too true that the rascals have somehow or other got access to Tuckey's 'Journal,' through what channel I fear it will be utterly impossible to discover, or if we could discover, be able to prevent them going on; the extraordinary fact is that none but common artificers and seamen returned, all the officers, except the master, the surgeon, and a mate having died; and the master, as he thought, having secured all the Journals. I sent for our solicitor, and desired him to inquire if there were any means of laying an injunction on the further publication; but he thinks there are not, and if there were it could only be done by the Chancellor on affidavit that the MS. belonged to the public, and the Court of Chancery is closed till the end of October. Perhaps it will be better to take no notice of it, as it does not seem to have attracted any; and if we could print *two* sheets every day, the work might come out at the end of September; but then I doubt whether the colonial part would be ready. As far as relates to myself I am now ready with the Introduction, and could very soon have the remaining part in a state of forwardness. But your plates—when will *they* be ready?

August 30th, 1817.

"I would give something to detect the vagabond who has stolen it. I have written to the master, and to Mrs. Tuckey, but I don't believe that they know the least about it. Could not you set to work some cunning fellow to get at it?"

September 1st, 1830.

"I have seen Mrs. Tuckey, and she tells me that Mrs. Fyre, the fat purser's widow, informed her that among her husband's things she found a copy of a journal which she

supposed to be her husband's. I have sent her to Mrs. Eyre to desire her to call on me. This is no doubt the channel, and it is probably confirmed by her living in the Strand. If she comes, I will endeavour to frighten her so far as to prevail on her to endeavour to recover the MS.

"I sat up last night over Mr. Macleod's * narrative till I had nearly got through it, which proves at least that it interested *me*, and I am much deceived if it will not interest others. There is no pretence of science or fine writing about it; but the story of the voyage, and the description of the Loo-Choo Islands in particular, is told in a plain, intelligible, and unaffected manner. It will certainly make a very entertaining readable octavo volume; and will afford a very pretty little article for the *Review*; so that you have it in two ways, and it will not in the least interfere with Ellis's quarto."

Mr. Murray continued to publish a few poems besides those of Lord Byron. Mrs. Hemans was not very successful at first. She regretted (26th February, 1817) the loss which had been occasioned through the publication of 'The Restoration of the Arts,' and requested Mr. Murray to suggest any subject, or style of writing likely to be more popular. Her poem on the 'Elgin Marbles' had not been satisfactory; and she seemed at a loss how to employ her pen. But on the death of the Princess Charlotte, in November 1817, there was a great outburst of poetry. Poems on the subject came from all quarters—from England, Scotland, and Ireland. Mrs. Hemans again tried her hand in the 'Monody on the Princess Charlotte.'

Some time later Major H. Browne, on the part of Mrs. Hemans (his sister), sent Mr. Murray the first canto of the 'Abencerrages,' and requested "a liberal offer for the copyright." He also showed his unfamiliarity with literary procedure by asking that Mr. Gifford would allot a page of the *Quarterly* to a review of the work.

* Voyage of the *Alceste* to China.

Mr. Murray kept up his correspondence and friendship with Mrs. Hemans for many years, and published several of her works. For the copyright of the 'Vespers of Palermo,' referred to in the following letter, he paid her 200 guineas.

Mrs. Hemans to John Murray.

Brownhyla, March 31st, 1821.

I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and according to your desire, will draw upon you for the amount you authorize in the course of a few days. I have almost completed a Tragedy on the subject of the Sicilian Vespers, but am undecided whether to offer it for the Theatre or for publication. My friends advise the former, but, if I could dispose of the copyright to my satisfaction, I think I should prefer the latter. If you will favour me with your advice on the subject, I shall feel much obliged. We have been in a state of great anxiety and alarm for some time past, on account of my brother, Colonel Browne, of whose imminent danger you have doubtless heard. His recovery from the numerous wounds he received in struggling with the cowardly Bravos who attacked him in Dublin, has been very slow, but I trust in the course of the ensuing month he will certainly return to England.

Very truly yours,

F. HEMANS.

Among the would-be poets was a young Quaker gentleman of Stockton-on-Tees who sent Mr. Murray a batch of poems. The publisher wrote an answer to his letter, which fell into the hands of the poet's father, of the same name, but without the word "Junr." The father answered:—

Mr. Proctor to Mr. Murray.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I feel very much obliged by thy refusing to *publish* the papers sent thee by my son. I was entirely ignorant of anything of the kind, or should have nipt it in the bud.

On receipt of this, please burn the whole that was sent thee, and at thy convenience inform me that it has been done. With thanks for thy highly commendable care,

I am respectfully, thy friend,

JOHN PROCTOR.

The Rev. Francis Hodgson, the friend and correspondent of Lord Byron, published a poem entitled 'The Friends,' which was favourably noticed by the reviewers, but was soon forgotten. Hodgson afterwards said it should have been called 'Foes' instead of 'Friends.' In a letter to Murray (30th May, 1818), he wrote:—

"They have come late into the world, but with this you have nothing to do, and I (if possible) still less. In proportion to the slow arrival of a guest at a fashionable party, he should be loudly announced by the people at the stair-head. In plain English, every exertion will be necessary to prevent this last comer from dropping dead from the press."

Few of the poems when published reached a second edition, and not unfrequently the unsuccessful poets blamed their publisher rather than themselves for the failure of their works.

Even Sharon Turner, Murray's solicitor, wrote to him about the publication of his poems, which he had written "to idle away the evenings as well as he could." Murray answered his letter:

John Murray to Mr. Sharon Turner.

17th November, 1817.

I do not think it would be creditable to your name, or advantageous to your more important works, that the present one should proceed from a different publisher. Many might fancy that Longman had declined it. Longman might suspect me of interference; and thus, in the uncertainty of acting with propriety myself, I should have little hope of giving satisfaction to you. I therefore refer

the matter to your own feelings and consideration. It has afforded me great pleasure to learn frequently of late that you are so much better. I hope that during the winter, if we have any, to send you many amusing books to shorten the tediousness of time, and charm away your indisposition. Mrs. Murray is still up and well, and desires me to send her best compliments to you and Mrs. Turner.

Ever yours faithfully,

J. MURRAY.

Mr. Turner thanked Mr. Murray for his letter, and said that if he proceeded with his intentions he would adopt his advice. "I have always found Longman very kind and honourable, but I will not offer him now what you think it right to decline."

Sir John Dillon sent Mr. Murray 'The Chieftain's Daughter.' He wished him to publish it, and to attend its performance when represented on the stage. Murray lent the drama to Mr. Gifford, who decided against it.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

Jan. 1st., 1818.

"I have got through three acts of the play, and do not think it necessary to travel further. It is very smooth, very pretty, very tame, very improbable, and very childish. I will engage to write you three such tragedies faster than a common letter. But we have audiences more silly than the silliest writer, and this perhaps may suit them. This is the first day of the year. I wish it may be a happy one to you."—W. G.

Mr. Murray continued his kindness to literary men, no matter what their political opinions might be. The following note affords an illustration of this:—

Mr. James Mill to John Murray.

1, Queen's Square, Westminster,

July 25th, 1817.

"Mr. Mill presents his compliments to Mr. Murray, and begs he will accept his cordial thanks for the loan of the

Sanscrit Algebra. Mr. Mill is also desirous of expressing his high sense of the liberality of Mr. Murray in offering to favour him with the sight of any book which he publishes ; an offer which, on the scale of Mr. Murray's transactions is no small indulgence to a man of letters, and an indulgence of which Mr. Mill will often very gratefully avail himself."

M. de Sismondi also wrote, acknowledging the receipt of several books which Mr. Murray had been kind enough to send him ; and proceeded :—

Mr. J. C. L. de Sismondi to John Murray.

Geneva, 28th July, 1817.

Even were I to suppose some design to gain me over to the high-Tory principles which seem to pervade them all, I should be grateful for the attempt, though perhaps further than ever from surrendering, or from putting in my calendar such a saint as the Duchess of Angoulême. It is in a system every way opposite that I have finished my history ['*Républiques Italiennes*'], and am ready to print the five last volumes, from xii. to xvi. I had no agreement with my bookseller at Paris ; but from the complete downfall of freedom on the continent, I begin to doubt whether such a book as mine, under the protection of its enormous bulk, will be allowed in France, though there would be no suspicion in a country which preserved even a shade of liberty. I had once made you a proposal for printing the preceding volumes in England. You thought then that it would be impossible to vie with continental booksellers. Now it may very well be that the *Holy Alliance* would grant you a kind of exclusive privilege by prohibition for which I shall not be in the least disposed to thank them. However, it would change entirely the condition of the English bookseller who should take my work. An extensive sale in England, and a probable smuggling over, though not to a great extent, on the continent, would be the necessary consequences of the suspicions of the police. If that alteration in the case should change your mind, and if a price of £300 per volume of about thirty sheets, or £1500 for the whole, would be agreed to, I should go over to England in

about three months, to survey and correct the print. I would be very thankful for a ready answer to that proposal, which must have great influence on my other determinations. Believe me to be, with high gratitude and esteem,

You most obedient humble Servant,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Mr. Murray, however, did not agree to this proposal to publish Sismondi's 'History of the Italian Republics,' and to smuggle the volumes surreptitiously into France.

Mr. Murray kept up his pleasant correspondence with Mrs. Graham, then living at Broughty Ferry on the Tay. She had woven a Scotch plaid for Mr. Murray's use during the approaching winter season, and announced its completion in the following pleasant letter:—

Mrs. Graham to John Murray.

Broughty Ferry, 2nd November, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

At length the plaid is woven and packed up, and only waits a fair wind to sail with my two brothers and sister to you. I hope you will like it as well as mine. I like it better, as it is both finer and softer. I also send Mr. Foscolo's little book, which I had unintentionally purloined, and a book of Sir J. Mackintosh's, which you may give him when you have an opportunity. If the five brace of grouse I send you arrive in good order, will you send one brace to him with the parcel, as I have forgotten his address; and I will send Mrs. Murray ptarmigan in about three weeks to make up for it.

I wish you would write me some news, for I have none here; and, to mend matters, I caught so bad a cold at Stormont, where I was paying a visit some weeks ago, that I have never been able to stir out of the house since, and therefore can't work in the garden, or walk, or sail, or do anything agreeable out of doors—not even to go and see the famous attack made upon the whales by the inhabitants of Dundee, which was, I am told, ludicrous beyond the powers of description. We saw the shoal of fish go up

the river the day before, but little thought they were to afford such sport. Hector McIntyre's combat with the Sealgh was nothing to that of a currier and a finner in the harbour. The currier ran up to his middle into the water with a dressing-knife, and manfully plunged it up to the hilt in the side of the finner. The whale turned sharp on the currier, and turned him head over heels in the water, but bearing off the knife of the half-drowning currier. Meanwhile a sailor leaped on the enraged animal's back, and swam Arion-like round the harbour, holding by the back fin. I am half sorry to relate that the poor fish was at last mastered. The oil will probably illuminate the currier's kitchen this very night. . . .

I am promised one of the first copies of 'Rob Roy.' What a mine the author possesses! I would rather have it than any of those in Peru. W. Scott, a short time ago, notified a visit to Sir James Colquhoun, near Loch Lomond. Sir James imagined that it must be for the purpose of obtaining certain MSS. which are in his family relative to 'Rob Roy,' and sent word that his house was full of plasterers and painters, and that he could receive nobody. W. S. therefore resolved to take him by surprise, and accordingly went unawares to the house, but when Sir James heard there was a gentleman at the front door he went out at the back, and so escaped, and also escaped contributing to the novel.*

Pray what is the 4th Canto of 'Childe Harold' doing? and where is Lord Byron? You know my admiration for his works, and my thoughts for the best, the very best, of the man. What is your friend the Laureate doing? Is he returned from the Continent? I have seen but one new book—a Danish account of the north of Africa, interesting and curious. Have any of your geographers got hold of it? It is straight from the Baltic, having been commissioned by my good friend, Dr. Ross, who has just received some chests full of German books, which he threatens me with a reading of. . . . My love to Mrs. Murray and the children, especially little Maria, and believe me ever,

Very truly and gratefully yours,

M. GRAHAM.

* See allusion in Lady Abercorn's letter, p. 65.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. SOUTHEY AND THE 'QUARTERLY.'

WE must now return to the *Quarterly Review*, to which, as it had been Mr. Murray's first love, he continued faithful to the end. In spite of Mr. Gifford's failing health and the incurable irregularity with which he prepared each number for publication, the circulation reached 12,000 in 1817, and 14,000 a few months later.

Southey was at this time one of the most constant and prolific contributors. "The most profitable line of composition is reviewing," he wrote to J. T. Coleridge. . . . "I have not yet received so much for the 'History of the Brazils' (in three volumes) as for a single article in the *Quarterly*." To help Southey in this unfortunate work, Bishop Heber afterwards wrote a laudatory article in the *Review*. Mr. Murray, always willing to render assistance, offered Southey £500 a volume for a series of English Biographies, six in number, which he might collect from the Lives he had written for the *Quarterly*; but Southey was busy with his 'Book of the Church,' and did not accept the offer. He afterwards wrote an article on Cromwell for the *Quarterly*, but he did not, as Murray proposed, expand it into a regular biography.

The payments for his contributions were the principal source of his income. "Literature," said Robinson, "is now Southey's trade; he is a manufacturer, and his

study is his workshop—a very beautiful one, certainly. . . . His time is his wealth ; and I shall therefore scrupulously abstain from stealing any portion of it.”*

By dint of experience, he was able to collect his information and write out his articles with great rapidity ; and he could, without difficulty, have filled a whole number from his own head and pen alone. It was said of him that he was able to “tear the heart out of a book ;” glancing down each page to see whether it contained anything that he was likely to make use of, he made certain notes which he slipped in as marks, and in the course of a few hours, with the help of his remarkable memory, he obtained enough materials to form the subject of an interesting paper. It was not merely a review with extracts, but a complete analysis, giving the gist of the book under consideration. He could, moreover, infuse a little sarcasm too. Rogers said of him : “The Laureate has two inkstands always at hand ; the one is filled with *gall*, and the other with *milk*.”

He was at times, as has already been said, the despair of Gifford, who was occasionally under the necessity of abridging his articles, or, as Southey called it, “mutilating” them, at which the Laureate was usually very sore. No. 32 contained no fewer than three by him. When Southey’s article on ‘Parliamentary Reform’ came out in the previous number, it was immediately surmised that he was the author, and the Whigs and Radicals attacked him furiously. Hazlitt, who detested him, was the most severe, and he contrasted Southey’s article in the *Quarterly* † with his ‘Wat Tyler.’ Some of Southey’s enemies caused ‘Wat Tyler’ to be reprinted, on which Southey applied for an

* H. C. Robinson’s ‘Diary, Reminiscences,’ &c., ii. 22.

† Hazlitt’s ‘Political Essays, with Sketches of Public Characters, 1819,’ pp. 190–240.

injunction against its re-publication. The circumstances of this early literary indiscretion have already been related in a letter from Murray to Lord Byron.* On the appearance of the article in the *Quarterly*, Mr. William Smith, M.P., made an attack on Southey in the House of Commons, to which Southey replied in a 'Letter to Mr. Smith,' published by Murray in 1817. It is unnecessary to refer to the particulars of the case; but what Mr. Murray thought of the transaction may be learned from the following passage of a letter to Mr. Blackwood.

John Murray to Mr. Blackwood.

Feb. 27th, 1817.

"The Whigs are in a most infernal fury at our article on Reform. But the upshot is an abuse, not of the article, which is too masterly for them, but of the author, that it is a shame that HE should write such an article who once thought so differently. I suppose I have had thirty applications to know the author (Southey), and half as many to print it separately, forsooth. . . . I will send you down in post-mail parcel a copy of 'Wat Tyler.' It was written many years ago by Southey, and *given* to Ridgway to assist to pay his expenses when in prison. It was never printed, and was thought so little of that the MS. was never demanded. Some one has had the *baseness* to print it at this time. There is an injunction against it, and I give you this as a curiosity."

There is an allusion in the foregoing letter to a difficulty which has always beset, and still besets, the owner of the *Quarterly Review*, in the constant applications which are made by well-meaning persons when any article of particular interest appears, to republish it at a low price, so that it may be spread abroad throughout the kingdom. To such correspondents Mr. Murray was not so accommodating.

* See vol. i. p. 383.

John Murray to Mr. W. Blackwood.

Feb. 22nd, 1817.

"What! am I to give away the result of the sweat of ten years? These good people, who never even sprinkled with water the root of my tree, would now thoughtlessly pluck all my plums and pears, the results of my long labours. Would not the least reflection teach them that they ought (two or three dozen of them) to buy a quantity of my *Review*, and thus encourage the publisher? I am just now answering another of these cost-me-nothing acts of philanthropy, received from my friend William Kerr of your Post-office. While rearing this machine, has it not nearly fallen and overwhelmed me? and did any of these men come to my help? 'Pray, my Lord,' said Johnson to Chesterfield, 'is not a patron one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?'"

Southey was a very keen politician, and did not confine his polemics to the pages of the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

Keswick, July 21st, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have made good way in a letter to Brougham in consequence of a false and slanderous attack which he made upon me from the hustings,—with the amicable intention, I believe, of setting my neighbours upon stoning me,—this being the fashion with the rabble of his party. As I was not present to give him the lie in the face of the multitude (as assuredly I would have done), I have given him such a castigation as such a thorough-paced scoundrel deserves—a William Smithiad. But I should hardly have taken the trouble for mere personal motives if I had not hoped to do some good by a full and complete exposure of his system of slander.

For this purpose in the body of the letter I want to give in order a clear, succinct and strong statement of all the calumnies in the House of Commons of which he has been convicted, with the documents in the Appendix (between

ourselves this is a suggestion of Croker's). Send me, therefore, the Debates of the last Parliament, from the time Brougham came in for Winchelsea—I forget whether in 1814, '15, or '16. The first part I shall very shortly send you through Bedford's hands, and you will let Pople print it. By-the-bye, this printer has requested me to speak a good word for him to you, and if in the plenitude of your power you could sometimes employ him, you would confer a favour upon me, serving a very deserving man.

Jeffery and Sir E. K. come in for some tremendous blows in this letter. I expect also to have a letter from Wordsworth to append to it, addressed to myself. He was included in the attack.

You can have no conception of the *Devilish* spirit which Brougham has raised and left behind him in Westmorland. It has shocked many of his own party.

You want some German in the *Review*, and I can help you to some. There is a neighbour of mine perfectly competent to give you an able and philosophical criticism upon Schiller's works, if you will send the collected edition to Thomas De Quincey, Esquire, Grasmere, near Ambleside. I have been talking to him this day upon the subject.* He is a man of singular acuteness and ability.

'Evelyn's Memoirs' would assist in furnishing materials for an essay of great pith and moment upon the reign of Charles II. and the spirit of that age. But my next paper must be 'The New Churches and the Catacombs,' easily and naturally connected.

There is a book upon Nonconformity lying for me at your house, written by Conder, the bookseller. Let it come in the next parcel,—I shall have occasion to touch upon it in my Life of Wesley.

What if I were to make a Life of Marlborough for the *Review* from Coxe's book?

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I shall not fail in the copyright question.

* De Quincey never contributed to the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Croker contributed to No. 32 a review of Miss Plumptre's 'Residence in Ireland.' Gifford had struck out some of the sentences ; but Croker was not so indignant as Southey would have been. He merely wrote to Murray : " I regret that Gifford struck out the beastly —— quotation from Miss Plumptre's book. But I am one of those who never complain (on personal grounds) of the despotism of the Editor, which I think it absolutely necessary to maintain."

No. 33 contained an article on Hazlitt's 'Round Table,' by Mr. Russell. Hazlitt attributed the article to Gifford, and attacked him, in a violent pamphlet, as an "ultra-crepidarian critic." Gifford took no notice of such attacks, because he held that secrecy was necessary in conducting a Review, and shortly before his death, directed his executor, Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, to destroy all his confidential letters and papers, especially those relating to the *Quarterly*. It was at times considered so necessary to keep the names of the principal contributors secret, that no regular record of them was kept. Hence the difficulty we have had in tracing the authorship of the several articles ; in many cases it has been ascertained from letters addressed to Mr. Murray himself, or to his principal correspondents.

Mr. John Barrow took up the subject Geography in the *Quarterly*, and the public was greatly indebted to him for the increasingly extended knowledge, not only of the colonies and dominions subject to England, but of all other parts of the globe. In his 'Autobiography,' he gives an interesting account of his connection with the *Quarterly*. After mentioning his articles on geographical subjects, he proceeds to say :—

"I had a letter from Murray to say that, in consequence of a certain article, the sale of the *Review* had very much

increased. This article was published in the year 1817-18, and the subject of it was an inquiry into the nature and extent of the Polar Sea, and the proofs of a communication through it between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. . . . When it was described and delineated as a large and nearly circular basin, it was treated in another Review as a joke. That article, however,* and the extraordinary facts therein stated, not only produced Murray's avowal of its successful results, but gave rise also to the recent Arctic voyages, by sea and land, that have added so largely to the geography and scientific discoveries made in these regions by a class of officers whose names will ever be remembered in the annals of the British Navy. I had the curiosity to ask Mr. Murray what was really the increase of the number of copies sold in consequence, as he said, of the above-mentioned article ; and it appears, by the register which is kept, that the sale of each of the Nos. 33, 34, and 35 was 12,000 ; No. 36 (next after that containing the article in question) was 13,000, and this number was continued to No. 41, when it fell back to something less than it had been ; in consequence it was pretty well ascertained, of two or three new Reviews having started up."

When Mr. Murray proposed to publish Barrow's articles on Polar Explorations, which had excited so much interest, in the form of a volume, he offered what Mr. Barrow considered an absurdly large price for the copyright, and received the following reply :—

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

I will not, if I can help it, contribute to your ruin by your excessive liberality, and cannot therefore consent to a compliance with your offer. Whether the trifle will sell or not, I am no judge ; it will depend greatly on the feeling or the whim of the public ; but whether it does or not, it is entirely at your service ; and to relieve you from any idea of an obligation, if it should be fortunate enough to require a second edition, I will then *bargain* with you for the copyright. You must alter the outside label, which

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xviii., No. 35.

is a fallacy, and make it 'Voyages into the Arctic Regions,' or, if you prefer it, into the Polar Regions; and I think you should not go above 12s. for the price, for as that point is just at this moment being discussed in the papers, your friend of the *Times* will be most ready to seize hold of it.

I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

JOHN BARROW.

I shall want about a couple of dozen copies to give away.

As Barrow would take nothing for the first edition of his book, Murray sent him a handsome present, to which Barrow replied:—

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

"I neither know how to accept nor refuse, much less how to thank you sufficiently for your magnificent present, which is the more to be appreciated as I had intended to treat myself with a copy of so valuable and necessary a library book. I shall never be out of your debt. . . ."

In Number 36 Mr. Cohen (afterwards Sir F. Palgrave) had an article on 'Ancient and Modern Greenland.' This was the subject of much correspondence between Gifford and Murray. Gifford, on sending him the revise of the article, wrote:—

Mr. W. Gifford to John Murray.

I wish you could induce our friend to make a few alterations. . . . Scarcely anything is said about the agriculture of Greenland. . . . Then what a pity it is that no notice is taken of the sun. This is characteristic; and here is a verse:—

"The people, whose unclouded day
Ends in a joyless half-year's night,
Gaze wistful on the setting ray
That glitters on Spitzbergen's height."

These things might be easily introduced by a preliminary

line or two. But the translation wants pace, and is very inferior to the language of the article. Mr. Cohen might, if it be thought worth while, look at it with his pencil in his hand. There is something interesting in the good priest's journey, but it should be compressed. I was much struck by the bridge of ice, and wonder that our friend was not reminded by it of the bridge of the Estala. If you think nothing of what I have hinted, then the revise may go to press. I think 'Thorgill' long, but I can shorten it no more. There is really no one for whom I would labour with such interest as for our friend. His style is racy and vivid, and I think among the very best we ever had. What he wants is selection. All things ought not to be detailed at equal length, and it is woeful work to toil on what is not cared for. With all this, I cannot help thinking that Cohen will rise to distinction as a writer by practice, and condescending somewhat more than he does at present to the comparative ignorance of his readers. . . . I scrawl this with eyes half closed, and you may add, and brains too. ;

Ever yours,

W. G.

It is probable that the article in the same Number (36) on the 'Ecclesiastical Computation of Easter,' was written by Sir Alexander Boswell, son of James Boswell, author of the 'Life of Johnson.' He was an antiquary and an author in communication with Mr. Murray. He was invited to dine at Albemarle Street in July 1817, and in answer to Murray's letter wrote:—

Sir Alexander Boswell to John Murray.

DEAR SIR,

I shall wait upon you with much pleasure on Friday, and certainly you offer me an inducement which would have compensated for a disagreeable host. But although it is no doubt very gratifying to me to meet with one whose poems I have so highly appreciated [Campbell], I do not choose you to put it upon such grounds alone that I am to

be your guest. I have always had reason to be sensible of your polite attention, and shall be happy when you afford me an opportunity of marking my recollection of it.

Your most obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.*

Though Southey had only a single article in No. 36, that on the Poor Laws, he expressed his approval (an unusual thing) of the whole number.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

"Southey is quite pleased with the *whole* of our number, which he thinks a most amazing one. This was praise indeed from Southey, and never, I think, was so given to us before. He promises 'Evelyn' almost immediately. I shall see you on Wednesday, unless the patriots of Guildhall knock me on the head to-morrow; and then we will finally settle our mode of commencing this number."

Southey was as good as his word. His 'Evelyn's Memoirs' commenced the next number of the *Quarterly*, though Gifford was not quite satisfied with it, and wrote to Murray (August 1818):—

"A great card was lost when Southey was set upon Evelyn, in preference to Dr. W[hitaker], whom I regard as the best and most truthful painter of character in the country. . . . We have not a more valuable correspondent."

It will be remembered that Scott also had expressed a desire to review this book.

The last article in No. 38 excited a great deal of interest. It was that entitled 'Mr. Brougham—Education Committee.' It was written in the first place by the Rev. Professor

* Sir Alexander Boswell was killed in a duel by Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, in 1822. Stuart immediately fled to America, and afterwards published an account of his visit in his well known 'Three Years in North America.'

Monk, who no doubt wrote the substance of the article. At the same time, the pungent wit, the Attic salt, were inserted by Gifford, on the prompting of Canning and Croker. Of course the connection of Canning with the article was kept a profound secret, and the editor was prevented from avowing it. His task was, with the help, of his other contributors, to render effective a paper in itself good, but prosy; and, at the same time, to prevent the original author himself from resenting the changes made in his paper.*

That the article was carefully pondered over, corrected, and amended by Croker and Canning, appears from the following letter from Croker to Murray, dated Munster House:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

I wrote to you and our friend from Gloster Lodge [Canning's residence], I hope with some success, though I rather fear Mr. G[ifford]'s illness may render him unwilling to have any more changes made. I would not press it, if I did not in my conscience believe that the character and efficacy of the *Review* is concerned, vitally concerned, in the matter. . . . The Speaker longs to see the *Review*. Could you send him a number to-night? You might request him not to show it till Monday; I will get back the copy from him.

Murray paid Professor Monk handsomely for his "doctored" article, and received the following acknowledgment.

Professor Monk to John Murray.

Feb. 4th, 1819.

"I am ashamed of not having sooner acknowledged your obliging note, and the very handsome and indeed magnificent inclosure with which you are pleased to recompense

* How he did this is well shown in the correspondence published by Bishop Monk's son in the *Athenæum* of March 20th, 1875, which, so far from confuting the time-honoured tradition, seems to confirm it.

my attempts to serve the *Review*. The opinion expressed both by you and Mr. Gifford of the merits of this attempt is far beyond what I feel myself entitled to."

The piles of the *Quarterly* laid out on the day of publication, before being issued to the booksellers, was a remarkable sight. Mr. W. B. Cooke, the engraver, who had done much work for Mr. Murray, wrote to him on the 24th December, 1818:—

"When you have the twelve thousand *Quarterly Reviews* printed and heaped up at Albemarle Street, I shall be glad to bring some friends to have a look at such a prodigy of press work—if Mr. Stewart will drop me a line."

Amongst other books, Murray consulted Gifford about Sheil's 'Evadne.' But he did not like it; he thought the first and last acts claptrap. "The play," he said, "is largely indebted to Shirley's 'Traitor,' but falls far short of it. Yet this is far the best thing that Sheil has done. It is more free, more spirited, and more poetical. What this young man wants is taste and judgment. I really think that he is likely to succeed at last."

'Evadne' appeared in 1820, and it was greatly helped by Miss O'Neil's acting, but it eventually failed. Miss O'Neil was a staunch supporter of her countryman, who subsequently wrote to Murray:—

Mr. Sheil to John Murray.

"The 'Apostate' is to be shortly acted in Dublin, which will, of course, increase the sale. Miss O'Neil assured me that she would act it everywhere in the country, so that I entertain little doubt that you will not ultimately prove a loser by your great liberality to me. The success of my play, instead of being any obstruction to me in my profession, has been eminently useful. I expect a considerable increase of professional employment. With regular and severe study, however, I hope to be able to produce a tragedy which shall surpass the 'Apostate,'

and, at the same time, not neglect my more permanently useful pursuits. Will you be kind enough to present my compliments to Mrs. Murray and to Mrs. Graham, to whom I am so much indebted for making me known to Sir James Mackintosh, whose advice was at once so judicious and so kind?"

Yours, &c.,

R. L. SHEIL.

Mr. Murray was constantly sending presents to his friend and editor:—

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

I am really ashamed of your goodness—but what a poor creature am I? When I saw you, I thought myself much better than I had been at Ryde; in less than three hours I was labouring with a violent cough and fever—how brought on I cannot even guess. Last night, and all yesterday, I was very ill indeed, and could not keep my head from the pillow. To-day I feel a good deal relieved. . . . This is the first word that I have been able to write since we parted.

June 18th, 1819.

"The presentation of your valuable volume [a complete edition of Shakespeare] ought to satisfy your generosity, and I accept it with the sincerest pleasure and thankfulness; but I must not suffer your liberality to be abused. Consider, my dear friend, for what purpose I should enrich my library at the expense of such kindness. As old Welbjee once said to Hoppner, 'Vat sold I save for? I have no posteriori.' The meaning of all this gabble is, that I will accept a lease of your Shakespeare—probably a life interest in him, then to revert to the original landlord."

Shrewd and cautious adviser as he was, even Barrow was liable to mistakes, as, for instance, when he wrote his review of Birkbeck's 'Notes on America' (*Q. R.* No. 37), on receiving the MS. of which Gifford wrote to Murray:—

"I am glad you sent Birkbeck, he appears to be the most dangerous man that ever wrote from America. Our friend had missed his character, and I have nearly rewritten the article."

Another name which appears among the *Quarterly* reviewers for the first time in 1819 is that of Ugo Foscolo, whose article on 'The Poems of the Italians' occupied the place of honour in No. 42; but as the career of this strange man is fully dealt with in a subsequent chapter, we will only allude to him here.

Mr. Gifford was under the impression that the *Quarterly Review* did not receive sufficient support from the existing Government. George III. died on the 29th of January, 1820, and his son George IV. reigned in his stead. Lord Liverpool was then in power, and a plot was concocted by Thistlewood and his comrades for assassinating the Ministers, seizing the Bank of England, and establishing a provisional government. The number of the *Quarterly* (44) which was about to appear contained two articles by Robert Grant—one a 'Letter to the Prince Regent;' the other on 'The State of Public Affairs,' which Mr. Gifford thought of great value.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

"This article will make a great impression. Three such magnificent speeches* have never been placed at the head of one before. The extracts are uncommonly fine, and in one place I must make an addition; but it will be the most striking part of Mr. Canning's speech, which, as now given, reads rather abrupt.

* * * * *

"I have no patience with these Cabinet people. When it is too late they rub their eyes and begin to see that the *Review* might be of the 'utmost importance' to them, but they never condescend to write a thought on it when there is both time and an earnest will to serve them (*i.e.* the country), and nothing wanting but the means which they

* Mr. Plunket's and Mr. Canning's in the House of Commons, Nov. 23 and 24, 1819, and Lord Grenville's in the House of Lords, Nov. 30.

are called on to supply. How often has this been urged ! Yet who of them procures us a single line ?

"They are happy to leave all to chance, and have neither the courage nor—but I am tired of this. Mr. Croker is the only link that unites us at all with the Ministers, and the service he has done them by his various papers is incalculable ; but he cannot do everything, and it is certain that, to meet the present state of the country, an elaborate article is requisite.

"Ever yours,

"W. G."

In No. 46 was an article by D'Israeli on 'Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men.'

Mr. D'Israeli to John Murray.

October, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,

I received your letter at Weston Green, and we have just returned home ; *they* lamenting the loss of green fields, and I glad to get again into the woods and underwoods of my library. Your letter enclosed a draft of £50, which by the appearance comes from the *Q. R.* I think it extremely handsome, and *begin* to fear the article does not deserve it. However, be that as it may, the remuneration which the *Review* is now able to afford—the extraordinary skill and felicity of the Editor, supported by the large spirit of the Proprietor, will, be assured, command the richest talents in the literary world. It is worth sacrificing time and making an effort, when a writer secures both readers and profit.

Most truly yours,

I. D'I.

The difficulties of editors are almost as proverbial as the variety of opinions, and both facts are somewhat amusingly illustrated by the two following opinions of one number of the *Quarterly Review* written by contributors to its pages. Mr. Francis Cohen writes (21st December, 1821) :—

"I have just dashed through the *Review*, and am delighted with it—particularly with my article ['Astrology

and Alchemy'] : however, that is neither here nor there. . . . Mind, you must keep the doing of the 'Paston Letters' for me. If you disappoint me, I shall never forgive you."

On the other hand, Mr. Croker had his fling at the same number, which contained an article of his own on the French Revolution.

Mr. Croker to Mr. Murray.

December 22nd, 1821.

DEAR MURRAY,

I am happy to tell you that your *Review* is abominably bad—happy for your sake, because, as you will, I dare say, sell 12,000, it only shows that you have an estate which produces wholly independent of its culture. All that ridiculous importance given to Dupin,* a wretched *écrivain*, and that affectation of naval statistics, I think very unsuitable. Your 'Alchemy'† is appropriate enough, great elaboration and pomp of work ending in smoke and dross. If Dalzell's 'Lectures'‡ are as obscure and as dull as your commentary, they were not worth reviewing, no more than the commentary is worth reading. There is a pretension of smartness about your *pedant* which reminds one of Vadius in the 'Femmes Galantes.' The article on Hazlitt§ is good, and that on the Scotch novels || *excellent*. All the rest is what the shipowners call *dunnage*. In short, my dear Murray, bless your stars you have now sounded the bass string of humility, and you may be assured that your next number will be better than the last, and so good-bye.

Yours,

J. W. CROKER.

In May 1821, Gifford wrote to Murray: "I am very far from being well, but by taking James's powder last night, I hope I have checked this fever." He went to Ramsgate in July, and enjoyed the journey.

* 'On the Navy of England and France,' reviewed by Barrow.

† 'Astrology and Alchemy.' By Francis Cohen.

‡ 'On the Ancient Greeks,' reviewed by T. Mitchell.

§ By Col. Matthews.

|| By Nassau Senior.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

"The only accident which befell us, lighted upon poor Bid, who, in exhibiting her agility on the coach-box, cut an awkward caper, and tumbled over. I thought, as the man in the play says, that both the damsels would have swounded; however, she broke no bones, and is now as well as ever. . . . I seem to breathe freer already. 'Twas time to leave Town for I suffered more in the last week than I liked to tell, and could not have sat up much longer. A day or two to luxurious indolence, and then to work. I got my papers this morning, but pray buy, beg, borrow, or steal a *John Bull* for me, or I shall be as ignorant as a beast of the virtues of the Queen [Caroline] and her admirers. Let me have a line from you as often as you have leisure and convenience."

July 18th, 1821.

"I have received a letter from some pretty Jessica to yourself. The object of sending me this I cannot make out, unless it be kindly to remind me that she is a widow; but I give you to understand that if I marry a widow I am already engaged; but I have some thoughts of waiting a few years for one of Mrs. Eaton's youngest girls!

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"What are you dreaming of, my dear friend? If there was ever a time when I thought myself *peculiarly* obliged by your kindness and attention, it was certainly during the last week. Your letters were my chief source of amusement and information. . . . I am well, and I am not; for my face continues to worry me. The few teeth I have seem taking their leave—I wish they would take a French one; and after so long an acquaintance they do not like to part without pain. I shall pluck out no bone from any wolf's throat alive hereafter, that I clearly foresee. With this exception I cannot complain, as my breath evidently improves. Ramsgate is still empty and dull; our good weather fled with the pomp of the Coronation. . . . Blessings on the Queen! I see by this morning's paper that she is determined to make a part of the show. But her day is gone by, and there wanted but this last part of her farce to finish her character with the few respectable people that yet cling to her."

After the great affair at Westminster had been accomplished, Gifford again wrote to Murray :—

“Your Coronation accounts were excellent. I would have grudged no sum to witness the sight, but ’twas physically impossible for me. All the world joins in calling it the most glorious spectacle that was ever seen.”

Gifford was not much the better for his visit to Ramsgate, for he was during that time confined to the house by bad weather, and affected by pain in his side, which prevented him sitting upright. While in this state, he saw from the papers that he had been drawn for the Militia! “Dismiss all fears,” he wrote to Murray; “if I once get arms in my hands, I shall play the devil with the foe. But what triple-turned asses are those Deputy-Lieutenants!”

Shortly after his arrival in London at the end of August, Mr. Barrow called upon him. “I sat an hour with Gifford the other evening,” he reported to Mr. Murray. “He is pretty well, but breathes short, and I think on the whole is gradually sinking, poor fellow! He is one of those whose place is not easily filled.” Nevertheless, Gifford went on with his work. He called upon the publisher with some of the articles for the next number of the *Quarterly*, and walked home from Albemarle Street to James Street, Buckingham Gate, a thing he had not done for two years. “The pain in my side,” he wrote to Murray, “still continues, but I can relieve it by resting or lying down. . . . What a magnificent edition of ‘Jonson’ you have sent me! What can I do with so fine a work? Put it in a frame! But there is no stopping your career, as Barrow says.”

Thus the *Quarterly* went on; Murray usually beating up for new contributors, as well as holding together the former authors. In 1822, he found a new contributor in

the Rev. George Gleig, afterwards Chaplain-General to the Forces, who contributed several articles at different times, his first being on Dr. Chalmers and the Poor Laws, in No. 56. During Gifford's now almost incessant attacks of illness, Mr. Croker took charge of the *Review*. The following letter embodies some of his ideas as to editing:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

Brighton, March 29th, 1823.

DEAR MURRAY,

As I shall not be in Town in time to see you to-morrow, I send you some papers. I return the *Poor* article* with its additions. Let the author's amendments be attended to, and let his termination be inserted *between* his former conclusion and that which I have written. It is a good article, not overdone and yet not dull. I return, to be set up, the article [by Captain Procter] on Southey's 'Peninsular War.' It is very bad—a mere *abstracted history of the war itself*, and not in the least a *review of the book*. I have taken pains to remove some part of this error, but you must feel how impossible it is to change the whole frame of such an article. A touch thrown in here and there will give some relief, and the character of a *review* will be in some small degree preserved. This cursed system of writing dissertations will be the death of us, and if I were to edit another number, I should make a great alteration in that particular. But for this time I must be satisfied with plastering up what I have not time to rebuild. One thing I would do immediately if I were you. I would pay for articles of *one* sheet as much as for articles of two and three, and, in fact, I would *scarcely* permit an article to exceed one sheet. I would reserve such extension for matters of great and immediate interest and importance. I am delighted that W.† undertakes one, he will do it well; but remember the necessity of *absolute secrecy* on this point, and indeed on all others. If you were to publish such names as Cohen and Croker and

* 'On the Poor Laws,' by Mr. Gleig.

† Probably Blanco White.

Collinson and Coleridge, the magical WE would have little effect, and your *Review* would be absolutely despised—*omne ignotum pro mirifico*. I suppose I shall see you about twelve on Tuesday. Could you not get me a gay light article or two? If I am to *edit* for you, I cannot find time to *contribute*. Madame Campan's poem will more than expend my leisure. I came here for a little recreation, and I am all day at the desk as if I were at the Admiralty. This Peninsular article has cost me two days' hard work, and is, after all, not worth the trouble; but we must have something about it, and it is, I suppose, too late to expect anything better. Mr. Williams's article on Sir W. Scott is contemptible, and would expose your *Review* to the ridicule of the whole bar; but it may be made something of, and I like the subject. I had a long and amusing talk with the Chancellor the night before last, on his own and his brother's judgments; I wish I had time to embody our conversation in an article.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

Southey is *very* long, but as good as he is long—I have nearly done with him. I write *very slowly*, and cannot write long. This letter is written at three sittings.

No sooner had Croker got No. 56 of the *Review* out of his hands than he made a short visit to Paris. On this Mr. Barrow writes to Murray:—

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

April 2nd, 1823.

Croker has run away to Paris, and left poor Gifford helpless. What will become of the *Quarterly*? It is very cruel, and I assure you I am exceedingly sorry for it; for I much fear that what with its delay some sharp-witted fellow may take the advantage and start a rival. . . . Poor Gifford told me yesterday that he felt he *must* give up the Editorship, and that the doctors had *ordered* him to do so. As far, therefore, as he is concerned, I see no reason why you should not go on, and if, as I hope and trust, he may get a little better, he may then resume his labour on what remains undone.

Gifford did not, however, give in until he could neither revise, correct, nor write more. After the warm weather had set in, he went to Ramsgate as usual. He wrote some very disappointing letters to Murray.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

July, 1823.

"My cough increases daily. We have a July sun and a January wind. . . . I am inclined to think that my case is determining not very slowly towards a consumption. I have done nothing since I came down here, and feel that I can do nothing, which is worse. . . . Do not forget that it is not inclination which I want, but power. Above all, keep your eye steadfastly on the means of filling my place. Great activity will be required, I am sure, on your part ; and you must buckle to, and meet all difficulties with firmness. They will but increase by evasion or postponement of them. I am entitled to speak on this head from experience."

Meanwhile, Mr. Barrow had a letter from Rev. Dr. Buckland, in which he enclosed one from the Provost of Oriel, "all kindness and condescension," in which he said that Gifford had said nothing to him "of giving in." "Indeed," said Barrow in his letter to Murray, "I believe he has no such intention, how much soever he may pretend it to you and me. But this is *entre nous*." A few days later, Barrow wrote to Murray saying that he had seen Gifford that morning :—

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

Aug. 18th, 1823.

"I told him to look out for some one to conduct the *Review*, but he comes to no decision. I told him that you very naturally looked to him for naming a proper person. He replied he had—Nassau Senior—but that you had taken some dislike to him.* I then said, ' You are now

* This, so far as can be ascertained, was a groundless assumption on Mr. Gifford's part.

well; go on, and let neither Murray nor you trouble yourselves about a future editor yet; for should you even break down in the midst of a number, I can only repeat that Croker and myself will bring it round, and a second number if necessary, to give him time to look out for and fix upon a proper person, but that the work should not stop.' I saw he did not like to continue the subject, and we talked of something else."

Croker also was quite willing to enter into this scheme, and jointly with Barrow to undertake the temporary conduct of the *Review*. But he was so much occupied by his official business that he could not be depended upon for the continual editing. Here we must for the present break off the account of the *Quarterly Review*, leaving the close of Mr. Gifford's career and the appointment of his successor to a subsequent chapter. The young barrister, Mr. J. T. Coleridge, was of much use to him, and assisted him in the editing. "Mr. C. is too long," Gifford wrote to Murray, "and I am sorry for it. But he is a nice young man, and should be encouraged."

CHAPTER XXII.

HALLAM—BASIL HALL—CRABBE—HOPE—HORACE
AND JAMES SMITH.

IT was in 1817 that Mr. Hallam applied to Mr. Murray to become the publisher of his 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages;' but it cannot now be ascertained whether he was originally introduced to the publisher by any one of their common friends. The early negotiations respecting the work—which was immediately accepted, and published in two volumes quarto in 1818—were conducted chiefly by means of personal interviews, and the correspondence of this period is confined to matters of no general interest; but the acquaintance thus formed led to a close friendship, which lasted unbroken till Mr. Murray's death.

Towards the end of 1817, Mr. Murray received a letter from a new correspondent respecting the publication of his 'Voyage to the West Coast of Corea and the Loo-choo Islands.' This was from Captain Basil Hall, son of Sir James Hall of Dunglas, whose work on 'Gothic Architecture' Mr. Murray had published some years before. Captain Hall was a popular writer, and kept the public amused as well as instructed by his descriptions of life at sea and on land, in his numerous 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels.' He first wrote to Mr. Murray from Portsmouth, immediately on landing from the East.

He had unfortunately lost his notes about his interview with Napoleon at St. Helena :—

Captain Basil Hall to John Murray.

Nov. 16th, 1817.

“It is a serious annoyance to lose such a document, and I am half tempted to advertise for it. Your note of the 11th gave me very great pleasure indeed, and I have now no more anxiety on the subject. The personal regard which you express towards me is not, I fully trust, thrown away on a man who will trifle with it. As to terms about the book, I will see you upon this subject when I come up—probably on Tuesday morning. I do want some ready money, certainly, to pay off a plaguey debt, but I have a strong desire to keep up some kind of interest in this ‘Cruise’—not, as you may believe, from any avaricious motive, but from a feeling that I could act along with you pleasantly and disinterestedly, and that the purposes of both would be better answered than by our cutting the connection. But you must be the best judge, and, as I have no concealment at any time, I shall not use any ceremony with you on this occasion. My heart is quite broken about the poor Princess!* I cry like a child still any moment over the papers.

“Yours very sincerely,

“BASIL HALL.”

A year later he wrote :—

Captain Basil Hall to John Murray.

November, 1818.

“I wish you joy of your Three Voyages of Discovery.† Happy ‘Loo-choo,’ to have come a year before! I don’t know how to thank you for your very kind and interesting letter. It gave me exactly the sort of information I valued most, and happened at that moment to be in want of. If you could snatch a spare moment to let me know about this affair of Ellis’s, it would be a great favour.”

* Princess Charlotte, who died on November 6.

† Captain Tuckey’s ‘Voyage to the Congo,’ Dr. Macleod’s ‘Voyage of the *Alceste*, William Mariner’s ‘Voyage to the Tonga Islands.’

Mr. Murray having sent some works to the Marquess of Abercorn—amongst them Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Ellis's 'Proceedings of Lord Amherst's Embassy to China,'* which is alluded to in the previous extract—the Marchioness, at her husband's request, wrote to the publisher as follows :—

Marchioness of Abercorn to John Murray.

December 4th, 1817.

"He returns Walpole, as he says since the age of fifteen he has read so much Grecian history and antiquity that he has these last ten years been sick of the subject. He does not like Ellis's account of 'The Embassy to China,'† but is pleased with Macleod's‡ narrative. He bids me tell you to say the best and what is least obnoxious of the [former] book. The composition and the narrative are so thoroughly wretched that he should be ashamed to let it stand in his library. He will be obliged to you to send him Leyden's 'Africa.' Leyden was a friend of his, and desired leave to dedicate to him while he lived."

* 'Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China, comprising a Correct Narrative of the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, and of the Journey from the Mouth of the Peiho to the Return to Canton.' By Henry Ellis, Esq., Secretary of the Embassy, and Third Commissioner.

† Ellis seems to have been made very uncomfortable by the publication of his book. It was severely reviewed in the *Times*, where it was said that the account (then in the press) by Clark Abel, M.D., Principal Medical Officer and Naturalist to the Embassy, would be greatly superior. On this Ellis wrote to Murray (19th October, 1817): "An individual has seldom committed an act so detrimental to his interests as I have done in this unfortunate publication; and I shall be too happy when the lapse of time will allow of my utterly forgetting the occurrence. I am already indifferent to literary criticism, and had almost forgotten Abel's approaching competition." The work went through two editions.

‡ 'Narrative of a Voyage in His Majesty's late ship *Alceste* to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea, and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands to the Island of Lewchew, with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar.' By John Malcolm, surgeon of the *Alceste*.

Mr. Murray, in his reply, deprecated the severity of the Marquess of Abercorn's criticism on the work of Sir H. Ellis, who had done the best that he could on a subject of exceeding interest.

John Murray to Lady Abercorn.

"I am now printing Captain Hall's account (he commanded the *Lyra*), and I will venture to assure your Ladyship that it is one of the most delightful books I ever read, and it is calculated to heal the wound inflicted by poor Ellis. I believe I desired my people to send you Godwin's novel, which is execrably bad. But in most cases book readers must balance novelty against disappointment."

Lady Abercorn having asked Mr. Murray to send her 'Rob Roy' and the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' he quietly asked her:—

"Shall I withhold 'Rob Roy' and 'Childe Harold' from your Ladyship until their merits have been ascertained? Even if an indifferent book, it is something to be amongst the first to *say* that it is bad. You will be alarmed, I fear, at having provoked so many reasons for sending you dull publications. I would have added more, did I not flatter myself that you are aware that my business is to buy, and publish, and scatter books by the thousand among the retail dealers, and that it is rather as an amusement and a pleasure that I send them to those individuals only whom I know to be lovers of and encouragers of literature; and so I entreat you to send back all those you do not like. I have not received the Fourth Canto. Mr. Hobhouse is to be the bearer of it, and proposes to arrive some time this month. I am printing two short but very clever novels by poor Miss Austen, the author of 'Pride and Prejudice.' I send Leyden's 'Africa' for Lord Abercorn, who will be glad to hear that the 'Life and Posthumous Writings' will be ready soon."

The Marchioness, in her answer to the above letter, thanked Mr. Murray for his very entertaining answer to her letter, and said:—

Marchioness of Abercorn to John Murray.

"Lord Abercorn says he thinks your conduct with respect to sending books back that he does not like is particularly liberal. He bids me tell you how very much he likes Mr. Macleod's book; we had seen some of it in manuscript before it was published. We are very anxious for Hall's account, and I trust you will send it to us the moment you can get a copy finished.

"No, indeed! you must not (though desirous you may be to punish us for the severity of the criticism on poor Ellis) keep back for a moment 'Rob Roy' or the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold.' I have heard a good deal from Scotland that makes me continue *surmising* who is the author of these novels. Our friend Walter paid a visit last summer to a gentleman on the banks of Loch Lomond *—the scene of Rob Roy's exploits—and was at great pains to learn all the traditions of the country regarding him from the clergyman and old people of the neighbourhood, of which he got a considerable stock. I am very glad to hear of a 'Life of Leyden.' He was a very surprising young man, and his death is a great loss to the world. Pray send us Miss Austen's novels the moment you can. Lord Abercorn thinks them next to W. Scott's (if they are by W. Scott); it is a great pity that we shall have no more of hers. Who are the *Quarterly Reviewers*? I hear that Lady Morgan suspects Mr. Croker of having reviewed her 'France,' and intends to be revenged, &c.

"Believe me to be yours, with great regard,

"A. J. ABERCORN."

From many communications addressed to Mr. Murray about the beginning of 1818, it appears that he had proposed to start a *Monthly Register*,† and he set up in

* Cf. allusion in Mrs. Graham's letter, p. 38.

† The announcement ran thus:—"On the third Saturday in January, 1818, will be published the first number of a NEW PERIODICAL JOURNAL, the object of which will be to convey to the public a great variety of new, original, and interesting matter; and by a methodical arrangement of all Inventions in the Arts, Discoveries in the Sciences, and Novelties in Literature, to enable the reader to keep pace with

print a specimen copy. Many of his correspondents offered to assist him, amongst others Mr. J. Macculloch, Lord Sheffield, Dr. Polidori, then settled at St. Peter's, Norwich, Mr. Bulmer of the British Museum, and many other contributors. He sent copies of the specimen number to Mr. Croker and Mr. Thomas Murdoch, both of whom sent him such sweeping condemnations that he proceeded no further with the intended periodical.

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

January 11th, 1818.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

Our friend Sepping* says, "Nothing is stronger than its weakest part," and this is as true in book-making as in shipbuilding. I am sorry to say your *Register* has, in my opinion, a great many weak parts. It is for nobody's use; it is too popular and trivial for the learned, and too abstruse and plodding for the multitude. The preface is not English, nor yet Scotch or Irish. It must have been written by Lady Morgan. In the body of the volume, there is not *one* new nor curious article, unless it be Lady Hood's 'Tiger Hunt.' In your *Mechanics* there is a miserable want of information, and in your *Statistics* there is a sad superabundance of American hyperbole and dulness mixed together, like the mud and gunpowder which, when a boy, I used to mix together to make a fizz. Your *Poetry* is so bad that I look upon it as your personal kindness to me that you did not put my lines under that head. Your criticism on *Painting* begins by calling West's very pale horse "an extraordinary effort of human *genius*." Your criticism on *Sculpture* begins by applauding *before-hand* Mr. Wyatt's *impudent* cenotaph. Your criticism on the Theatre begins by *denouncing* the best production of its kind, 'The Beggar's Opera.' Your article on *Engraving* puts under the head of Italy a stone drawing made in Paris. Your own engraving of the Polar Regions is confused and dirty; and your article on the Polar Seas sets

human knowledge. To be printed uniformly with the QUARTERLY REVIEW. The price by the year will be £2 2s."

* Afterwards Sir R. Sepping, Comptroller of the Navy.

out with the assertion of a fact of which I was profoundly ignorant, namely, that the Physical Constitution of the Globe is subject to *constant changes* and revolution. Of *constant changes* I never heard, except in one of Congreve's plays, in which the fair sex is accused of *constant inconstancy*; but suppose that for *constant* you read *frequent*. I should wish you, for my own particular information, to add in a note a few instances of the Physical Changes in the Constitution of the Globe, which have occurred since the year 1781, in which I happened to be born. I know of none, and I should be sorry to go out of the world ignorant of what has passed in my own time. You send me your proof "for my boldest criticism." I have hurried over rather than read through the pages, and I give you honestly, and as plainly as an infamous pen (the same, I presume, which drew your polar chart) will permit, my hasty impression. If you will call here to-morrow between twelve and one, I will talk with you on the subject.

Yours,

J. W. C.

The letter from Thomas Murdoch was equally severe. He observed:—

Mr. T. Murdoch to John Murray.

"I return the Journal, but I cannot regret that it is a still-born bantling. Had it come into the world alone, it has such incurable constitutional defects as must have hurried it to an early grave, after occasioning an infinity of trouble and sorrow to its parents and relations.

'Not Barrow's prose, nor Croker's verses,
Could save it from that worst of curses,
The curse (unread, unsold, each number)
Of being left your shelves to cumber.'

"Yet there are many good articles—nay, some that are excellent in it; but there is, even in this first number, a portion of 'such reading as is never read'—heavy rubbish, which would soon overcome the buoyancy of the better materials, and sink the journal down to the level of a common gossip magazine. . . . The admirable article on the 'Polar Ice' ought to be published in some publication whose character is respectable, and whose circulation is

extensive ; such a publication is the *Quarterly Review*. . . . There is so much good sense and good feeling in the 'Vision of Royalty,' that it might also be preserved in the same work, and I should lament to see it go to the 'tomb of all the Capulets,' amongst old musty magazines or old catchpenny pamphlets."

After a good deal more satire on the proposed monthly, Murdoch concludes: "I have written—read who can." The project was eventually abandoned. Murray entered into the arrangement, already described, with Blackwood, of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. The article on the "Polar Ice" was inserted in the *Quarterly*.

Murray's faithful friend Mr. Isaac D'Israeli had now finished his 'Literary Character, illustrated by the History of Men of Genius.' Shortly after the publication of the work, in August 1818, he went to Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire, and remained there for about three months.

Mr. D'Israeli to John Murray.

August 4th, 1818.

DEAR MURRAY,

Although we are agreeably enough buried alive at this place, perhaps you may expect me to give some signs of life. We are, it is said, not above twenty-three miles from London, but, to all intents and purposes, if you add one or two hundred more, you will be nearer the fact. My hair-dresser makes a circuit of *eight miles* every day to smooth my chin, and sometimes we are in danger of wanting a dinner. It was with your usual kindness that you sent us the 'Heart of Midlothian,' which we return with our best thanks. All that concerns the Deans family, David and Jeanie, is the masterly production of the same genius, and I like the broad and natural humour of many of the characters. *Character-painting* is his *forte*, and he is both pathetic and humorous. With all these excellences there is too much alloy of modern romance-writing in the fourth volume, where the incidents are heaped together with little more ability than in Lane's circulators. But the first of

our novel-writers likes to have *make-weights*, and must have, for so many thousand pounds.

Mr. Stewart [Mr. Murray's clerk] has been so attentive as to send me down the *Observer*, without which I should scarcely know that such a place as the Metropolis existed. We have here most elegant pleasure-grounds, with a good imitation of Lord Grenville's Dropmore, which is not above two miles and a half from us, and our out-gardens and orchards ; but, in consequence of the heavens refusing us a drop of water for three months, our two cows will give us no butter, and our vegetable gardens will not furnish us with a meal. So that the country has its disappointments as well as the town. . . .

Ever yours,

I. D'ISRAELI.

P.S.—The most remarkable thing here is Mr. Penn's house at Stoke. It has an air of magnificence in its architectural appearance, its library, and its ornamental grounds. He has raised a fine monument to the poet Gray, with a very fortunate inscription, for it stands in the midst of the scenery which is identified with his poetry. Gray resided at Stoke, and the churchyard, in the midst of Mr. Penn's grounds, is the one which inspired the 'Elegy.' In the churchyard is the tombstone raised by the poet to his aunt and his mother—and there he lies, the spot unmarked by a stone ! The yew-tree and the mouldering heaps, &c., are all before you.

Mr. Murray, however, was too busy to make many country visits. He was asked at the same time by Lady Mackintosh to visit her at Murdocks, near Ware, Herts. "Do come," she said, "and visit us in our solitude. Malthus will meet you if you come." He was also urgently invited to visit Lady Caroline Lamb at Brockett Hall. She held out the great inducement that he should see the loveliest woman in England. Mr. W. S. Rose, whose 'Letters from the North of Italy' Murray had published, invited him to "come down and visit him at Gundimore, near Christ Church, Hants, where he would be

made heartily welcome if he could bear with the smell of garlic and tobacco. In return for this tolerance, however," said Rose, "I can promise you fresh salmon, strong coffee, and good claret." But a multiplicity of business, and especially a visit which he was compelled to pay to Edinburgh in connection with his Scottish agency, prevented his acceptance.

The next letter he received from Isaac D'Israeli referred to his Northern visit :—

Mr. I. D'Israeli to John Murray.

Farnham Royal, September 28th, 1818.

DEAR MURRAY,

On Saturday we were greatly surprised by a letter from Mrs. Murray, dated at London, and with an account of your return from your Northern expedition. Yesterday we passed anxiously in expectation of your appearance ; and this day is beautiful—so you have lost a day. We wish much to see you, and whenever you come you can be always certain of an excellent bedroom.

I long to hear how your new enterprise [*Blackwood's Magazine*] is unfolding itself. On their side they have sent forth their note of gratulation, in their whimsical poet, on "this league with Mr. Murray." Some young men of great promise they have got, and some I think do rather promise than perform. Three months are now closing on me, in which I am innocent of having *once* dipped into ink, and I believe I may promise I shall not again. But though engaging in no glorious adventures with a ship of my own any more, I'll be glad to be useful to *you*, as a *pilot about the narrow coast* in which I have foolishly spent my days.

Farnham Royal, October, 1818.

I congratulate you on your absence from the place this day ; a storm of wind and rain is playing about my ears, which may hinder me from sending off this letter, as we are above a mile from the village. But I can find no subject for congratulation in regard to next week. We are very reluctantly obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Murray and yourself on next Sunday ; for

we break up here at that time, and on Monday or Tuesday shall have returned ourselves home. I am mortified in not having seen you here, where with fine weather we might have contrived a few days' amusement.

I am gratified to hear of any honourable mention of myself, but I have long been expecting others of a different cast. Pray, has any notice whatever been taken in the Reviews of 'The Literary Character'? Here I am quite out of the reach of anything of this sort. My *Verse* will never give you any trouble, and I think my *Prose* will end as has my *Verse*. It is true, I have some things respecting *Books and Authors* which are new to the lovers of books, and I might give them with propriety, could I hit upon some plan; but the days of enterprise are closed. It is true that I have not dipped my pen here for literary purposes; but I have passed three months in pretty close reading of some of the *best divinity* which I found at my hands in Mr. Slingsby's library. *Blackwood's* was always a favourite work of mine; but a little too much personality; too much firing at small birds. Believe me, with warm attachment,

Your sincere Friend,

I. D'ISRAELI.

Towards the end of 1818, Mr. Crabbe called upon Mr. Murray, and offered to publish through him his 'Tales of the Hall,' consisting of about twelve thousand lines. He also proposed to transfer to him from Mr. Colburn his other poems, so that the whole might be printed uniformly. Mr. Crabbe, who up to this period had received very little for his writings, was surprised when Mr. Murray offered him no less than £3000 for the copyright of his poems. It seemed to him a mine of wealth compared to all that he had yet received. The following morning (6th December) he breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, and Tom Moore was present. Crabbe told them of his good fortune, and of the magnificent offer he had received. Rogers thought it was not enough, and that Crabbe should have received

£3000 for the 'Tales of the Hall' alone, and that he would try if the Longmans would not give more. He went to Paternoster Row accordingly, and tried the Longmans; but they would not give more than £1000 for the new work and the copyright of the old poems—that is, only one-third of what Murray had offered.*

When Crabbe was informed of this, he was in a state of great consternation. As Rogers had been bargaining with another publisher for better terms, the matter seemed still to be considered open; and in the meantime, if Murray were informed of the event, he might feel umbrage and withdraw his offer. Crabbe wrote to Murray on the subject, but received no answer. He had within his reach a prize far beyond his most sanguine hopes, and now, by the over-officiousness of his friends, he was in danger of losing it. In this crisis Rogers and Moore called upon Murray, and made enquiries on the subject of Crabbe's poems. "Oh, yes," he said, "I have heard from Mr. Crabbe, and look upon the matter as settled." Crabbe was thus released from all his fears. When he received the bills for £3000, he insisted on taking them with him to Trowbridge to show them to his son John.

It proved after all that the Longmans were right in their offer to Rogers; Murray was far too liberal. Moore, in his 'Diary' (ii. 332), says, "Even if the whole of the edition (3000) were sold, Murray would still be £1900 minus." Crabbe had some difficulty in getting his old poems out of the hands of his former publisher, who wrote to him in a strain of the wildest indignation, and even threatened him with legal proceedings, but eventually the unsold stock, consisting of 2426 copies, was handed over by Hatchard

* 'Memoirs, Journals, Correspondence, of Thomas Moore,' by Lord John Russell, ii. 237. .

and Colburn to Mr. Murray, and nothing more was heard of this controversy between them and the poet.

Among the novels published by Mr. Murray in 1819, were Mrs. Brunton's 'Emmeline,' and Mr. Hope's 'Anastasia.' Mrs. Brunton was the daughter of Colonel Balfour, of Barra, in Orkney, and the wife of the Rev. Dr. Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. She had published her novel 'Self-Control' anonymously in 1811, and it proved successful. Her next work was 'Discipline,' in 1814, which was also successful. Her third was 'Emmeline,' which she did not live to finish, but which was published in 1819 by Mr. Murray, with an introductory memoir by her husband. Dr. Brunton's letter to Mr. Murray was full of gratitude:—

Dr. Brunton to John Murray.

Edinburgh, 24th April, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I know not how to thank you for the real kindness towards me which your letters to Messrs. Manners and Miller express. My brother-in-law, Capt. Balfour, who is to spend a few days with his uncle in Curzon Street, will present this note to you. I am quite sure that I can count upon your exertions to befriend my poor little orphan volume. But you have little leisure to inform me of its success. I may be able to do it more easily through Capt. Balfour. The vanity of authorship is wellnigh dead in me, but I have a very strong wish that this book should prosper for its subject's sake. . . . With respectful compliments to Mrs. Murray, and very grateful recollections of her and your kindness to one who was deeply sensible of it, and who often dwells on the remembrance with pleasure, I am, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

ALEX. BRUNTON.

The letter of the Edinburgh publishers, acknowledging receipt of the then balance of profit for 'Emmeline,' was equally satisfactory. It was from Manners and Miller:—

Manners and Miller to John Murray.

February 7th, 1820.

DEAR SIR,

We had this morning the pleasure to receive your very polite letter of the 4th inst., enclosing statement of the sales of 'Emmeline,' and your promissory note at six months from 20th January for £305 14s. 6d., being the balance due on this work. We cannot sufficiently express the high sense we entertain of the very handsome manner in which you have settled this account, and we feel it to be the more gratifying as it was entirely unsolicited on our part. We beg you will accept of our best thanks for the kind interest you have taken in the success of 'Emmeline,' in which we are cordially joined by our friend Dr. Brunton, who has just been with us, and who desires to be particularly remembered to you.

'Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the Close of the 18th Century,' was published anonymously, and was confidently asserted to be the work of Lord Byron, as the only person capable of having produced it. It displayed great ability, vivid imagination, remarkable powers of graphic description, and a cultivated classical taste. When it was stated to be by Mr. Thomas Hope, of Deepdene—a gentleman of great accomplishments, who had published some books on Art designs, household furniture, and internal decorations—a writer in *Blackwood* ridiculed the idea of such work proceeding from such a gentleman. "Mr. Hope," the reviewer said, "is a very respectable and decorous gentleman—he can write, with some endeavour, passably about chests of drawers, paper-hangings, and cushions as soft as his own or any other brains; but that he has either the courage or the power to compile such a work as 'Anastasius,' I utterly and entirely deny." Mr. Hope, however, in the next number of the magazine, claimed the sole authorship

of the work. Sydney Smith, too, in the *Edinburgh Review*, asked, "Is this Mr. Thomas Hope? Is this the man of chairs and tables—the gentleman of sofas—the Œdipus of coal-boxes—he who meditated on muffineers and planned pokers? Where has he hidden all this eloquence and poetry up to this hour? How is it that he has all of a sudden burst out into descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus, and displayed a depth of feeling and a vigour of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel? We do not shrink from one syllable of this eulogium. The work now before us places him at once in the highest list of eloquent writers and of superior men."

It does not appear that Mr. Murray expected much from 'Anastasius,' judging from the slowness with which the work was printed and published. He received a letter from Mr. Hope, in which he wrote:—

Mr. Hope to John Murray.

The Deepdene, 12th January, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been intending for some time to write to you, and always put it off, in hopes of having the pleasure of seeing you in Town; but as Mrs. Hope's health leaves it very uncertain when I shall be able to go, I do not wish any longer to delay stating how *very slowly* the printing of 'Anastasius' goes on. I have always made it a rule to return the sheets sent to me to correct or to revise the same day, or perhaps the next, by the coach; and yet there is scarce one-fourth of the work printed off thus far, and, at this rate of proceeding, it certainly cannot be published under a twelvemonth. I am far from saying there has been any unnecessary delay, for I do not understand anything of the business of printing; but I should think that by not waiting to send me a new sheet to correct until after the preceding one has been revised, and perhaps printed off, some more despatch might be obtained. I have thus far only revised twelve chapters; and there are

in all forty-eight, or sixteen per volume. The origin of knight-errantry has long been a matter of doubt. It is now clearly pointed out in 'Antar.'*

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS HOPE.

When the book was published, Mr. Murray sent a copy to Mr. Hobhouse, and another to Mr. Croker. The former said, "Anastasius, then, is a Greek in London. If so, I know him. It must be Schinas." Murray informed Croker of the name of the author. He replied:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

I have read just twenty pages of 'Anastasius,' and thank you for the information you gave me as to the author. Of course you know best, and what you volunteered to tell must be the truth, but then also I must believe in the 'Metempsychosis,' and that Tom Hope's late body is now the tabernacle of Lord Byron's soul.

The Countess of Blessington, in her 'Conversations with Lord Byron,' says: "Byron spoke to-day in terms of high commendation of Hope's 'Anastasius;' said he had wept bitterly over many pages of it, and for two reasons—first, that he had not written it; and, secondly, that Hope had; for that it was necessary to like a man excessively to pardon his writing such a book—a book, he said, excelling all recent productions as much in wit and talent as in true pathos. He added that he would have given his two most approved poems to have been the author of 'Anastasius.'" The work was greatly read at the time, and went through many large editions.

* 'Life and Adventures of Antar, a celebrated Bedowen chief warrior, and poet, who flourished a few years previous to the Mahomedan Era,' translated by Terrick Hamilton, Esq.

The refusal of the 'Rejected Addresses,' by Horace and James Smith, was one of Mr. Murray's few mistakes. Horace was a stockbroker, and James a solicitor. They were not generally known as authors, though they contributed anonymously to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which was conducted by Campbell the poet. In 1812 they produced a collection of supposed 'Rejected Addresses, presented for competition at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre.' They offered the collection to Mr. Murray for £20, but he declined to purchase the copyright. The Smiths were connected with Cadell the publisher, and Murray, thinking that the MS. had been offered to and rejected by him, declined to look into it. The 'Rejected Addresses' were eventually published by John Miller, and excited a great deal of curiosity. They were considered to be the best imitations of living poets ever made. Byron was delighted with them. He wrote to Mr. Murray that he thought them "by far the best thing of the kind since the 'Rolliad.'" Crabbe said of the verses in imitation of himself, "In their versification they have done me admirably." When he afterwards met Horace Smith, he seized both hands of the satirist, and said, with a good-humoured laugh, "Ah! my old enemy, how do you do?" Jeffrey said of the collection, "I take them, indeed, to be the very best imitations (and often of difficult originals) that ever were made, and, considering their extent and variety, to indicate a talent to which I do not know where to look for a parallel." Murray had no sooner read the volume than he spared no pains to become the publisher, but it was not until after the appearance of the sixteenth edition that he was able to purchase the copyright for £131.

Towards the end of 1819, Mr. Murray was threatened with an action on account of certain articles which had

appeared in Nos. 37 and 38 of the *Quarterly* relative to the campaign in Italy against Murat, King of Naples. The first was written by Dr. Reginald (afterwards Bishop) Heber, under the title of 'Military and Political Power of Russia, by Sir Robert Wilson;' the second was entitled 'Sir Robert Wilson's Reply.' Colonel Macirone occupied a very unimportant place in both articles. He had been in the service of Murat while King of Naples, and acted as his aide-de-camp, which post he retained after Murat became engaged in hostilities with Austria, then in alliance with England. Macirone was furnished with a passport for *himself* as envoy of the Allied Powers, and provided with another passport for Murat, under the name of Count Lipona, to be used by him in case he abandoned his claim to the throne of Naples. Murat indignantly declined the proposal, and took refuge in Corsica. Yet Macirone delivered to Murat the passport. Not only so, but he deliberately misled Captain Bastard, the commander of a small English squadron which had been stationed at Bastia to intercept Murat in the event of his embarking for the purpose of regaining his throne at Naples. Murat embarked, landed in Italy without interruption, and was soon after defeated and taken prisoner. He thereupon endeavoured to use the passport which Macirone had given him, to secure his release, but it was too late; he was tried and shot at Pizzo. The reviewer spoke of Colonel Macirone in no very measured terms. 'For Murat,' he said, "we cannot feel respect, but we feel very considerable pity. Of Mr. Macirone we are tempted to predict that he has little reason to apprehend the honourable mode of death which was inflicted on his master. *His* vocation seems to be another kind of exit."

Macirone gave notice of an action for damages, and

claimed no less than £10,000. Serjeant Copley (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst), then Solicitor-General, and Mr. Gurney, were retained for Mr. Murray by his legal adviser Mr. Sharon Turner.

Mr. Turner to John Murray.

December 1st, 1819.

DEAR MURRAY,

Macirone's case may come on next Monday. We must therefore now seriously prepare. I have just left Mr. Gurney. He thinks it very important that I should have an interview with Captain Bastard, to learn from him the facts he can speak to as to Macirone's conduct towards him, that counsel may know what questions to put to him that will benefit us, and not injure. The same reason, he says, makes it expedient, if it can be done, that I should have an interview with his Grace [the Duke of Wellington], otherwise, counsel will not know what questions to put, and will be afraid of putting any, lest they should prejudice your case instead of assisting it. As the damages that are claimed are £10,000, and it will be quite in the breast of the jury what they will give, no precaution ought to be omitted. It is quite in course to ask witnesses what they know of the case in question. If you can procure any appointment to be made, I will attend at any hour between eight morning and six evening, on any day, excepting to-morrow at twelve, when I am to see the Solicitor-General.

I am, dear Murray,

Yours most faithfully,

SHR. TURNER.

It appeared that Colonel Macirone had published an account of himself and his adventures* through the Ridgways, and that the counsel for the defence desired to introduce this volume as evidence in support of their case. On this subject Mr. Turner's son addressed Mr. Murray:—

* 'Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Colonel Macirone.' 2 vols. London, 1818.

Mr. A. Turner to John Murray.

Counsel are of opinion that Macirone must produce his book himself; but if he does not, we must; and my father, who wishes to provide against every possible accident, thinks it would perhaps be as well to subpœna one of the Ridgways to prove the publication and the identity of the copy we produce, should we require it. Can you inform us of the Christian names of the Ridgways, and when it would be the best time to meet them at home to subpœna them. Let us have an early answer, as it must be done to-morrow. I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED TURNER.

Mr. Turner to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

As you have not sent me Capt. B.'s address, I have not been able to call upon him, but I think he ought to be at Westminster Hall by ten. Will you write to him to request it? or shall my clerk leave him a subpœna? He brings one with him. He will tell you whether he has seen Ridgway; if not, assist him how to subpœna him. All is arranged for to-morrow. There is no occasion for you to attend, unless you like it. If you do, I shall be there by half-past nine, though it may not be on until eleven, twelve, one, or two.

Another letter from Mr. Croker as to the Duke of Wellington's evidence:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I certainly should most strongly recommend you to call the Duke, if Macirone does not, if it were only to prove that the letter quoted by Macirone of the Duke's was not the real one, for the Duke had the original, which he promised to send for. The reason the Duke does not wish to see your counsel is that it appears like collusion, and it would appear singular to a jury that he should have so far

interested himself in a subject which appears so little to concern him. With respect to what the Duke will think it proper to answer, we should leave it to him. I do not think it necessary, therefore, to show the enclosed to the Duke, as his time is at this moment much taken up. Above all, let us have good notice of the day, and whether on second thoughts your counsel will not call him on the point I have mentioned, as well as on all those in the brief which have been marked. In haste,

Yours truly,

J. W. C.

The case came on, and on the Bench were seated the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, and other leading statesmen, who had been subpoenaed as witnesses for the defence. One of the Ridgways, publishers, had also been subpoenaed with an accredited copy of Macirone's book; but it was not necessary to produce him as a witness, as Mr. Ball, the counsel for Macirone, *quoted* passages from it, and thus made the entire book available as evidence for the defendant, a proceeding of which Serjeant Copley availed himself with telling effect.

Mr. Turner, when sending Murray a copy of the names of the jury, in the midst of the trial, said :—

Mr. Sharon Turner to John Murray.

December 11th, 1819.

DEAR MURRAY,

I send you below the names of your Jury. Your danger was rather more than usual yesterday, because from the non-attendance of enough to the Special Jury, there were eight of the Common Westminster Jury among them. This made us at first anxious to have the Duke and Capt. B. ready to give evidence if wanted, till from the plaintiff's counsel leading the cause towards our strong point of defence, we felt that they would not be necessary, and that it was better to avoid calling them, that we might preclude another speech in reply. The attacking speech

was bitter, and especially on your *Review*. One of the flowers you did not hear—"The *Quarterly Review* is the Bible of a faction. There is a faction in this country as ready to swear by it as the Mahommedans by their Koran." If you wish to have any of the shorthand notes copied out, I think the two speeches, without the passages from the book, would be sufficient. The Solicitor-General paid a high compliment both to you and to the *Review*.

Yours most sincerely,

SHARON TURNER.

The defence of Serjeant Copley was admirable. He substantiated the facts stated in the *Quarterly* article by passages quoted by Colonel Macirone's own 'Memoirs.' Before he had concluded his speech, it became obvious that the Jury had arrived at the conclusion to which he wished to lead them; but he went on to drive the conclusion home by a splendid peroration.* The Jury intimated that they were all agreed; but the Judge, as a matter of precaution, proceeded to charge them on the evidence placed before them; and as soon as he had concluded, the Jury, without retiring from the box, at once returned their verdict for the defendant.

Although Mr. Murray had now a house in the country, he was almost invariably to be found at Albemarle Street. We find, in one of his letters to Blackwood, dated Wimbledon, 22nd May, 1819, the following: "I have been unwell with bile and rheumatism, and have come to a little place here, which I have bought lately, for a few days to recruit."

At No. 50, Albemarle Street, his drawing-room was the daily resort of visitors of distinction, while his dinner parties became highly popular from the pains which he took and the tact which he displayed in assorting and drawing out

* Given in Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of Lord Lyndhurst,' p. 170.

his guests, among whom were such men as Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, Theodore Hook, Henry Hallam, J. W. Croker, John Barrow, Thomas Campbell, William Gifford. His hospitality never relaxed. Most of the distinguished Americans who visited England came to him with letters of introduction. Mr. Everett, then Secretary of Legation to the Netherlands, visited Mr. Murray when passing through London, and obtained from him an introduction to Walter Scott, which, as Mr. Everett afterwards said, had "secured for him so kind a reception." With respect to his entertainments, Mrs. Bray, the novelist, relates in her 'Autobiography,' that in the autumn of 1819, she made a visit to Mr. Murray, with her then husband, Charles Stothard, son of the well-known artist, for the purpose of showing him the illustrations of his 'Letters from Normandy and Brittany.'

"We did not know," she says, "that Mr. Murray held daily from about three to five o'clock a literary levée at his house. In this way he gathered round him many of the most eminent men of the time. On calling, we sent up our cards, and finding he was engaged, proposed to retreat, when Mr. Murray himself appeared and insisted on our coming up. I was introduced to him by my husband, and welcomed by him with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. He said Sir Walter Scott was there, and he thought that we should like to see him, and to be introduced to him. 'You will know him at once,' added Mr. Murray, 'he is sitting on the sofa near the fire-place.' We found Sir Walter talking to Mr. Gifford, then the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The room was filled with men and women, and among them several of the principal authors and authoresses of the day; but my attention was so fixed on Sir Walter and Mr. Gifford that I took little notice of the rest. Many of those present were engaged in looking at and making remarks upon a drawing, which represented a Venetian Countess (Guiccioli), the favourite, but not very respectable friend of Lord Byron. Mr. Murray made his way through the throng in order to lead us up to

Sir Walter. We were introduced. Mr. Murray, anxious to remove the awkwardness of a first introduction, wished to say something which would engage a conversation between ourselves and Sir Walter Scott, and asked Charles if he happened to have about him his drawing of the Bayeux tapestry to show to Sir Walter. Charles smiled and said 'No ;' but the saying answered the desired end ; something had been said that led to conversation, and Sir Walter, Gifford, Mr. Murray, and Charles chatted on, and I listened.

"Gifford looked very aged, his face much wrinkled, and he seemed to be in declining health ; his dress was careless, and his cravat and waistcoat covered with snuff. There was an antique, philosophic cast about his head and countenance, better adapted to exact a feeling of curiosity in a stranger than the head of Sir Walter Scott ; the latter seemed more a man of this world's mould. Such, too, was his character ; for, with all his fine genius, Sir Walter would never have been so successful an author, had he not possessed so large a share of common sense, united to a business-like method of conducting his affairs, even those which perhaps I might venture to call the affairs of imagination. We took our leave ; and before we got further than the first landing, we met Mr. Murray conducting Sir Walter downstairs ; they were going to have a private chat before the departure of the latter." *

Such was the first introduction of Mrs. Bray to Mr. Murray, who afterwards published for her the well-known work on 'The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy.'

* 'Mrs. Bray's Autobiography,' pp. 145-7.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEMOIRS OF LADY HERVEY AND HORACE WALPOLE—
BELZONI—MILMAN—SOUTHEY—BELL—MRS. RUN-
DELL, ETC.

ABOUT the beginning of 1819, the question of publishing the letters and reminiscences of Lady Hervey, grandmother of the Earl of Mulgrave, was brought under the notice of Mr. Murray. Lady Hervey was the daughter of Brigadier-General Lepel, and the wife of Lord Hervey, of Ickworth, author of the ‘Memoirs of the Court of George II. and Queen Caroline.’ Her letters formed a sort of anecdotal history of the politics and literature of her times. A mysterious attachment is said to have existed between her and Lord Chesterfield, who, in his letters to his son, desired him never to mention her name when he could avoid it, while she, on the other hand, adopted all Lord Chesterfield’s opinions, as afterwards appeared in the aforesaid letters. Mr. Walter Hamilton, author of the ‘Gazetteer of India,’ an old and intimate friend of Mr. Murray, who first brought the subject under Mr. Murray’s notice, said, “Lady Hervey writes more like a man than a woman, something like Lady M. W. Montagu, and in giving her opinion she never minces matters.” Mr. Hamilton recommended that Archdeacon Coxe, author of the ‘Lives of Sir Robert and Horace Walpole,’ should be the editor. Mr. Murray, however, consulted his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Croker ; and, putting the letters in

his hands, asked him to peruse them, and, if he approved, to edit them. The following was Mr. Croker's answer:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

November 22nd, 1820.

DEAR MURRAY,

I shall do more than you ask. I shall give you a biographical sketch—sketch, do you hear?—of Lady Hervey, and notes on her letters, in which I shall endeavour to enliven a little the *sameness* of my author. Don't think that I say *sameness* in derogation of dear Mary Lepel's *powers* of entertainment. I have been *in love* with her a long time; which, as she was dead twenty years before I was born, I may without indiscretion avow; but all these letters being written in a journal style and to one person, there is a want of that variety which Lady Hervey's mind was capable of giving. I have applied to her family for a little assistance; hitherto without success; and I think, as a *lover* of Lady Hervey's, I might reasonably resent the little enthusiasm I find that her descendants felt about her. In order to enable me to do this little job for you, I wish you would procure for me a file, if such a thing exists, of any newspaper from about 1740 to 1758, at which latter date the Annual Register begins, as I remember. So many little circumstances are mentioned in letters and forgotten in history, that without some such guide, I shall make but blind work of it. If it be necessary, I will go to the Museum and *grab* them, as my betters have done before me. My dear little Nony* was worse last night, and not better all to-day; but this evening they make me happy by saying that she is decidedly improved.

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

Send me 'Walpoliana.' I have lost or mislaid mine. Are there any memoirs about the date of 1743, or later, beside Bubb's?

That Mr. Croker made all haste and exercised his

* Mr. Croker's adopted daughter, afterwards married to Sir George Barrow.

usual painstaking industry in doing "this little job" for Mr. Murray, will be evident from the following letters :—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

December 27th, 1820.

I have done 'Lady Hervey.' I hear that there is a Mr. Vincent in the Treasury, the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, to whom the late General Hervey, the favourite son of Lady Hervey, left his fortune and his papers. Could you find out who they are? Nothing is more surprising than the ignorance in which I find all Lady Hervey's descendants about her. Most of them never heard her maiden name. It reminds one of Walpole writing to George Montagu, to tell him who his grandmother was! I am anxious to knock off this task whilst what little I know of it is fresh in my recollection; for I foresee that much of the entertainment of the work must depend on the elucidations in the Notes.

Yours,

J. W. C.

Another letter from Croker on the same subject is interesting for its allusion to two works with which his name was, in after years, to be so intimately associated.

December 29th, 1820.

"I want to *consult* only the first volume of Bozzy's 'Johnson,' and any complete edition of 'Pope.' You can have no idea of the labour of detecting the meaning of *allusions* in a private correspondence of 80 years old. But I shall be able, I hope, to throw a great deal of light on Lady Hervey's riddles."

The publication of Lady Hervey's letters in 1821 was so successful that Mr. Croker was afterwards induced to edit, with great advantage, letters and memorials of a similar character.*

* As late as 1848, Mr. Croker edited Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs of the Court of George II. and Queen Caroline,' from the family archives at Ickworth. The editor in his preface said that Lord Hervey was almost the Boswell of George II. and Queen Caroline.

The next important *mémoires pour servir* were brought under Mr. Murray's notice by Lord Holland, in the following letter :—

Lord Holland to John Murray.

Holland House, November 1820.

SIR,

I wrote a letter to you last week which by some accident Lord Lauderdale, who had taken charge of it, has mislaid. The object of it was to request you to call here some morning, and to let me know the hour by a line by two-penny post. I am authorized to dispose of two historical works, the one a short but admirably written and interesting memoir of the late Lord Waldegrave, who was a favourite of George II., and governor of George III. when Prince of Wales. The second consists of three close-written volumes of 'Memoirs by Horace Walpole' (afterwards Lord Orford), which comprise the last nine years of George II.'s reign. I am anxious to give you the refusal of them, as I hear you have already expressed a wish to publish anything of this kind written by Horace Walpole, and had indirectly conveyed that wish to Lord Waldegrave, to whom these and many other MSS. of that lively and laborious writer belong. Lord Lauderdale has offered to assist me in adjusting the terms of the agreement, and perhaps you will arrange with him; he lives at Warren's Hotel, Waterloo Place, where you can make it convenient to meet him. I would meet you there, or call at your house; but before you can make any specific offer, you will no doubt like to look at the MSS., which are here, and which (not being mine) I do not like to expose unnecessarily to the risk even of a removal to London and back again.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant, &c.,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

It would appear that Mr. Murray called upon Lord Holland and looked over the MSS., but made no proposal to purchase the papers. The matter lay over until Lord Holland again addressed Mr. Murray.

Lord Holland to John Murray.

It appears that you are either not aware of the interesting nature of the MSS. which I shewed you, or that the indifference produced by the present frenzy about the Queen's business* to all literary publications, has discouraged you from an undertaking in which you would otherwise engage most willingly. However, to come to the point. I have consulted Lord Waldegrave on the subject, and we agree that the two works, viz., his grandfather, Lord Waldegrave's 'Memoirs,' and Horace Walpole's 'Memoirs of the Last Nine Years of George II.,' should not be sold for less than 3000 guineas. If that sum would meet your ideas, or if you have any other offer to make, I will thank you to let me know before the second of next month. I am likely to be in the country for the next ten days, and I have not hitherto mentioned the subject of these MSS. to any publisher or bookseller, as both Lord Waldegrave and myself were anxious to give you the refusal. It will, however, for obvious reasons, be inconvenient to me and disadvantageous to Lord Waldegrave not to terminate the negotiations soon. You will, therefore, excuse my pressing you for an answer in time enough to enable us (in case of your refusal) to enter into an arrangement with others for publishing the works next spring.

I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

Three thousand guineas was certainly a very large price to ask for the Memoirs, and Mr. Murray hesitated very much before acceding to Lord Holland's proposal. He requested to have the MSS. for the purpose of consulting his literary adviser—probably Mr. Croker, though the following remarks, now before us, are not in his handwriting.

"This book of yours," says the critic, "is a singular production. It is ill-written, deficient in grammar, and

* The trial of Queen Caroline was then occupying public attention.

often in English ; and yet it interests and even amuses. Now, the subjects of it are all, I suppose, gone *ad plures* ; otherwise it would be intolerable. The writer richly deserves a licking or a cudgelling to every page, and yet I am ashamed to say I have travelled unwearied with him through the whole, divided between a grin and a scowl. I never saw nor heard of such an animal as a splenetic, bustling kind of a poco-curante. By the way, if you happen to hear of any plan for making me a king, be so good as to say that I am deceased ; or tell any other good-natured lie to put the king-makers off their purpose. I really cannot submit to be the only slave in the nation, especially when I have a crossing to sweep within five yards of my door, and may gain my bread with less ill-usage than a king is obliged to put up with. If half that is here told be true, Lord Holland seems to me to tread on

‘ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso’

in retouching any part of the manuscript. He is so perfectly kind and good-natured, that he will feel more than any man the complaints of partiality and injustice ; and where he is to stop, I see not. There is so much abuse that little is to be gained by an occasional erasure, while suspicion is excited. He would have consulted his quiet more by leaving the author to bear the blame of his own scandal.”

Notwithstanding this adverse judgment, Mr. Murray was disposed to buy the Memoirs. Lord Holland drove a very hard bargain, and endeavoured to obtain better terms from other publishers, but he could not, and eventually Mr. Murray paid to Lord Waldegrave, through Lord Holland, the sum of £2500 on November 1st, 1821, for the Waldegrave and Walpole Memoirs. They were edited by Lord Holland, who wrote a preface to each, and were published in the following year, but never repaid their expenses. After suffering considerable loss by this venture, Mr. Murray’s rights were sold, after his death, to Mr. Colburn.

The last letter that Lord Holland addressed to Mr. Murray on the subject was as follows :—

Lord Holland to John Murray.

December 21st, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to thank you for your note and enclosure. The latter, which I return [a letter of Lord Byron's], is full of wit and fancy, of satire and gaiety. Perhaps I enjoy it more than those whose reverence for the late King's public character is greater than my own, and who will be shocked at his political delinquencies being made the vehicle for ridiculing an injudicious panegyrist [Southey's 'Vision of Judgment']. Your letter is very obliging. The time I have devoted to Walpole's work has been very amusing, and in some measure instructive to me, and I should feel very happy if I could believe my labours in any degree contributed to the success of the publication. I wrote a long letter to you yesterday on the subject of the MSS. of both Memoirs, Waldegrave's and Walpole's. As, however, the purport of it was to communicate to you Lord Waldegrave's wishes and intentions, of which I am sure you will approve, I enclosed it for his perusal before I sent it to you, and he has not hitherto returned it.

I am, Sir, Your obliged and obedient,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

The last of the *mémoires pour servir* to which we shall here refer was the Letters of the Countess of Suffolk, bedchamber woman to the Princess of Wales (Caroline of Anspach), and a favourite of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. The Suffolk papers were admirably edited by Mr. Croker. Thackeray, in his 'Lecture on George the Second,' says of his work: "Even Croker, who edited her letters, loves her, and has that regard for her with which her sweet graciousness seems to have inspired almost all men, and some women, who came near her."

The following letter of Croker shows the spirit in which he began to edit the Countess's letters :—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

May 29th, 1822.

As you told me that you are desirous of publishing the Suffolk volume by November, and as I have, all my life, had an aversion to making any one wait for me, I am anxious to begin my work upon them, and, if we are to be out by November, I presume it is high time. I must beg of you to answer me the following questions.

1st. What shape will you adopt? I think the correspondence of a nature rather too light for a quarto, and yet it would look well on the same shelf with Horace Walpole's works. If you should prefer an octavo, like Lady Hervey's letters, the papers would furnish two volumes. I, for my part, should prefer the quarto size, which is a great favourite with me, and the letters of such persons as Pope, Swift, and Gay, the Duchesses of Buckingham, Queensberry, and Marlbro', Lords Peterborough, Chesterfield, Bathurst, and Lansdowne, Messrs. Pitt, Pulteney, Pelham, Grenville, and Horace Walpole, seem to me almost to justify the magnificence of the quarto; though, in truth, all their epistles are, in its narrowest sense, *familiar*, and treat chiefly of tittle-tattle.

Decide, however, on your own view of your interests, only recollect that these papers are not to cost you more than 'Belshazzar,'* which I take to be of about the intrinsic value of the *writings on the walls*, and not a third of what you have given Mr. Crayon for his portrait of Squire Bracebridge.

2nd. Do you intend to have any portraits? One of Lady Suffolk is almost indispensable, and would be enough. There are two of her at Strawberry Hill; one, I think, a print, and neither, if I forget not, very good. There is also a print, an unassuming one, in Walpole's works, but a good artist would make something out of any of these, if even we can get nothing better to make our copy from. If you were to increase your number of

* Mr. Milman's poem, for which Mr. Murray paid 500 guineas. See pp. 105-6.

portraits, I would add the Duchess of Queensberry, from a picture at Dalkeith which is alluded to in the letters; Lady Hervey and her beautiful friend, Mary Bellenden. They are in Walpole's works; Lady Hervey rather mawkish, but the Bellenden charming. I dare say these plates could now be bought cheap, and retouched from the originals, which would make them better than ever they were. Lady Vere (sister of Lady Temple, which latter is engraved in Park's edition of the 'Noble Authors') was a lively writer, and is much distinguished in this correspondence. Of the men, I should propose Lord Peterborough, whose portraits are little known; Lord Liverpool has one of him, not, however, very characteristic. Mr. Pulteney is also little known, but he has been lately re-published in the Kit-cat Club. Of *our Horace* there is not a decent engraving anywhere. I presume that there must be a good original of him somewhere. Whatever you mean to do on this point, you should come to an early determination and put the works in hand.

3rd. I mean, if you approve, to prefix a biographical sketch of Mrs. Howard and two or three of those beautiful characters with which, in prose and verse, the greatest wits of the last century honoured her and themselves. To the first letter of each remarkable correspondent I would also affix a slight notice, and I would add, at the foot of the page, notes in the style of those on Lady Hervey. Let me know whether this plan suits your fancy.

4th. All the letters of Swift, except one or two, in this collection are printed (though not always accurately) in Scott's edition of his works. Yet I think it would be proper to reprint them from the originals, because they elucidate much of Lady Suffolk's history, and her correspondence could not be said to be complete without them. Let me know your wishes on this point.

5th. My materials are numerous, though perhaps the pieces of great merit are not many. I must therefore beg of you to set up, in the form and type you wish to adopt, the sheet which I send you, and you must say about how many pages you wish your volume, or volumes, to be. I will then select as much of the most interesting as will fill the space which you may desire to occupy.

Yours truly,

J. W. CROKER.

Mr. Croker also consented to edit the letters of Mrs. Delany to Mr. Hamilton, 1779-88, containing many anecdotes relating to the Royal Family.

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

"I have shown Mrs. Delany's MS. letters to the Prince Regent ; he was much entertained with this revival of old times in his recollection, and *he says that every word of it is true.* You know that H.R.H. has a wonderful memory, and particularly for things of that kind. His certificate of Mrs. Delany's veracity will therefore be probably of some weight with you. As to the letter-writing powers of Mrs. Delany, the specimen inclines me to doubt. Her style seems stiff and formal, and though these two letters, which describe a peculiar kind of scene, have a good deal of interest in them, I do not hope for the same amusement from the rest of the collection. Poverty, obscurity, general ill-health, and blindness are but unpromising qualifications for making an agreeable volume of letters. If a shopkeeper at Portsmouth were to write his life, the extracts of what relates to the two days of the Imperial and Royal visit of 1814 would be amusing, though all the rest of the half century of his life would be intolerably tedious. I therefore counsel you not to buy the pig in Miss Hamilton's bag (though she is a most respectable lady), but ask to see the whole collection before you bid."

The whole collection was obtained, and, with some corrections and elucidations, the volume of letters was given to the world by Mr. Murray in 1821.

In May 1820 Mr. Murray requested Mr. Croker to edit Horace Walpole's 'Reminiscences.' Mr. Croker replied, saying : "I should certainly like the task very well if I felt a little better satisfied of my ability to perform it. Something towards such a work I would certainly contribute, for I have always loved that kind of tea-table history." Not being able to undertake the work himself, Mr. Croker recommended Mr. Murray to apply to Miss Berry, the

editor of Lady Russell's letters. "The Life," he said, "by which those letters were preceded, is a beautiful piece of biography, and shows, besides higher qualities, much of that taste which a commentator on the 'Reminiscences' ought to have." The work was accordingly placed in the hands of Miss Berry, who edited it satisfactorily, and it was published by Mr. Murray in the course of the following year.

Dr. Tomline, while Bishop of Winchester, entered into a correspondence with Mr. Murray respecting the 'Life of William Pitt.' In December 1820, Dr. Tomline said he had brought the Memoirs down to the Declaration of War by France against Great Britain on the 1st of February, 1793, and that the whole would make two volumes quarto. Until he became Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Tomline had been Pitt's secretary, and from the opportunities he had possessed, there was promise here of a great work; but it was not well executed, and though a continuation was promised, it never appeared. When the work was sent to Mr. Gifford, he wrote to Mr. Murray that it was not at all what he expected, for it contained nothing of Pitt's private history. "He seems to be uneasy until he gets back to his Parliamentary papers. Yet it can hardly fail to be pretty widely interesting; but I would not have you make yourself too uneasy about these things. Pitt's name, and the Bishop's, will make the work sell." Gifford was right. The 'Life' went to a fourth edition in the following year.

Among Mr. Murray's devoted friends and adherents was Giovanni Belzoni, who, born at Padua in 1778, had, when a young man at Rome, intended to devote himself to the monastic life, but the French invasion of the city altered his purpose, and, instead of being a monk, he became

an athlete. He was a man of gigantic physical power, and went from place to place, gaining his living in England, as elsewhere, as a posture master, and by exhibiting at shows his great feats of strength. He made enough by this work to enable him to visit Egypt, where he erected hydraulic machines for the Pasha, and, through the influence of Mr. Salt, the British Consul, was employed to remove from Thebes, and ship for England, the colossal bust commonly called the Young Memnon. His knowledge of mechanics enabled him to accomplish this with great dexterity, and the head, now in the British Museum, is one of the finest specimens of Egyptian sculpture.

Belzoni, after performing this task, made further investigations among the Egyptian tombs and temples. He was the first to open the great temple of Ipsambul, cut in the side of a mountain, and at that time shut in by an accumulation of sand. Encouraged by these successes, he, in 1817, made a second journey to Upper Egypt and Nubia, and brought to light at Carnac several colossal heads of granite, now in the British Museum. After some further explorations among the tombs and temples, for which he was liberally paid by Mr. Salt, Belzoni returned to England with numerous drawings, casts, and many important works of Egyptian art. He called upon Mr. Murray, with the view of publishing the results of his investigations, which in due course were issued under the title of '*Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia.*'

It was a very expensive book to arrange and publish, but nothing daunted Mr. Murray when a new and original work was brought under his notice. Although only 1000 copies were printed, the payments to Belzoni and his

translators, as well as for plates and engravings, amounted to over £2163. The preparation of the work gave rise to no little difficulty, for Belzoni declined all help beyond that of the individual who was employed to copy out or translate his manuscript and correct the press. "As I make my discoveries alone," he said, "I have been anxious to write my book by myself, though in so doing the reader will consider me, with great propriety, guilty of temerity; but the public will, perhaps, gain in the fidelity of my narration what it loses in elegance." Lord Byron, to whom Mr. Murray sent a copy of his work, said: "Belzoni is a grand traveller, and his English is very prettily broken."

Belzoni was a very interesting character, and a man of great natural refinement. After the publication of his work, he became one of the fashionable lions of London, but was very sensitive about his early career, and very sedulous to sink the posture-master in the traveller. He was often present at Mr. Murray's receptions; and on one particular occasion he was invited to join the family circle in Albemarle Street on the last evening of 1822, to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. All Mr. Murray's young people were present, as well as the entire D'Israeli family and Crofton Croker. After a merry game of Pope Joan, Mr. Murray presented each of the company with a pocket-book as a New Year's gift. A special bowl of punch was brewed for the occasion, and, while it was being prepared, Mr. Isaac D'Israeli took up Crofton Croker's pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote the following impromptu words:—

"Gigantic Belzoni at Pope Joan and tea,
What a group of mere puppets we seem beside thee;
Which, our kind host perceiving, with infinite zest,
Gives us Punch at our supper, to keep up the jest."

The lines were pronounced to be excellent, and Belzoni, wishing to share in the enjoyment, desired to see the words. He read the last line twice over, and then, his eyes flashing fire, he exclaimed, "I am betrayed!" and suddenly left the room. Crofton Croker called upon Belzoni to ascertain the reason of his abrupt departure from Mr. Murray's, and was informed that he considered the lines to be an insulting allusion to his early career as a showman. Croker assured him that neither Murray nor D'Israeli knew anything of his former life; finally he prevailed upon Belzoni to accompany him to Mr. Murray's, who for the first time learnt that the celebrated Egyptian explorer had many years before been an itinerant exhibitor in England.

In 1823 Belzoni set out for Morocco, intending to penetrate thence to Eastern Africa; he wrote to Mr. Murray from Gibraltar, thanking him for many acts of kindness, and again from Tangier.

M. G. Belzoni to John Murray.

April 10th, 1823.

"I have just received permission from H.M. the Emperor of Morocco to go to Fez, and am in hopes to obtain his approbation to enter the desert along with the caravan to Soudan. The letter of introduction from Mr. Wilmot to Mr. Douglas has been of much importance to me; this gentleman fortunately finds pleasure in affording me all the assistance in his power to promote my wishes, a circumstance which I have not been accustomed to meet in some other parts of Africa. I shall do myself the pleasure to acquaint you of my further progress at Fez, if not from some other part of Morocco."

Belzoni would appear to have changed his intention, and endeavoured to penetrate to Timbuctoo from Benin, where, however, he was attacked by dysentery, and died a short time after the above letter was written.

Like many other men of Herculean power, he was not eager to exhibit his strength; but on one occasion he gave proof of it in the following circumstances. Mr. Murray had asked him to accompany him to the Coronation of George IV. They had tickets of admittance to Westminster Hall, but on arriving there they found that the sudden advent of Queen Caroline, attended by a mob claiming admission to the Abbey, had alarmed the authorities, and who caused all the doors to be shut. That by which they should have entered was held close and guarded by several stalwart janitors. Belzoni thereupon advanced to the door, and, in spite of the efforts of these guardians, including Tom Crib and others of the pugilistic corps who had been engaged as constables, opened it with ease, and admitted himself and Mr. Murray.

Captain Parry, on returning from his first voyage to the Polar Regions, prepared a narrative of his expedition, and called upon Mr. Murray with respect to its publication. On the 7th November, 1820, he wrote to Mr. Murray accepting his offer of one thousand guineas for the work; the engravings to be done at the publisher's expense. Some official delays, however, interfered with the due delivery of the MS., and Murray found himself, as in the case of Mungo Park's Journal, and Tuckey's Narrative, anticipated by another work on the same subject. After waiting for more than six months, he was under the necessity of addressing the following letter to Mr. Croker, Secretary to the Lords of the Admiralty:—

John Murray to Mr. Croker.

May 3rd, 1821.

I beg leave most respectfully to state, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I have paid to Captain W. E. Parry the sum of One Thousand

Guineas for the entire copyright of his 'Journal of the late Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage,' and also for the exclusive right of first publication on that subject, which I was assured their Lordships had vested in me and would secure to Captain Parry. That I have further been at a considerable additional expense in procuring the necessary and suitable charts, maps, and other engravings, and in printing the Work with a view in all respects to render its appearance not unworthy of their Lordships' "Authority," with which the imprint has been officially honoured; and that I have used every means in my power to effect the speedy publication of this Work. I beg you, Sir, further to state to their Lordships that I now find, with astonishment and mortification, that all my expense and labour will terminate most probably in loss and disappointment, in consequence of the unexpected and, as I conceive, illegal publication of another account of the same Voyage, by Mr. Alexander Fisher, who accompanied the expedition in quality of Surgeon on board H.M.S. *Griper*. I therefore throw myself on the protection of their Lordships, and solicit such remedy as the case may appear to require, and their Lordships may be disposed in their wisdom to grant me.

Mr. Murray had also reason to complain that he had not been furnished with an account of the botanical specimens found by Captain Parry during his voyage; and that, if published without them, the work would be imperfect. Mr. Barrow informed Mr. Murray that the list and description had been prepared by Mr. Brown.

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

"I feel, as Captain Sabine and every officer employed on the voyage must feel, that yourself, and above all, the Public, at whose expense the voyage was performed, have reason to complain of the shameful delay and apparent neglect that have taken place, and which certainly call for public explanation. If Captain Parry had left with me the proper authority, I would have taken care no such delay nor neglect should have happened; but you

agreed with him and paid him for a complete work. I consider that you are authorized to demand from Mr. Brown what, by his own admission, he undertook to perform; and in failure of compliance, to desire him to return to you immediately the specimens of plants, which you may easily get described by some other botanist in the course of a week."

The work was at length published in 1821; but the Supplement, containing the Natural History, did not appear until 1824.

In May 1820, Mr. W. C. Macready offered to Mr. Murray, Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of 'Virginius,' then about to be performed at Covent Garden. Mr. B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall) supported Mr. Macready's application, and said that 'Virginius' "is the most spirited and dramatic tragedy of late years, and certainly more free from fustian and commonplace than any that has been written for the London boards within my memory." But Mr. Murray was now less disposed to publish dramas than he had been at the commencement of his career, when he offered to publish Colman's work, and at a later date, when he had published Maturin's 'Bertram,' and Sheil's 'Apostate' and 'Evadne.' He had now much more important works to engross his attention, and he therefore declined the proposal.

After Lord Byron, the principal dramatic writer, whose works were published by Mr. Murray, was the Rev. H. H. Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. He had attained much distinction at Oxford, had won the Newdigate prize in 1812, the Chancellor's prize in 1813, and the prize for English and Latin essays in 1816, besides being elected a Fellow of Brasenose College in 1815. His tragedy of 'Fazio,' which he wrote while at Oxford, was published by Mr. Murray soon after he had taken his first degree, and

was subsequently produced on the stage, the heroine being splendidly acted first by Miss O'Neil, and afterwards by Miss Fanny Kemble. 'Fazio' was followed, in 1818, by an epic poem in twelve books, 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City.' It was commenced while Milman was an Eton boy, but was not finished and published until after the success of 'Fazio.' He had been appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and it was there that he composed his next great work 'The Fall of Jerusalem: a Sacred Tragedy,' which was sent to Mr. Murray, accompanied by the following letter:—

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

Jan 3, 1820.

"Though written in a dramatic form, it is neither intended for, nor can be adapted to public representation. It is religious in its scope and language. . . . I shall be happy to receive a proposal from you, should you be inclined to purchase the copyright. I should however recommend—and indeed require—that it should be as little talked of as possible before the time of actual publication. I suppose you are all 'Ivanhoe' mad in London. Really, this Scott, or whoever he may be, is a marvellous fellow—absolutely inexhaustible in resources."

Mr. Murray, as usual, consulted Mr. Gifford, whose opinion was most favourable. "I have been more and more struck," he said, "with the innumerable beauties in Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem.'" This judgment was communicated to the author, who replied:—

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

"I shall be happy to receive an offer from you for the copyright. I depend upon you stating as high a sum as you can safely venture on the speculation and such as you are in the habit of giving for similar productions, of course taking into consideration the good or evil repute of the

author . . . If I recollect right, you bought all 'Fazio,' except the first edition. Of the popularity of 'Samor' I myself always entertained doubts, independent of other objections. It was too long and too laboured for the hurrying taste of the day, which reads in the morning what it may talk of in the evening. Much of it was written at an early period; indeed, the first notion was formed when I was at Eton; it, therefore, wanted both unity of character and of style. Should another edition ever be called for I should alter it much, and, above all, take especial care of the havock which the printers' devils made in it. Of the present work none of the same objections have been made, and the subject ought at least to ensure it a considerable interest with the public."

Mr. Murray, having requested the author to state his own price for the copyright, Mr. Milman wrote:—

"I am totally at a loss to fix one. I think I might decide whether an offer were exceedingly high or exceedingly low, whether a Byron or Scott price, or such as is given to the first essay of a new author. Though the 'Fall of Jerusalem' might demand an Israelitish bargain, yet I shall not be a Jew further than my poetry. Make a liberal offer, such as the prospect will warrant, and I will at once reply, but I am neither able nor inclined to name a price . . . As I am at present not very far advanced in life, I may hereafter have further dealings with the Press, and, of course, where I meet with liberality shall hope to make a return in the same way. It has been rather a favourite scheme of mine, though this drama cannot appear on the boards, to show it before it is published to my friend Mrs. Siddons, who perhaps might like to read it, either at home or abroad. I have not even hinted at such a thing to her, so that this is mere uncertainty, and, before it is printed, it would be in vain to think of it, as the old lady's eyes and MS. could never agree together.

"P.S.—I ought to have said that I am very glad of Aristarchus' [Gifford's] approval. And, by the way, I think, if I help you in redeeming your character from 'Don Juan,' the 'Hetæræ' in the *Quarterly*,* &c., you ought to estimate that very highly."

* Mitchell's article on 'Female Society in Greece,' *Q. R.* No. 43.

Mr. Murray offered Mr. Milman five hundred guineas for the copyright, to which the author replied: "Your offer appears to me very fair, and I shall have no scruple in acceding to it."

The 'Fall of Jerusalem,' brought out at the end of 1820, with illustrations after the designs of Mr. R. Westall, quickly caught the public attention, and was crowned by general applause.

Mr. Milman continued his poetic career, and soon announced to Mr. Murray the completion of a dramatic poem on the 'Martyrdom of St. Margaret,' afterwards denominated 'The Martyr of Antioch.'

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

July, 1821.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

It will afford me an opportunity of introducing the most splendid part of the heathen worship—that of Apollo. I do not wish this to be known just at present . . . Babylon will probably follow, at least Belshazzar. But I rather wish to throw out those who suppose me now occupied with that subject. By the way, I believe you are the worst secret-keeper possible; at least, you have the character of being a very leaky vessel. Now do not, to prove to me that I am slandering you, refuse to let me into all the secrets I wish to know about the writers in the *Review*, &c.

September, 1821.

"I suppose you are debating with yourself how many thousand pounds you intend to give me for my poem, or do you intend to enjoy your summer holidays without a single interruption from authors or bookmakers, whichever name you condescend to dignify us with? I shall be sorry to have disturbed your quiet enjoyment of your due repose, but cannot help wishing to hear what is become of the fair Lamb who was committed to your keeping about a month ago, and whom you have not yet noticed"

The poem was accepted, printed, and published at the beginning of 1822, in the course of which year the poem of 'Belshazzar' was also published. Neither of these dramas was so well received as 'The Fall of Jerusalem.' In sending the MS. of 'Belshazzar' to Mr. Murray, the author said, "I give you fair warning that all the friends who have hitherto seen it, assure me that I shall not do myself justice unless I demand a very high price for it." Mr. Murray made an offer for the work, which Mr. Milman did not consider sufficient. He replied (March 15, 1822), "If it had been double I should have hesitated; as it is, I have no scruple in stating that I cannot accede to it." He added that he was opposed to any other plans than the sale of the copyright. This drew from Mr. Murray the following letter:—

John Murray to Mr. Milman.

Albemarle Street, March 18th, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I did not return to town in time to reply to your letter on Saturday; but, after my last to you, I have only to express my sincere and great regret that we should differ so totally in our estimates of copyright. Such a circumstance never occurred to me before, for I have usually had the good fortune to anticipate the expectations of those who have honoured me with the publication of their works. In the present instance you should consider that my valuation is formed upon the sale of your former works, and yours upon the opinion of friends. I have told you what has been gained by the one, and of the uncertainty which still obtains—if there may not be a loss—upon the other; and, in such circumstances, and as I was certainly not illiberal in my proposal for the first drama, I might have flattered myself that something might have been confided to me in case your new poem should succeed beyond my expectations. I will very readily print it and give you two-thirds of the profit. Your friends thought more of the 'Martyr of Antioch' than of the 'Fall of

Jerusalem'; but my opinion of it has already been verified by the public; and, if 'Belshazzar' be better than either, it would have made up for the last. What I mean by the three dramas forming a 12s. volume is, that this is what they naturally would form, and it was my own ingenuity that enabled me to publish them in a way never before attempted, and to put such a price upon them as might insure the return of the large sum I had given for them. You appear not to be aware that it is a much larger sum, considering their sale, than ever was given to Lord Byron; but, when our difference is so wide, more need not be said, and I shall conclude by repeating that I am at this moment uncertain if the sale of the 'Martyr of Antioch' will repay its expenses, and that, should you finally determine to quit me, you will be the first author who has ever left me upon account of money.

Yours very faithfully and obediently,

JOHN MURRAY.

The truth is that Mr. Murray paid what would now be considered a rather excessive price for Mr. Milman's works. For 'Fazio,' which was published in 1818, he paid 150 guineas; for the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' published in 1820, he paid 500 guineas; for the 'Martyr of Antioch,' published in 1821, and for 'Belshazzar,' published in 1822, he paid 500 guineas each. But, as these were indifferently received, he was unwilling to give so large a price for his next work, 'Anne Boleyn,' for which Mr. Milman received 100 guineas for the first edition and 50 guineas for the second. When Mr. Milman afterwards sent Mr. Murray the revised poem of 'Samor,' he said, "As to the copyright of 'Samor,' whatever you think it worth I shall be glad to receive." Nothing appears to have been paid for it, nor did it even pay its expenses.

During the time that 'Belshazzar' was in course of printing and publication Mr. Milman went for a month's

holiday on the Continent. While at Venice a canal had been dredged under his window. He wrote to Murray on his return home :—

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

December 27th, 1822.

“If Lord Byron had written about Venice while I was there he would not have talked of the ‘Bridge of Sighs,’ but of the ‘Bridge of Stinks’ . . . It really is lamentable to see your friend Lord Byron do everything which people who hate, fear, and envy him, would have especially wished him to do. One would have hoped that poor Shelley’s fate would have had one good effect—the producing a little serious sober thought.”

Milman became a contributor to the *Quarterly*, and one of Murray’s historians, and wrote the ‘History of the Jews,’ and the ‘History of Christianity ;’ he edited Gibbon and Horace, and continued during his lifetime to be one of Mr. Murray’s most intimate and attached friends.

In 1820 we find the first mention of a name afterwards to become as celebrated as any of those with which Mr. Murray was associated. Owing to the warm friendship which existed between the Murrays and the D’Israelis, the younger members of both families were constantly brought together on the most intimate terms. Mr. Murray was among the first to mark the abilities of the boy, Benjamin Disraeli, and, as would appear from the subjoined letter, his confidence in his abilities was so firm that he consulted him as to the merits of a MS. when he had scarcely reached his eighteenth year.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli to John Murray.

August, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I ran my eye over three acts of 'Wallace,'* and, as far as I could form an opinion, I cannot conceive these acts to be as effective on the stage as you seemed to expect. However, it is impossible to say what a very clever actor like Macready may make of some of the passages. Notwithstanding the many erasures the diction is still diffuse, and sometimes languishing, though not inelegant. I cannot imagine it a powerful work as far as I have read. But, indeed, running over a part of a thing with people talking around is too unfair. I shall be anxious to hear how it succeeds. Many thanks, dear sir, for lending it to me. Your note arrives. If on so slight a knowledge of the play I could venture to erase either of the words you set before me, I fear it would be *Yes*, but I feel cruel and wicked in saying so. I hope you got your dinner in comfort when you got rid of me and that gentle pyramid [Belzoni].

Yours truly,

B. D.

Mr. Southey was an indefatigable and elaborate correspondent, and, as his letters have already been published, it is not necessary to quote them. But a few extracts may be given from those written to Mr. Murray in 1820, which do not seem yet to have been given to the world. He rarely wrote to Mr. Gifford, who cut down his articles, and, as Southey insisted, generally emasculated them by omitting the best portions.

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

"February 1, 1820.—I have made a good beginning of a little book upon the 'Danger of the Times, and the Prospects

* 'Wallace: a Historical Tragedy,' in five acts, was published in 1820. Joanna Baillie spoke of the author, C. E. Walker, as "a very young and promising dramatist."

of Society,' and, as my thoughts would not have been so much occupied on this subject if they had not been directed that way by the *Q. R.*, you have a right to their publication. The form upon which I have fixed is that of Dialogue between the author and the spirit of Sir Thomas More, or rather a series of dialogues, in which a parallel between the present age and that of the Reformation is drawn, as to the chief characteristics of society. Under this form I can advance more than I should choose to make myself responsible for without occasion. I shall bring together curious historical matters, and relieve the subject by interspersing a few pieces of poetry (as Boethius has done, from whom, indeed, the conception of the book was taken), and by some local descriptions so managed as to be introductory of the dialogue. It may be worth while to give the volume an attractive appearance by a few views, which Wm. Westall may make when he comes next into this country. I have very little doubt that it will excite considerable attention, and lead many persons into a wholesome train of thought. . . . My main employment at this time is in finishing Wesley, which I shall have completed in little more than a fortnight, and in filling up the paper upon the New Churches for your number after the next. The old books which you collected for me have been of the greatest service. . . . You had better send me Cromwell's Memoirs. There can be no better subject for a biographical article. And with it Noble's 'Memoirs of the Regicides.' I have his Memoirs of the Cromwell family, and I have also the Cromwelliana, and Harris, and I believe most, if not all, the important books connected with his history."

"February 19, 1820.—You have sent me a duplicate of Chabouton de Fleury and of Burckhardt, which I will return, *cum multis aliis*. Burckhardt is an excellent traveller in every respect. Oliver Cromwell's book is one of the very worst that was ever made by a dull man, and will hardly be of the slightest use in drawing up a life of Old Oliver. It will serve, however, for text. The French life I have not yet examined further than to see that some pains have been taken with it, and that even painstaking Frenchmen are wretchedly acquainted with our bibliography. The author conceives De Foe's 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' to be authentic history, and knows nothing of what Noble has done. . . . The reign of George III. is a

wide subject, and I must talk seriously with you concerning it. Such a work, in its present design, as Voltaire's 'Life of Louis XIV.,' upon a larger scale in proportion to the greater extent of the subject, is what I have long thought of. A comprehensive and philosophical view of all the revolutions which have occurred during those eventful sixty years, with no more detail than is required for effect, for a *detailed* history would be a tremendous undertaking, almost beyond any man's strength. But I am sure that a most popular work upon my plan might be produced within the compass of four volumes, or perhaps of three ; a book which everybody would read, and which would keep its place."

"April 5, 1820.—Before I leave home I shall send you the paper on the Churches, and I shall bring up Huntington, the Sinner Saved, to finish at Streatham. This fellow's life and writings will form a very amusing and uncommon article. Cromwell is next on the list, and this, with a life of Camoens, and more forthcoming 'Travels in Brazil,' will make up a year's work for the *Review*, unless the state of affairs in Spain should make you desirous of a paper on that subject. I have that 'History of the Inquisition' here of which you formerly sent me the Spanish manuscript ; this might furnish an important paper, where the prospects of Spain (very dismal ones, I fear) might be brought in at the conclusion. I had nearly forgotten to mention 'Antar,' for which I have been reading widely concerning Arabic and other points connected with it. That poem of Mrs. Hemans upon the king is very beautiful. . . . My 'Life of Wesley,' I hear, has been noticed in the *Literary Gazette* before it is published. I suppose it will be ready next week. It will not please any particular set of men, and will violently offend all the bitter part of the Dissenters, who are the larger part. Attacks, no doubt, will be made upon me from all quarters, and of course I shall reply to none."

"July 10, 1820.—Thank you for the draft. I am now preparing for you with all proper dispatch both the 'Peninsular War' and the 'Book of the Church,' and you will have the commencement of the first very shortly, and that of the second soon after it, for I am now as seriously at work as the summer interruptions of this place will admit. An hour or two before I left London, I found a card from

Sir George Dallas expressing a wish on the part of Mrs. Hastings to see me the next day at twelve. . . . From our connection with Sir George Dallas, it appears to me that the proper plan will be to publish a selection from Warren Hastings's papers and correspondence, accompanying it with his life. That life requires a compendious view of our Indian history down to the time of his administration, and in its progress it embraces the preservation of our Indian empire and the establishment of the existing system. Something must be interwoven concerning the history of the native powers, Mahomedan, Moor, Mahratta, &c., and their institutions. I see how all this is to be introduced, and see also that no subject can afford materials more important or more various. And what a pleasure it will be to read the triumph of such a man as Hastings over the tremendous combination of his persecutors at home! I had a noble catastrophe in writing the life of Nelson, but the latter days of Hastings afford a scene more touching, and perhaps more sublime, because it is more uncommon. Let me have the works of Orme and Bruce and Mill, and I will set apart a portion of every day to the cause of reading, and begin my notes accordingly."

"*October 28, 1820.*—You ask me concerning the times, a subject on which, living in perfect peace, and out of the sphere of the prevailing madness, I am little qualified to form an opinion, except, indeed, the opinion which I have long held, that things must be worse before they are better. The Whigs will go on as they have begun, till an explosion takes place, and then we shall see who among them are fools and who traitors; the traitors will be five to one, but the fools are those who have the most weight to throw into the scale, provided the balance be not destroyed. I shall probably have something for you when it is time—some preventives and remedies to suggest; but we must wait for the proper season. I expect that my book of dialogues will produce some impression now, and some good in time. I mean to sweeten it, that it may go down, with descriptive sketches of the country, and some poems, so that there may be something for various tempers. Westall has made some sketches for it, and I shall spare no pains in the composition, designing that any reputation for political sagacity should rest upon this work. The 'Book of the Church' will so certainly do good, that I feel a sense of duty among

my motives for delaying it no longer. I could send you a portion now, but it will be better to advance further, that I may more accurately estimate its extent ; the subject might easily tempt me to be more diffuse than I intended. You will really serve as well as oblige me, if you will let me have a duplicate set of proofs of my articles, that I may not *lose* the passages which Mr. Gifford, in spite of repeated promises, always will strike out. In the last paper, among many other mutilations, the most useful *fact* in the essay, for its immediate practical application, has been omitted, and for no imaginable reason (the historical fact that it was the reading a calumnious libel which induced Felton to murder the Duke of Buckingham). When next I touch upon public affairs for you, I will break the Whigs upon the wheel."

It will be observed from these extracts from Southey's letters in one year, 1820, how entirely occupied he was with literary work. He went from subject to subject, planning many works which he had not the time or opportunity to elaborate—constantly reading, writing, and storing up knowledge. He could not accept Murray's handsome offer of £500 per volume for six volumes of his 'Biographies,' expanded from the *Quarterly*, as his 'Life of Nelson' had been, because he was too much occupied in writing for daily bread. When reviewing Hayley's Life, he wrote to his friend Bedford, "I am reviewing 'Hayley' to pay my midsummer bills." When the 'Book of the Church' was finished, Murray offered 700 guineas for it, but Southey preferred to take his chance of half profits, believing it would become a valuable property. It would have been better for himself had he taken the cash down.

There seems to be a sort of fascination about periodical literature to those who once touch it. The *Quarterly* was certainly enough to absorb Mr. Murray's spare energies, yet, after it had been fairly and successfully established, he was desirous also of having a monthly

periodical, as we have already seen. His acquaintance with Blackwood, and consequent partnership in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for a time satisfied this desire. After withdrawing from this, he contemplated starting a Foreign Quarterly Magazine. Then he was offered a share in the *Sun* newspaper, which he declined ; and now, in 1820, we find him part proprietor with Mr. Croker of the *Guardian* newspaper, printed by Charles Knight, at Windsor.

Mr. Croker, when leaving London for Paris in company with Mrs. Croker, on the 24th of July, 1820, writes to Mr. Murray :—"The *Guardian* will apply to you for some of the weekly advances which we promised, and which you are to make on *our joint* account ; you ought to watch and control their expenditure."

Application was accordingly made to Mr. Murray by Street, the publisher. In his first letter he writes :—

"The fact is that you have almost always been out of town since the 27th of July—the time of the last advance. I should be very much obliged to you for part, if not the whole, of the arrears, as I have accepted a bill which becomes due on the 15th of October, which if not paid will subject me to great inconvenience."

He proceeded to say that he had written to Mr. Croker, asking him to accept his resignation. In his next letter he requested Mr. Murray to advance him the arrears of £10 per week, for the purchase of stamps for the *Guardian*. This was followed by a letter from Charles Knight, intimating his fear lest the paper should be entirely stopped, Mr. Street gave no attention to the business—"Indeed, I may consider that he has abandoned it altogether." There was, therefore, the greatest difficulty in procuring money for stamp and advertisement duty. The amount due for stamps, paper, and printing was about £500, and the paper makers and the stationers had refused to supply any more

paper and stamps. The result was that the concern was wound up, and the proprietors burnt their fingers. Mr. Murray was not, however, cured of his desire to establish a newspaper, as will be found from a future chapter of this biography.

Besides the pulls upon him on account of the Windsor newspaper, Mr. Murray had numerous applications for advances and loans to poor authors as well as to those who were not authors. The Hon. Augusta Leigh asked for a further loan, as she was "poverty's self." Ugo Foscolo requested a loan of £50. Mr. Salamé, author of Lord Exmouth's 'Expedition to Algiers,' also wanted a loan of £250. John Miller, who was "very distressed, and at the last gasp," wanted pecuniary help; and Charles Marsh had left an article for the *Quarterly*, for which (though not accepted) he desired to have £15, in addition to what he already had borrowed "as money on manuscripts deposited."

At the beginning of 1821, Mr. Murray was strongly recommended to publish Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Eastlake's 'Translation of Baron Bartholdy's Memoirs of the Carbonari.' Mr. Eastlake had been an art student at Rome, and was recommended by Mr. John Crawford as "a painter of very considerable merit," and was at the same time introduced by Mr. Murray's old friend, Mr. R. W. Hay. On Eastlake's arrival in England, he put himself in communication with Mr. Murray, and sent his translation of 'Mémoires sur les Sociétés Secrètes dans le Midi de l'Italie,' together with 'Mémoires sur le Brigandage dans le Midi de l'Italie.' Baron Bartholdy required £1500 for the original and the translation. Mrs. Graham, who had seen Eastlake at Plymouth, and thought the manuscript most interesting, urged Mr. Murray to publish 'The Carbonari;' and he eventually acceded to her request.

Mrs. Graham to John Murray.

February 24th, 1821.

All great men have to pay the penalty of their greatness, and you, *arch-bookseller* as you are, must now and then be entreated to do many things you only half like to do. I shall half break my heart if you and Bartholdy do not agree.

* * * * *

Now, whether you publish 'The Carbonari' or not, I bespeak your acquaintance for the translator, Mr. Eastlake. I want him to see the sort of thing that one only sees in your house, at your morning *levées*—the traffic of mind and literature, if I may call it so. To a man who has lived most of his grown up life out of England, it is both curious and instructive, and I wish for this advantage for my friend. And in return for what I want you to benefit him, by giving him the *entrée* to your rooms, I promise you great pleasure in having a gentleman of as much modesty as real accomplishment, and whose taste and talents as an artist must one day place him very high among our native geniuses. You and Mrs. Murray would, I am sure, love him as much as Captain Graham and I do. We met him at Malta on his return from Athens, where he had been with Lord Ruthven's party. Thence he went to Sicily with Lord Leven. In Rome, we lived in the same house. He was with us at Poli, and last summer at Ascoli with Lady Westmoreland. I have told him that, when he goes to London, he must show you two beautiful pictures he has done for Lord Guilford, views taken in Greece. You will see that his pictures and Lord Byron's poetry tell the same story of the 'Land of the Unforgotten Brave.' I envy you your morning visitors. I am really hungry for a new book. If you are so good as to send me any *provision fresh from Murray's shambles*, as Mr. Rose says, address it to me, care of Wm. Eastlake, Esq., Plymouth. Love to Mrs. Murray and children.

Yours very gratefully and truly,

MARIA GRAHAM.

P.S.—If Graham has a ship given him at the time, and at the station promised, I shall be obliged to visit London towards the end of March or the beginning of April.

Mrs. Graham (afterwards Lady Calcott) was on very intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and became godmother to one of their daughters. She paid her visit to London in due course, and afterwards set out to accompany her husband in H.M.S. *Doris*, to the coast of South America, where we shall afterwards find her—an established favourite at the Court of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

Lord Byron's works continued to be in great demand at home, and were soon pounced upon by the pirates in America and France. The Americans were beyond Murray's reach, but the French were, to a certain extent, in his power. Galignani, the Paris publisher, wrote to Lord Byron, requesting the assignment to him of the right of publishing his poetry in France. Byron replied that his poems belonged to Mr. Murray, and were his "property by purchase, right, and justice," and referred Galignani to him, "washing his hands of the business altogether." M. Galignani then applied to Mr. Murray, who sent him the following answer:—

John Murray to M. Galignani.

January 16th, 1821.

SIR,

I have received your letter requesting me to assign to you exclusively the right of printing Lord Byron's works in France. In answer I shall state what you do not seem to be aware of, that for the copyright of these works you are printing for nothing, I have given the author upwards of £10,000. Lord Byron has sent me the assignment, regularly made, and dated April 20, 1818; and if you will send me £250 I will make it over to you. I have just received a Tragedy by Lord Byron, for the copyright of which I have paid £1050, and also three new cantos of *Don Juan*, for which I have paid £2100. What can you

afford to give me for the exclusive right of printing them in France upon condition that you receive them before any other bookseller? Your early reply will oblige

Your obedient Servant,

J. MURRAY.

M. Galignani then informed Mr. Murray that a pirated edition of Lord Byron's works had been issued by another publisher, and was being sold for 10 francs ; and that, if he would assign him the new Tragedy and the new Cantos of Don Juan, he would pay him £100, and be at the expense of the prosecution of the surreptitious publisher. But nothing was said about the payment of £250 for the issue of Lord Byron's previous work.

In May 1821 Mr. Murray suffered a serious domestic calamity in the death of his second son William. Many condolences came to him from his intimate friends. Mr. Gifford, in his letter of the 24th, wrote :—

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

"I say nothing of your recent loss, though I lament it from my heart. You have already reasoned sadly and wisely on the subject. You have still abundant blessings—still all the ingredients of rational happiness. Use them well and hope for the best results. I went this morning to the British Gallery, and am much pleased, though in constant pain. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Murray."

Mr. Murray also received the kindest sympathy from Mrs. Graham, Mr. Barrow, Dr. Somerville (of Edinburgh), and Mr. Croker. The latter had recently suffered a similar bereavement, losing his only son. Writing to Mr. Murray he said :—

"All my books are at Munster House, whither I have not the courage to go ; for the rooms there, that look so empty, are full of my poor boy."

And now he said to his equally distressed friend :—

“You believe that I can pity you and Mrs. Murray, though I have known too well the folly of all condolence to attempt it with you. But, in comparing your loss with my own, I see how incomparably less dreadful your loss is, than that which has broken our hearts and blasted our hopes.”

Mr. Murray continued to publish poetry, though not to the same extent as before. “Here I am again! the plague of your life!” wrote Lady Dacre* to him, enclosing a collection of poems for private circulation, and desiring him to send copies to “the dear little Anacreon Moore,” to Mr. Gifford, Madame de Flahaut, Mr. Sotheby, Lady Maryborough, and others.† A few months later, she wrote to her publisher :—

Lady Dacre to John Murray.

November, 1821.

DEAR MR. MURRAY,

I did not even attempt to see you in my way through town, having found by experience that you are only to be taken as wasps are, by setting fire to your nest at Wimbledon and smoking you out. I could find it in my heart to do it but for the lady love and the baby bees.

In August 1821 Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Bell, entered into a correspondence with Mr. Murray as to the publication of the second edition of his ‘Essay on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting.’ Mr. Bell was not only an able surgeon (having been Professor of Surgery in Edinburgh), but an admirable draughtsman. He went to Waterloo, shortly after the battle, and made a series of

* Formerly Mrs. Wilmot.

† Lady Dacre was afterwards the author of ‘Recollections of a Chaperon’ (1833), and ‘Trevelyan’ (1834).

rapid sketches, in water colour, of patients in the various hospitals, which are unequalled for vividness and expression. These are now the property of the London Society of Apothecaries. Mr. Bell eventually settled in London, and became highly distinguished for his skill and professional knowledge. The 'Anatomy of Expression' was first published in 1806 by the Longmans. Mr. Bell was not dissatisfied with their treatment, but he thought he might obtain some help from Mr. Murray as a friend as well as a publisher. The reasons for his application are best set forth in his own letter :—

Mr. Bell to John Murray.

August 25th, 1821.

An old West India debt of £200 has been unexpectedly demanded of me at this *dead* season, and this has spurred me to fulfil an intention which I have entertained for three or four years past, a revisal and addition to my work on 'Expression,' 4to. I published the first edition with the Longmans, on the plan of dividing profits. They wish to cut it down to an octavo. I wish to improve it, and make it more splendid. You will perceive how I am situated—pride and poverty at issue ; no unfrequent situation of my countrymen. I wish to give you the property of this book, prescribing one handsome edition, with two additional essays and some spirited etchings in illustration ; after which you might reprint it in what fashion you please, you in the meantime enabling me to meet this demand upon me by bills. The complication of the subject made me say that I wished for the advice of a friend. I must add that there is no misunderstanding betwixt me and the Longmans. I am inclined to believe they would do much to favour me. But I know you can do for me what I wish through this publication ; that is, to have a work of some taste and judgment in the Arts before the public, and I would be sorry to sacrifice this object to a trifling present necessity.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES BELL.

Mr. Murray undertook the publication of this work, as well as of other works, for his friend Sir Charles Bell.

Among his other correspondents, Mr. Murray had frequent communications with Miss Eleanor Annie Porden, daughter of Mr. Porden, architect, a great friend of Mr. Gifford, afterwards wife of Captain Franklin, the Arctic navigator. The first communication which we have before us was written on the 10th December, 1821, when she informed Mr. Murray that she had completed her revision of '*Cœur de Lion*.' She also asked about her '*Arctic Expedition*,' a poem which had appeared in 1818. A previous poem of hers '*The Veils; or, the Triumph of Constancy*,' issued in 1815, had met with some success. It was the publication of '*The Arctic Expedition*'—suggested by her visit to the *Isabella* and *Alexander*, the discovery ships—which led to her making the acquaintance of Captain Franklin, and afterwards to her marriage to him in 1823. Mr. Murray also published the works of Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin as well as her own. Captain Franklin's '*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea*,' 1819–22, appeared in 1823, and Mrs. Franklin's '*Cœur de Lion*' in 1824.*

Towards the end of 1821 Mr. Murray received a letter from Messrs. Longman & Company, intimating, in a friendly way, "you will see in a day or two, in the newspapers, an advertisement of Mrs. Rundell's improved edition of her '*Cookery Book*,' which she has placed in our hands for

* Mrs. Franklin died in the following year. Captain Franklin had submitted to the Government a plan for an expedition overland to the north-west extremity of America, with the object of surveying the coast between the Mackenzie and Copper Mine Rivers. He set out on the 16th February, 1825, and his wife died six days after he departure. Captain Franklin was absent more than two years, and about a year after his return in September 1827, he married again and afterwards received the honour of knighthood.

publication." Now, the 'Domestic Cookery,' as enlarged and improved by Mr. Murray, had been one of his best properties. It had been written out from various receipts collected by Mrs. Rundell, while living at Swansea, in 1806. Previous works of the kind had been chiefly adapted to the requirements of large households or public institutions, but Mr. Murray at once discerned the need for a manual for family use, and suggested the admirable title 'Domestic Cookery.' The first edition was very imperfect, and Mr. Murray had taken considerable pains to improve it, sending to Mrs. Rundell several receipt books, from which she made extracts, assisted by her daughters, for the second edition.

Mrs. Rundell to John Murray.

July 4th, 1806.

I am sorry I am so slow with the second edition, and much vexed that ill-health delays it, as several of my young friends are just setting out in household concerns, and wish the book as a companion. I am indeed flattered to find it is deemed useful in its present defective state, and hope it will have more merit when reproduced.

And again:—

September 17th, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your very handsome and most unexpected present I have just received; I can truly say I never had the smallest idea of any return for what I considered, and which really was, a free gift to one whom I had long regarded as my friend.

If in truth you have found my little work productive so far above your expectations as to render your very obliging enclosure a satisfaction to your own feelings, I will not affront your noble sentiment by returning it—although your persuasion of its being honourable to my poor abilities is *really* necessary to make me believe I do not err in accepting it.

I beg to return you my best acknowledgments, my dear sir, and to assure you, of what I however hope you do not doubt, that I am your obliged friend and obedient servant,

MARIA ELIZA RUNDELL.

The second edition, completed at Ambleside, where Mrs. Rundell was residing with her daughters, was submitted to the inspection and correction of Mr. Nott; and Frances Ann (Mrs. Rundell's daughter) wrote to Mr. Murray that "we shall feel less terror in presenting it to the world after it has passed through his hands." The proofs of this edition had, according to Mrs. Rundell, "been miserably prepared for the press." "Pray employ some proper person to correct it after me, I beg." In sending in the "copy," Mrs. Rundell said: "As to receiving remuneration for such trifles, I beg you will not think of it, especially as I do not consider you under any obligation for them, being actuated to the work by a desire, for my own sake, to make the work as good as in my power, from its being generally known to come from my pen."

The correspondence with Mrs. Rundell ceased, and Mr. Murray took the editing, correction, and improvement of the 'Domestic Cookery' into his own hands. He not only had the whole work thoroughly revised by efficient editors,* who added many new receipts and omitted much that was useless or out of date, but introduced numerous engravings, showing the proper method of carving and how dishes ought to be served up. He thus made the work virtually a new one, and, by means of constant advertising, he eventually succeeded in making it a valuable property. He was always on the look-out for new contributors for the 'Cookery.' When Moore informed him that

* One of them was Dr. Charles Taylor, of the Society of Arts.

Lady Morgan was willing to write something for his Library, he asked, "Isn't Lady Morgan a good cook?"—"Why?" "Perhaps she would do something in that line." "Why, you don't mean," said Moore, "that she should write a cookery book for you?" "No," answered Murray, coolly, "but I thought she might re-edit mine."

When Mr. Murray heard of Mrs. Rundell's intention to bring out her Cookery Book through the Longmans, he consulted his legal adviser, Mr. Sharon Turner, who recommended that an injunction should at once be taken out to restrain the publication, and retained Mr. Littledale and Mr. Serjeant Copley for Mr. Murray. The injunction was duly granted. Mr. Turner wrote to Mr. Rees, one of the Longmans' partners, as follows:—

Mr. Sharon Turner to Mr. Rees.

January 1st, 1822.

I am sorry that any difference should arise about the 'Domestic Cookery.' But the facts stand thus. The Chancellor has granted an injunction to restrain from writing and publishing any edition of that part of the work which belongs to Mr. Murray, or any part of it under that title, or with their embellishments and arrangements and from making any use whatever of the title and embellishments and arrangements made by Mr. Murray. Now, your announcement, I think, will bring you in the scope of this, for it expressly makes an important use of the title.

He proceeded to say that Mr. Murray had given orders to take immediate steps if the injunction should be infringed, and also that Mr. Murray's right of publishing continued unrestricted.

Mrs. Rundell gave notice of her intention to move the Lord Chancellor to dissolve the injunction, and Mr.

Longman offered to act as a mediator between Mr. Murray and Mrs. Rundell. To this proposal Mr. Sharon Turner sent the following communication :—

Mr. Sharon Turner to Mr. Longman.

January 15th, 1822.

“I thank you for your letter. But you have not a more full conviction of your right to any of your most certain copyrights than Mr. Murray has of his as to the ‘Domestic Cookery.’ And, as the Chancellor takes the same view of it, the matter must be determined by legal authority.”

The result of the litigation, which lasted for some time, was that Mr. Murray voluntarily agreed to pay to Mrs. Rundell £2000, in full of all claims, and her costs and expenses. The Messrs. Longman were to deliver to Mr. Murray the stereotype plates of her Cookery Book, and they stopped all further advertisements of Mrs. Rundell’s work. Mr. Sharon Turner thus sums up the result of the controversy :—

Mr. Sharon Turner to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

The discussion on the Cookery Book has made but one impression everywhere, and highly to your credit. Even the *Literary Gazette*, which you do not, I believe, much befriend, showed this feeling. I told Mr. Shadwell what you had authorized me to do if they abandoned all legal proceedings, and he expressed himself strongly on your handsome conduct. Mrs. R., therefore, has only augmented your reputation by her attack, and this is really one of the highest prizes of human life, which few get, or, if they get, can keep. As Horne and Shadwell took much pains, I think if you were to send them each a copy of the Cookery Book, and (as a novelty) of ‘Cain,’ it would please them.

Ever yours, sincerely and obliged,

SH. TURNER.

The result was that Mr. Murray continued to hold complete control of the 'Domestic Cookery,' and that it long continued to be one of his most popular publications. When Moore heard that £2000 had been given for the copyright, he was astonished. "Gad!" said Luttrell, "one wonders that there should be *any* bad dinners going." Moore continues, in his Diary: * "I called at Pickering's, in Chancery Lane, who showed me the original agreement between Milton and Symonds for the payment of five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' The contrast of this sum with the £2000 given by Mr. Murray for Mrs. Rundell's 'Cookery' comprises a history in itself. Pickering, too, gave forty-five guineas for this agreement, three times as much as the sum given for the poem."

* 'Moore: Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence,' v. p. 119.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WASHINGTON IRVING—UGO FOSCOLO—LADY CAROLINE LAMB—‘HAJJI BABA’—MRS. MARKHAM’S HISTORIES—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ETC.

THE book trade between England and America was in its infancy at the time of which we are now writing, and though Mr. Murray was frequently invited to publish American books, he had considerable hesitation in accepting such invitations, though he had, as we have seen, published Captain Riley’s ‘Narrative,’ to the advantage of the author as well as himself.

At an early period Mr. Washington Irving induced an American publisher, Mr. Thomas of Philadelphia, to send to Mr. Murray some of the best books published in that country—the ‘Life of Patrick Henry,’ Maclure’s ‘Geology,’ ‘History of the War in the West Country,’ and Breckenridge’s ‘Louisiana’; but Mr. Murray considered the risk too great, and declined to republish these works in England. In 1807, at the early age of twenty-four, Washington Irving himself became an author, and published his ‘Salmagundi’ in numbers. Two years later he published his ‘History of New York,’ in mock heroic language, under the name of ‘Diedrich Knickerbocker.’ He entered into partnership with his two brothers, who had established an extensive mercantile firm at New York and Liverpool, and came to England in 1815 to superintend the operations of the business at the northern seaport.

While in London he called upon Mr. Murray, and was asked to dine, as distinguished Americans usually were. He thus records his recollections of the event in a letter to his brother Peter at Liverpool :—

Mr. Washington Irving to Mr. Peter Irving.

August 19th, 1817.

“I had a very pleasant dinner at Murray’s. I met there D’Israeli and an artist [Brockedon] just returned from Italy with an immense number of beautiful sketches of Italian scenery and architecture. D’Israeli’s wife and daughter came in in the course of the evening, and we did not adjourn until twelve o’clock. I had a long *tête-à-tête* with old D’Israeli in a corner. He is a very pleasant, cheerful old fellow, curious about America, and evidently tickled at the circulation his works have had there, though, like most authors just now, he groans at not being able to participate in the profits. Murray was very merry and loquacious. He showed me a long letter from Lord Byron, who is in Italy. It is written with some flippancy, but is an odd jumble. His Lordship has written some 104 stanzas of the fourth canto (‘Childe Harold’). He says it will be less metaphysical than the last canto, but thinks it will be at least equal to either of the preceding. Murray left town yesterday for some watering-place, so that I have had no further talk with him, but am to keep my eye on his advertisements and write to him when anything offers that I may think worth republishing in America. I shall find him a most valuable acquaintance on my return to London.”

In August, Washington Irving again visited Albemarle Street, when, as he says, “the town is quite deserted. I saw two or three of the lions of the *Quarterly Review* in Murray’s den; but almost all the literary people are out of town, and those that have not the means of travelling, lurk in their garrets and affect to be in the country, for you know these poor devils have a great desire to be thought fashionable.”

It is not improbable that Washington Irving's visit to Abbotsford had encouraged his previous inclination to make literature his profession. At all events, his business in Liverpool having proved a failure, he was, in 1818, proceeding with the papers in his famous 'Sketch Book,' which he wrote in England, and sent to his brother Ebenezer in New York to be published there. The work appeared in three parts in the course of the year 1819. Several of the articles were copied in English periodicals and were read with great admiration. A writer in *Blackwood* expressed surprise that Mr. Irving had thought fit to publish his 'Sketch Book' in America earlier than in Britain, and predicted a large and eager demand for such a work. On this encouragement, Irving, who was still in England, took the first three numbers, which had already appeared in America, to Mr. Murray, and left them with him for examination and approval. Several days, however, elapsed before any answer was received, and then Irving, construing the publisher's silence into a tacit rejection of his work, wrote to him, begging that the numbers might be returned. The following was Mr. Murray's reply:—

John Murray to Mr. Irving.

October 27th, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions towards me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with workpeople at this time, and I have only an office to transact business in, and yesterday I was wholly occupied or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you. If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in undertaking to publish

for you; but I will do all that I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours. With much regard,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

Irving thereupon sought (but did not take) the advice of Sir W. Scott, and entered into an arrangement with Miller of the Burlington Arcade, and in February, 1820, the first four numbers were published in a volume. Miller shortly after became bankrupt, the sale of the book (of which one thousand had been printed) was interrupted, and Irving's hopes of profit were dashed to the ground. At this juncture, Walter Scott, who was then in London, came to his help.

"I called to him for help as I was sticking in the mire, and, more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favourable representations Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was put to press, and from that time Murray became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that fair, open, and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers." *

Irving, being greatly in want of money, offered to dispose of the work entirely to the publisher, and Murray, though he had no legal protection for his purchase, not only gave him £200 for it, but two months later he wrote to Irving, stating that his volumes had succeeded so much beyond his commercial estimate that he begged he

* Preface to the revised edition of 'The Sketch Book.'

would do him the favour to draw on him at sixty-five days for one hundred guineas in addition to the sum agreed upon. And again, eight months later, Murray made Irving a second gratuitous contribution of a hundred pounds, to which the author replied, "I never knew any one convey so much meaning in so concise and agreeable a manner."

Washington Irving having now made his mark as an author, his society was generally sought after; and his agreeable manners and conversation made him a general favourite in Murray's drawing-room. The description he gives of Gifford in the following passage is very characteristic:—

"As I am launched upon the literary world here, I find my opportunities of observation extending. Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters. Whenever I have a leisure hour, I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni, &c. The visitors are men of different politics, though most frequently Ministerialists. Gifford, of whom, as an old adversary, you may be curious to know something, is a small, shrivelled, deformed man of about sixty, with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a large mouth. He is generally reclining on one of the sofas, and supporting himself by the cushions, being very much debilitated. He is mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming. Murray tells me that Gifford does not write any full articles for the *Review*, but revises, modifies, prunes, and prepares whatever is offered; and is very apt to extract the sting from articles that are rather virulent."*

* Letter to James K. Paulding, May 27th, 1820.

While Washington Irving was in Paris in 1820, whither he had gone to help his brother to make a fresh start in business, he observed that a poem had been published entitled 'The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle,' which had been attributed to him. He immediately wrote to Mr. Murray as follows:—

Mr. Washington Irving to John Murray.

October 26th, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

On taking up a London paper this morning, I found my name given at full length in an advertisement of Cawthorn's as author of a poem he has just republished, entitled 'The Lay of a Scottish Fiddle.' As I wish to be answerable for no sins but my own, I would take it as a particular favour if you would contradict it in your next advertisement of the 'Sketch Book.' The work in question was written by a Mr. Paulding.* What particularly annoys me is that the poem is a burlesque on the writings of Sir Walter Scott, for whom I have so perfect an esteem and affection, and it contains political and national reflections of a different nature from those I entertain.

Mr. Murray's letter to Washington Irving set his mind at rest as to any mischief that his friend Paulding's 'Lay' might do to the reputation of Sir Walter Scott; and he informed Mr. Irving of the extraordinary success of his own 'Sketch Book.' Mr. Irving replied:—

Mr. Washington Irving to John Murray.

Paris, October 31st, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just received your letter of the 26th, which has almost overpowered me with the encomiums it contains. I am astonished at the success of my writings in England,

* Mr. J. K. Paulding was related to Washington Irving, and had taken part with him in preparing the 'Salmagundi Essays,' published in 1807.

and can hardly persuade myself that it is not all a dream. Had any one told me a few years since in America that anything I could write would interest such men as Gifford and Byron, I should as readily have believed a fairy tale. If Mr. Gifford will be so good as to suggest what parts of 'Knickerbocker' might be curtailed with advantage, I shall endeavour to modify the work accordingly. I am sensible that it is full of faults, and would almost require re-writing to make it what it should be. But I find it very difficult to touch it now—it is so stale with me.

An edition of 'Knickerbocker's History of New York' was, however, published in its original form by Mr. Murray in 1820, to prevent "a spurious edition," as Irving called it, "being thrown into circulation." The spurious edition was, however, brought out by Mr. William Wright, of Fleet Street, and Mr. Murray's venture did not meet with any such success as had attended the 'Sketch Book.'

The bent of Irving's mind was towards literary and not commercial pursuits: whatever business affair he touched fell to pieces almost at once. A scheme for navigating the Seine by steamboats failed, and Irving, having thereby lost all the money he had made by his literary efforts, was driven back on his pen again for support. The next book he published through Mr. Murray was 'Bracebridge Hall,' which was written with amazing rapidity, 130 pages of the size of the 'Sketch Book' having been completed in ten days.

Murray had so much confidence in Washington Irving that he gave him 1000 guineas for his 'Bracebridge Hall,' together with a handsome donation of books. No other bookseller had as yet invaded his priority in publishing Irving's books; and in the hope that the exclusive privilege might be left to him, he went so far as to offer a large sum for a new work, without even mentioning the name or choosing the subject. After 'Bracebridge Hall' had

appeared in 1822, Irving went to Paris, and was enjoying himself, when, in November, 1823, Mr. Murray applied the following spur to his lagging pen :—

John Murray to Mr. Washington Irving.

"Mr. H. Payne tells me he is a fellow-lodger with you at Paris, and as he is expected quickly to return, I cannot refrain from sending compliments to you, and from adding an inquiry as to your literary occupations, and what your publisher may be allowed to expect from you in the course of the winter. I am perfectly ready for you, and the sooner you take the field the better."

Irving's answer to Murray was, that he should probably have two volumes of a new 'Sketch Book' ready for him in the spring. He abandoned, however, his project of a second 'Sketch Book,' but proposed to bring out his new work as 'Tales of a Traveller,' for the two volumes of which Murray at once offered him 1200 guineas without seeing the manuscript. Irving replied to this offer as follows :—

Mr. Washington Irving to John Murray.

March 25th, 1824.

"Your offer of 1200 guineas without seeing the MSS. is, I confess, a liberal one, and made in your own gentleman-like manner ; but I would rather you would see the MSS. and make it *fifteen hundred*. Don't think me greedy after money ; but in fact I have need of all I can get just now, as I can do five pounds' worth of good with every pound I can spare ; and since the world won't let me live as I please, I find it very expensive to live with the world."

Two months after the date of this letter, Irving returned to London, and related to his brother Peter, still at Paris, the result of his interview with the publisher :—

"I saw Murray on Saturday, and arranged the business in two minutes. He behaved like a gentleman; told me he had not replied to my last letter because he was in daily expectation of my arrival. That he agreed to my terms without seeing the MSS.; that it could be put to press the moment I was ready, and that it should be printed as fast or as slowly as I pleased. In a word, everything went as smoothly and pleasantly as heart could wish." *

The 'Tales of a Traveller' were published in London in August 1824; and at New York, in parts, about the same time. The critics, both in England and America, were severe in their reviews of the work, and the author's sensitive nature was very much hurt at this treatment.

Irving did what he could to help his literary fellow-countrymen in England, often entreating Murray to publish American books, but usually without success. In April 1822, Mr. Murray received a communication from Benjamin W. Coles, James Fenimore Cooper's publisher in New York, respecting the publication of 'The Spy' in England. He afterwards received a letter from Mr. Cooper himself to the following effect:—

Mr. Cooper to John Murray.

November 29th, 1822.

SIR,

The yellow fever has caused a delay in the appearance of 'The Pioneer.' But I now send you matter enough to make two of your volumes. I shall forward the remainder some time before publishing here. I have announced the book as a "descriptive tale," but perhaps have confined myself too much to describing the scenes of my own youth. I know the present taste is for action and strong excitement; and in this respect I am compelled to acknowledge

* 'Life and Letters of Washington Irving,' by Pierre M. Irving
ii. 154.

that the two first volumes are deficient. I however am not without hopes that the third will be thought to make some amends. If there be any value in truth, the pictures are very faithful, and I can safely challenge a scrutiny in this particular. But the world must be left to decide for itself, and I believe it is very seldom that it decides wrong.

. . . I ought, in justice to myself to say that, in opposition to a thousand good resolutions, 'The Pioneer' has been more hastily and carelessly written than any of my books. Not a line has been copied, and it has gone from my desk to the printers. I have not to this moment been able even to *read* it. The corrections I have made are from queries of Mr. Wily, or by glancing over the work ; so that if you find any errors in grammar, or awkward sentences, you are at liberty to have them altered, though I should wish the latter to be done very sparingly, both because one man's style seldom agrees with another, and because a similar liberty was abused to a degree in 'Precaution' that materially injured the work.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

JAMES F. COOPER.

Mr. Murray, however, though urged by Washington Irving to republish Cooper's novels in England, eventually declined to do so, especially when he found that they were pirated by other publishers ; American authors were then beginning to experience the same treatment in England ✓ which English authors have suffered from in America. The wonder was that Washington Irving's works so long escaped the same doom.

In 1819 Mr. Murray first made the acquaintance of Ugo Foscolo. A native of Zante, descended from a Venetian family who had settled in the Ionian Islands, Foscolo studied at Padua, and afterwards took up his residence at Venice. The ancient aristocracy of that city had been banished by Napoleon Buonaparte, and the conqueror gave over Venice to Austria. Foscolo attacked Buonaparte in

his 'Lettere di Ortis.' After serving as a volunteer in the Lombard Legion through the disastrous campaign of 1799, Foscolo, on the capitulation of Genoa, retired to Milan, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He once more took service—under Napoleon—and in 1805 formed part of the army of England assembled at Boulogne; but soon left the army, went to Pavia (where he had been appointed Professor of Eloquence), and eventually at the age of forty took refuge in England. Here he found many friends, who supported him in his literary efforts. Among others he called upon Mr. Murray, who desired his co-operation in writing for the *Quarterly*. The article, already mentioned in a previous chapter, on 'The Poems of the Italians,' was his first contribution. Mr. Thomas Mitchell, the translator of 'Aristophanes,' desired Mr. Murray to give Foscolo his congratulations upon his excellent essay, as well as on his acquaintance with our language.

Mr. Thomas Mitchell to John Murray.

"The first time I had the pleasure of seeing M. Foscolo was at a *table d'hôte* at Berne. There was something in his physiognomy which very much attracted my notice; and, for some reason or another, I thought that I seemed to be an object of his attention. At table, Foscolo was seated next to a young Hanoverian, between whom and me a very learned conversation had passed on the preceding evening, and a certain degree of acquaintance was cemented in consequence. The table was that day graced with the appearance of some of the Court ladies of Stuttgart, and all passed off with the decorum usually observed abroad, when suddenly, towards the conclusion of the feast a violent hubbub was heard between M. Foscolo and his Hanoverian neighbour, who, in angry terms and with violent gestures, respectively asserted the superior harmonies of Greek and Latin. This ended with the former's suddenly producing a card, accompanied with the following annunciation: 'Sir, my name is Ugo Foscolo; I am a

native of Greece, and I have resided thirty years in Italy ; I therefore think I ought to know something of the matter. This card contains my address, and if you have anything further to say, you know where I am to be found.' Whether Foscolo's name or manner daunted the young Hanoverian, or whether he was only a bird of passage, I don't know, but we saw nothing more of him after that day. Foscolo, after the ladies had retired, made an apology, directed a good deal to me, who, by the forms of the place, happened to be at the head of the table ; a considerable degree of intimacy took place between us, and an excellent man I believe him to be, in spite of these little ebullitions."

Ugo Foscolo, who was eccentric to an excess, and very extravagant, and had many attached friends, though he tried them sorely, seems to have been one of the troubles of Murray's private as well as publishing life. He had a mania for building, and a mania for ornamentation, but he was very short of money for carrying out his freaks. He thought himself at the same time to be perfectly moderate, simple, and sweet-tempered. He took a house in South Bank, Regent's Park, which he named Digamma Cottage—from his having contributed to the *Quarterly Review* an article on the Digamma—and fitted it up in extravagant style.

Lady Dacre, who took a great interest in him, wished to see the sheets of his work before it was published. "I fear," she writes to Mr. Murray (June 1822), "from what you say, that poor Foscolo, ill-fated and wrong-headed as he is, is losing your valuable friendship by some means or other. I believe his heart is in the right place, whichever way his head may turn ; but he must not wrong your kindness and indulgence by his whimsical conduct." She then enters into corrections of his proposed works on Ricciarda and Essays on Petrarch. She wishes for a number of prospectuses to send to her distinguished

friends and desires that he should be encouraged in the preparation of his proposed lectures on Italian Literature. Foscolo could scarcely live at peace with anybody, and, amidst his various altercations, he had to fight a duel. "We are," Lady Dacre wrote to Murray (December 1823), "to have the whole of Foscolo's duel to-morrow. He tells me that it is not about a 'Fair lady:' thank heaven!"

Foscolo was one of Mr. Murray's inveterate correspondents—about lectures, about translations, about build-ings, about debts, about loans, and about borrowings. On one occasion Mr. Murray received from him a letter of thirteen pages quarto, the first part of which related to a bill of £166 7s. 6d. for the printing of 'Parga,' which he asked Mr. Murray to pay. Then he went into a history of his debts, which were manifold. A few sentences of his letter may be worth quoting:—

Mr. Foscolo to John Murray.

South Bank, August 20th, 1822.

"During six years (for I landed in England the 10th September, 1816), I have constantly laboured under difficulties the most distressing; no one knows them so well as yourself, because no one came to my assistance with so warm a friendship or with cares so constant and delicate. My difficulties have become more perplexing since the Government both of the Ionian Islands and Italy have precluded even the possibility of my returning to the countries where a slender income would be sufficient, and where I would not be under the necessity of making a degrading use of my faculties. I was born a racehorse; and after near forty years of successful racing, I am now drawing the waggon—nay, to be the teacher of French to my copyists, and the critic of English to my translators!—to write sophistry about criticism, which I always considered a sort of literary quackery, and to put together paltry articles for works which I never read. Indeed, if

I have not undergone the doom of almost all individuals whose situation becomes suddenly opposed to their feelings and habits, and if I am not yet a lunatic, I must thank the mechanical strength of my nerves. My nerves, however, will not withstand the threatenings of shame which I have always contemplated with terror. Time and fortune have taught me to meet all other evils with fortitude ; but I grow every day more and more a coward at the idea of the approach of a stigma on my character ; and as now I must live and die in England, and get the greater part of my subsistence from my labour, I ought to reconcile, if not labour with literary reputation, at least labour and life with a spotless name."

He then goes on to state that his debts amount to £600 or thereabouts, including a sum of £20 which he owed to Mr. Murray himself. Then he must have the money necessary for his subsistence, and he "finds he cannot live on less than £400 per annum."

"My apartments," he continues, "decently furnished, encompass me with an atmosphere of ease and respectability ; and I enjoy the illusion of not having fallen into the lowest circumstances. I always declare that I will die like a gentleman, on a decent bed, surrounded by casts (as I cannot buy the marbles) of the Venuses, of the Apollos, and of the Graces, and the busts of great men ; nay, even among flowers, and, if possible, with some graceful innocent girl playing an old pianoforte in an adjoining room. And thus dies the hero of my novel. Far from courting the sympathy of mankind, I would rather be forgotten by posterity than give it the gratification of ejaculating preposterous sighs because I died like Camoens and Tasso on the bed of an hospital. And since I must be buried in your country, I am happy in having insured for me the possession during the remains of my life of a cottage built after my plan, surrounded by flowering shrubs, almost within the turnpikes of the town, and yet as quiet as a country-house, and open to the free air. Whenever I can freely dispose of a hundred pounds, I will also build a small dwelling for my corpse, under a beautiful Oriental plane-

tree, which I mean to plant next November, and cultivate *con amore*. So far I am indeed an epicure; in all other things I am the most moderate of men."

The upshot of the letter is, that he wishes Mr. Murray to let him have £1000, to be repaid in five years, he meanwhile writing articles for the *Quarterly*—one-half to be left with the publisher, and the remaining half to be added to his personal income. He concludes:—

"In seeking out a way of salvation, I think it incumbent on me to prevent the tyranny of necessity, that I might not be compelled by it to endanger my character and the interest of a friend whose kindness I have always experienced, and whose assistance I am once more obliged to solicit."

Mr. Murray knew very well that if he were to hand over the £1000 to Foscolo there would be an end to his articles and an end to his lectures. He paid off some of his more pressing embarrassments—£30 to Messrs. Bentley for bills not taken up; £33 7s. to Mr. Kelly the printer; £14 to Mr. Antonini; and £50 to Foscolo's builder—besides becoming security for £300 to his bankers (with whom Foscolo did business), in order to ensure him a respite for six months. On the other hand, Foscolo agreed to insure his life for £600 as a sort of guarantee. "Was ever" impecunious author "so trusted before"? At this crisis in his affairs many friends came about him and took an interest in the patriot; Mr. Hallam and Mr. Wilbraham offered him money, but he would not accept "gratuities" from them, though he had no objection to accepting their "loans." Arrangements were then made for Foscolo to deliver a series of lectures on Italian Literature. Everything was settled, the day arrived, the room was crowded with a distinguished assembly, when at the last moment

Foscolo appeared without his MS., which he had forgotten.

The course of lectures, however, which had been designed to relieve him from the pressure of his debts, proved successful, and brought him in, it is said, as much as £1000; whereupon he immediately set to work to squander his earnings by giving a public breakfast to his patrons, for which purpose he thought it incumbent on him, amongst other expenses, to make a new approach and a gravelled carriage road to Digamma Cottage.

The lectures, when delivered, were greatly applauded. In September 1823, we find Sir Gore Ouseley writing to Mr. Murray, asking "when we may expect to see in print the lectures which delighted me so much from the mouth of Ugo Foscolo."

Mr. W. S. Rose was another admirer of Foscolo. Towards the end of 1823 he was busily engaged in translating 'Orlando Furioso.' In a letter written by him to Mr. Murray he said:—

Mr. Rose to John Murray.

Polygon, Southampton, Dec. 1823.

DEAR MURRAY,

The neglect of the enclosures will be attended with no other inconvenience than the delay of the second volume of my 'Furioso,'* which is a matter of little moment. My friends leave me in Bœotian darkness, and I know nothing of Foscolo's duel. At any rate, he is now (in the strictest sense of the words) "alive and kicking," judging him by a letter received from him this morning. I could have made the same report of myself a few days ago, but this weather freezes my liver, and when that mill does not

* Moore, in his diary, mentions a report that "Murray had offered W. Stewart Rose £2000 for a translation of 'Ariosto.'" This was not the case. Murray published the work in 1823, and suffered considerable loss by the speculation.

grind, I am always more or less of a wretch. This wretchedness, however, which impedes my taking much active exercise, I may as well turn to some account, and will therefore beg you to tell the printer I should now like to proceed with the same expedition as in the first volume. I enclose the revised sheets, and will furnish the remaining MSS. in a few days.

Yours very truly,

W. S. ROSE.

When sending in the last revise of the fifth volume of 'Orlando Furioso' he wrote to Mr. Murray :—

"I have now washed my hands of printer's ink. A thousand thanks for the loan of sundry books conveyed to me by my doctor. Did you ever read, by-the-bye, 'Klinius's Journey to the World Underground,' where doctors prescribe books instead of medicine, and where the author was cured of a long fit of sleeplessness by the perusal of Dr. Day's Sermons? This is the way that some people go to church for the sake of having a sound sleep."

Ugo Foscolo lived on credit to the end of his life, surrounded by all that was luxurious and beautiful. How he contrived it, no one knew, for his resources remained at the lowest ebb. Perhaps his friends helped him, for English Liberals of good means regarded as a martyr in the cause of freedom, one who would never bow the knee to Baal, and had dared the first Napoleon when his very word was law. But Foscolo's friends without doubt became tired of his extravagance and his licentious habits, and fell away from him. Disease at last found him out; he died of dropsy at Turnham Green, near Hammersmith, in 1827, when only in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard; but in June 1871 his body was exhumed and conveyed to Florence, where he was buried in Santa Croce, between the tomb of Alfieri and the monument of Dante.

Lady Caroline Lamb had continued to keep up her intimacy with Mr. Murray ; but now that she was preparing a new work for the press, her correspondence increased. While he was at Wimbledon during summer, she occasionally met literary friends at his house. She had already published 'Glenarvon,' the hero of which was supposed to represent Lord Byron, and was now ready with 'Penruddock.' "I am in great anxiety," she wrote to Mr. Murray "about your not informing me what Gifford says. I think it might be a civil way of giving me my death-warrant—if 'Penruddock' does not."

Whether the criticism of Mr. Gifford was too severe, or whether Mr. Murray was so much engaged in business and correspondence as to take no notice of Lady Caroline Lamb's communication, does not appear ; but she felt the neglect, and immediately followed it up with another letter as follows :—

Lady Caroline Lamb to John Murray.

December 8th, 1822.

MY DEAR AND MOST OBSTINATELY SILENT SIR,

From one until nine upon Tuesday I shall be at Melbourne House waiting for you ; but if you wish to see the prettiest woman in England,—besides myself and William,—be at Melbourne House at quarter to six, at which hour we dine ; and if you will come at half-past one, or two, or three, to say you will dine and to ask me to forgive your inexorable and inhuman conduct, pray do, for I arrive at twelve in that said home and leave it at nine the ensuing morning. What can have happened to you that you will not write ?

The next work her ladyship prepared was a novel entitled 'Ada Reis.' On this subject her husband, William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), entered into a correspondence with Mr. Murray as follows :—

The Honble. William Lamb to John Murray.

December 20th, 1822.

The incongruity of, and objections to, the story of 'Ada Reis' can only be got over by power of writing, beauty of sentiment, striking and effective situation, &c. If Mr. Gifford thinks there is in the first two volumes anything of excellence sufficient to overbalance their manifest faults, I still hope that he will press upon Lady Caroline the absolute necessity of carefully reconsidering and revising the third volume, and particularly the conclusion of the novel.

Mr. Gifford, I dare say, will agree with me that since the time of Lucian all the representations of the infernal regions, which have been attempted by satirical writers, such as 'Fielding's Journey from this World to the Next,' have been feeble and flat. The sketch in 'Ada Reis' is commonplace in its observations and altogether insufficient, and it would not do now to come with a decisive failure in an attempt of considerable boldness. I think, if it were thought that anything could be done with the novel, and that the faults of its design and structure can be got over, that I could put her in the way of writing up this part a little, and giving it something of strength, spirit, and novelty, and of making it at once more moral and more interesting. I wish you would communicate these my hasty suggestions to Mr. Gifford, and he will see the propriety of pressing Lady Caroline to take a little more time to this part of the novel. She will be guided by his authority, and her fault at present is to be too hasty and too impatient of the trouble of correcting and recasting what is faulty.

'Ada Reis' was published in March 1823, and shortly afterwards Lady Caroline wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Lady Caroline Lamb to John Murray.

Brocket Hall.

Lady Morgan says, after the severe castigation you gave her once, you must not refuse the first favour she has asked you, but send her 'Ada Reis' immediately. Now I wish you could come and see this place in its full beauty ; but I conclude you will not. Pray, did William send the draft

for Foscolo of ten guineas? How is Gifford? Pray send me some news and some books. Mrs. Opie has sent me a very complimentary letter about 'Ada Reis.'"

May 1823.

"I am really too much delighted with my books, and we all laughed rather more than was seemly at nobody's works. Oh! if you would come and see Bocket in its beauty, but I fear you cannot. If there is yet time, do tell Captain Lyon that I, and others far better than I am, are enchanted with his book.* Do pray write one line to me and tell me when you are to come, how my prettiest song out of 'Graham Hamilton' [another novel of her ladyship's] is published. Is it not rather odd?—as if written on her death-bed by Mrs. Jordan. The words begin—

'If thou couldst know.'

It is published by Addison, the music by T. Close."

The politics of the *Quarterly Review* did not in the least interfere with Mr. Murray's publishing for the leading Whigs as well as for the Tories. He had published for Lord Holland and William and George Lamb, and now he was about to publish for Lord John Russell, who, in April 1823, wrote, intimating his intention of preparing a general sketch of the history of Europe, with its commerce, letters, and manners. He proposed to commence the history from the taking of Constantinople and to continue it down to the breaking out of the French Revolution. It would fill six or seven quarto volumes about the size of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall.' He proposed that he should receive from the publisher a fourth of the price of every copy sold. The work seems to have been begun, because the proofs were ordered to be sent to Woburn, and the first volume of 'The Affairs of Europe' was completed by the end of 1824.

* 'Private Journal during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Captain Parry, 1824.'

Lord John Russell to John Murray.

September 21st, 1824.

“At the same time it is fair to say that the plan has been so completely altered since it was first mentioned that Mr. Murray must consider himself entirely free to renounce the engagement, which, if he chooses, he may do without the smallest hesitation. If not, he is to consider that this is one of two volumes which will bring the history of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of 1763. After the first volume either party to be at liberty to change the terms, and no stipulation whatever to be made for any other part of the ‘History of Europe.’”

The first volume was published without the author's name on the title-page, and a few years later another volume was published, but it remained an unfinished work. Lord John was an ambitious and restless author; without steady perseverance in any branch of literature; he went from poems to tragedies, from tragedies to memoirs, then to history, tales, translations of part of the ‘Odyssey,’ essays (by the Gentleman who left his Lodgings), and then to memoirs and histories again. Mr. Croker said of his ‘Don Carlos’: “It is not easy to find any poetry, or even oratory, of the present day delivered with such cold and heavy diction, such distorted tropes and disjointed limbs of similes worn to the bones long ago.”

Another work that excited greater interest than Lord John Russell's anonymous history was Mr. James Morier's ‘Hajji Baba.’ Mr. Morier had in his youth travelled through the East, especially in Persia, where he held a post under Sir Gore Ouseley, then English Ambassador. On his return to England, he published accounts of his travels; but his ‘Hajji Baba’ was more read than any other of his works. Sir Walter Scott was especially pleased with it, and remarked that ‘Hajji Baba’ might be termed

the Oriental ‘Gil Blas.’ Mr. Morier afterwards published ‘The Adventures of Hajji Baba in England,’ as well as other works of an Eastern character. The following letter, written by the Persian Envoy in England, Mirza Abul Hassan, shows the impression created by English society on a foreigner in April 1824 :—

Letter from the Persian Envoy, Mirza Abul Hassan, to the London Gentleman without, who lately wrote letter to him and ask very much to give answer.

April 3rd, 1824.

SIR, MY LORD,

When you write to me some time ago to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well. Now I read, I write much little better. Now I give to you my think. In this country bad not too much, everything very good. But suppose I not tell something little bad, then you say I tell all flattery—therefore I tell most bad thing. I not like such crowd in evening party every night. In cold weather not very good, now hot weather, much too bad. I very much astonish every day now much hot than before, evening parties much crowd than before. Pretty beautiful ladies come sweat, that not very good. I always afraid some old lady in crowd come dead, that not very good, and spoil my happiness. I think old ladies after 85 years not come to evening party, that much better. Why for take so much trouble? Some other thing rather bad. Very beautiful young lady she got ugly fellow for husband, that not very good, very shocking. I ask S^r Gore [Sir Gore Ouseley] why for this. He says me—“perhaps he very good man, not handsome; no matter, perhaps he got too much money, perhaps got title.” I say I not like that, all very shocking. This all bad. I know now I say good. English people all very good people. Ali very happy. Do what they like, say what like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much, they very civil to me. I tell my King English love Persian very much. English King best man in world, he love his people very good much; he speak very

kind to me, I love him very much. Queen very best woman I ever saw. Prince of Wales such a fine elegant beautiful man. I not understand English enough proper to praise him, he too great for my language. I respect him same as my own King. I love him much better, his manner all same as talisman and charm. All the Princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words, very affable. I like all too much. I think the ladies and gentlemen this country most high rank, high honour, very rich, except two or three most good, very kind to inferior peoples. This very good. I go to see Chelsea. All old men sit on grass in shade of fine tree, fine river run by, beautiful place, plenty to eat, drink, good coat, everything very good. Sir Gore he tell me King Charles and King Jame. I say Sir Gore, They not Musselman, but I think God love them very much. I think God he love the King very well for keeping up that charity. Then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner, one small boy he say thanks to God for eat, for drink, for clothes, other little boys they all answer Amen. Then I cry a little, my heart too much pleased. This all very good for two things—one thing, God very much please ; two things, soldiers fight much better, because see their good King take care of old wounded fathers and little children. Then I go to Greenwich, that too good place, such a fine sight make me a little sick for joy. All old men so happy, eat dinner, so well, fine house, fine beds—all very good. This very good country. English ladies very handsome, very beautiful. I travel great deal. I go Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar. I see best Georgia, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies, but nothing not so beautiful as English ladies, all very clever, speak French, speak English, speak Italian, play music very well, sing very good. Very glad for me if Persian ladies like them. But English ladies speak such sweet words. I think tell a little story—that not very good. One thing more I see but I not understand that thing good or bad. Last Thursday I see some fine horses, fine carriages, thousand people go to look that carriages. I ask why for ? They say me, that gentleman on boxes they drive their own carriages. I say why for take so much trouble ? They say me he drive very well ; that very good thing. It rain very hard, some lord some gentleman he get very wet. I

say why he not go inside? They tell me good coachman not mind get wet every day, will be much ashamed if go inside; that I not understand.

Sir, my Lord, good-night,

ABUL HASSAN.

Persia was at this time attracting a considerable amount of attention, and Sir John Malcolm, who had recently returned from India, resolved to supplement his 'History of Persia,' first published in 1815, by an account of the manners and customs of the natives, and his own experiences among them. In these 'Sketches of Persia,' remarks a critic, "the people are presented with all the interest but without the caricature of our amusing friend 'Hajji Baba.'"

Sir John Malcolm to John Murray.

June 12th 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I saw Mr. Gifford yesterday, and from what passed I am determined to publish what will make one, or rather two, small volumes of from 250 to 300 pages, of the size of Walter Scott's 'Tales.' . . . My present idea is to give the work the general name of 'Oriental Sketches,' to designate in a short advertisement its character, to characterise the first part as Persia, and to promise others on India. I could proceed with this series, provided the work succeeds. At my leisure I could, in the course of next year, give two or three volumes on India. The materials are all so arranged and prepared that little labour is required. . . . I will sell an edition, editions, or copyright. The terms of the bargain, if you are not confident, may be made progressive with success. I will not go halves, being confident myself; and I will, if I do not sell, publish myself. Let me know, under all views, what you think of the matter, and what you will do.

Yours faithfully,

J. MALCOLM.

Mr. Murray continued his correspondence with Mrs. Graham, who was now residing at the Court of Brazil, and on intimate terms with the family of the Emperor. In fact, she taught the young princesses English, French, and other languages, and superintended their education. From Rio de Janeiro she wrote to Mr. Murray, informing him that she had a journal ready for publication on her return to England, illustrated with drawings, on the subject of her travels in Brazil. The work was duly brought out under the title of 'Residence in Chili' in 1822, and 'Voyage to Brazil' in 1823.

While at Rio de Janeiro, Mrs. Graham became intimate with that naval hero, Lord Cochrane.

Mrs. Graham to John Murray.

"The fall of Bahia, to Lord Cochrane, has done something for the immediate prosperity and tranquillity of the country, and we are anxiously looking for his return. He is a most extraordinary man, as gentle as he is determined, as kind-hearted as he is courageous, and as generous as either. I grudge him to these foreign services, and hope before I die to see him where he should be."

Mrs. Graham's desires were ultimately fulfilled, for, in 1830, Lord Cochrane was restored to his naval rank, and, having succeeded his father as Earl of Dundonald in 1831, in 1847 full restitution of his rights was made.

Mr. Murray also published about the same time (1823) 'Captain Cochrane's Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary.' It was edited and corrected by Mr. Barrow; "the remarks respecting the abuses and remedies in Kamchatka having been curtailed, and other parts taken out." The work soon went to a second edition, because of its adventures and occasional eccentricities.

Mr. Murray invariably consulted Mr. Barrow as to any

works on voyages or travels he was required to publish, and found him a faithful adviser. Sometimes he was, like the publisher himself, disappointed at the sale of a book, for books, like plays, are a lottery.

Mr. J. Barrow to John Murray.

March 28th, 1823.

"I need not tell you that caprice rather than merit governs the sale of a work. If instances are wanting, I might quote those of Belzoni and Hamilton.* The first absolute trumpery when put in competition with the second; yet the former, I believe, sold about ten times the number of the latter."

In 1822 there appeared a work which was to some extent the forerunner of those handbooks which for over sixty years have been so intimately associated with Mr. Murray's name. The Continent of Europe was now thrown open, and the number of Englishmen rapidly increased who thought it necessary to make the Grand Tour. Lord Byron's 'Childe Harold' had given an immense impetus to foreign travel, and though it was in itself a guide-book, with the historical illustrations furnished by Mr. Hobhouse, yet a special manual, giving, in compendious form, all information relative to routes, methods of travel, passports, hotels, and money, was rendered more and more necessary from year to year.

Mrs. Marianna Starke was the first to devote her attention to a 'Guide for Travellers on the Continent.' She first brought out, in 1820, her 'Travels on the Continent,' which at Mr. Murray's suggestion she put into the form of a Guide, and the book met with so much success that she

* This reference probably refers to Walter Hamilton's 'Description of Hindostan and adjacent Countries,' published a few years before.

proceeded with its improvement. In June 1822, we find her in communication with Mr. Murray as to its development and alteration, and the addition of a map of Europe. The first issue had described France by way of Dijon, the Jura Mountains, the Simplon, Chamouni ; and in her new edition she added Florence, Modena, the Apennines, Rome, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii and Sorrento.

About this time Mr. Murray also published Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland,' for the first series of which he gave the author £80, but the work proved so popular that he gave him £300 for the second series. Another little book published about this time has a curious history, and illustrates the ✓ lottery of book publishing. Mrs. Markham's 'History of England' was first published by Constable, but it fell still-born from the press. Mr. Murray, discerning the merit of the work in 1824, bought the remainder of 333 copies from Constable, and had it revised, corrected, and enlarged, and brought out in an entirely new form. He placed it in his list of school books, and pushed it among the teachers throughout the country, until at length it obtained a very large and regular circulation. The book has subsequently undergone frequent revision, and down to the present date it continues to be a great favourite, especially in ladies' schools.

Allan Cunningham, who had already obtained some eminence as a poet and dramatist, made the acquaintance of Mr. Murray through Mr. Chantrey, the sculptor, of whose establishment he was the chief clerk and overseer. The first letter we find of a long and intimate correspondence between Allan Cunningham and Mr. Murray is dated January 1823, in which he offers "a medal head of Sir Walter Scott by a young Scottish lad of the name of

Bain." He proceeds to say that he was "afraid Lord Byron felt displeased with me—an ordinary person—for presenting my little book of verse to one so distinguished by rank and genius as himself, for he has taken no notice of it."

Allan Cunningham was about this time meditating a drama or a romance, as will be seen from the following letter to Mr. Murray on the subject, but it does not appear that the proposal was accepted:—

Mr. Allan Cunningham to John Murray.

Eccleston Street, Pimlico, April 26th, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your very welcome present of our pleasant historian of New York; I have seldom found so much amusement in a book of that kind, and certainly never met with illustrations* which embodied so truly the peculiar and happy spirit of the author.

I am afraid you will think I take an ungenerous advantage of your kindness in adding to my thanks something about myself. I have long felt like Burns the wish to write "a Book or sing a song at least," and this I have accomplished with more success than I had any right to expect; but here I have no wish to stop. I am anxious to put forth all my strength, my knowledge of nature, and character, and all my sympathy with the purer feelings and superstitious beliefs of my native land. I wish to put them forth in a Poem or a Prose Romance. Something of this kind it has long been my wish to do, and Sir Walter Scott was so good as urge me to imagine a Romantic Drama, and fill it with lyrics; and he went farther—he pointed out a subject. It is true that in poetry and also in prose there are giants in the land, and by no person could such a circumstance be more felt than by the illustrious friend who gave me this counsel. To a mind which thinks and sees and feels for itself there is enough of originality in nature, and, possess as my heart is with an impressive

* They were by Charles Leslie, R.A.

subject, I would like to evoke the demon by poetry or by prose.

I could certainly find a way to the world for such a work as I shall write, and also obtain a moderate recompense ; but need I tell you the reasons which induce me to think of you? The external grace which you cast over all your productions, the certainty of their winning public favour if they deserve it, and the liberality which you show to all those, and they are many, who are so fortunate as walk in the highway to fame, of which the English name is Albemarle Street.

I know that to many, a Book written by one in humble life suggests immediate images of rudeness and vulgarity. It is true I have not been so well educated as some of the foremost favourites of literature ; but there are two kinds of knowledge and two kinds of taste—of the latter there is the natural and the acquired—the first is the more spirited monitor and the latter the dullest. Of education there is the kind infused by the stripes or the persuasion of a teacher, and that which is obtained by observing men, and musing on nature and seeking for knowledge among the works of the wise and the gifted which are open to all. In such a school has my mind been disciplined, and I can see nothing to interpose between a scholar of this sort and the greatest purity of thought and delicacy of expression. I have read much and observed much and stored my mind with the characters and feelings and actions and superstitious beliefs of the poetic people of a region into which the muse has but partially penetrated.

If you put faith in me, may I ask what encouragement you would offer for a Dramatic Romance in blank verse of three hundred octavo pages, or a Prose Romance in three volumes.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your very faithful Servant,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The year 1824, as has been shown in a previous chapter, marked a crisis in the history of the *Quarterly Review*, and it becomes necessary to record the events to which the resignation of Mr. Gifford led.

CHAPTER XXV.

GIFFORD'S RETIREMENT FROM THE EDITORSHIP OF THE
'QUARTERLY'—AND DEATH.

IT had for some time been evident, as has been shown in a previous chapter, that Gifford was becoming physically incapable of carrying on the Editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, but an occasional respite from the pressure of sickness, as well as his own unwillingness to abandon his connection with a work which he regarded with paternal affection, and Murray's difficulty in finding a worthy successor, combined to induce him to remain at his post.

He accordingly undertook to carry on his editorial duties till the publication of the 60th number, aided and supported by the active energy of Barrow and Croker, who, in conjunction with the publisher, did most of the necessary drudgery.

Mr. Murray had no lack of advisers in making his selection of a new Editor. Cohen, D'Israeli, Milman and others had suggestions to offer, but the problem remained for many months unsolved. Croker and Barrow were debarred, by their official positions at the Admiralty, from undertaking the duties; some contributors recommended Southey; Southey, on the other hand, had, so far back as 1822, urged the merits of John Taylor Coleridge, a frequent contributor to the *Review*, who was then rising to prominence at the Bar; this recommendation was supported by

Mr. Barrow ; while D'Israeli at the same time wrote the following words of counsel :—

Mr. I. D'Israeli to John Murray.

South Weald, Brentwood, Essex,
Friday, Oct., 1822.

DEAR MURRAY,

I have been most anxious to hear of Gifford, after his late alarming attack—his state, I find, still is most precarious !

I truly sympathise with you in your important difficulties on the choice of a successor. I am well acquainted with all the objections which may rise even whenever one shall be fixed on—yet some one must ; and the earlier the better, that in case Gifford survives, he may have the advantage of consultation and some advice, which the present Editor only can give.

It is in the compass of a hope that Gifford, by close care, may live in the artificial atmosphere of his apartment a considerable time. I have known more than one case—the parties, indeed, were much younger and more perpendicular—where, always in the most imminent danger, they lived many years in an apartment where heat was regulated. I doubt if he has the most skilful medical aid.

In case you fix on an Editor before I see you, let me request you would do it guardedly—so as not to fetter yourself—you may easily do this because you are enabled to make as splendid an offer as the annals of literature ever recorded. It is strange to me that no one should occur to you in your own wide circle, as I imagine it to be. I would, in this dilemma, make a list of the more eminent writers. I would carefully sift that list, at least twice, and then I think you might fix on two or three of whom a trial might be made. What you want is a literary man, with Gifford's habits. Be cautious of one man whom we know.

If Gifford's state is unequal to overlook the next number, can't you put the *Review* in commission, by giving articles to several persons to edit ? The *Review* may be delayed, but it would possibly hurt it, to suspend the publication.

Yours most truly,
I. D'I.

For two years, however, Mr. Gifford's attack of pain and sickness, though frequent, were not continuous, and as his bodily infirmities had not impaired his intellectual abilities he was able to work at the *Review*. In sending in the MS. of an article, Barrow wrote to Murray on Aug. 11th, 1823 :—

“Gifford was in a *craving* humour, and wished very much for what I now send (though I intended it for a future number) ; but the rainy weather has permitted me to finish it. It is well peppered, and if Gifford will add some of his double-refined salt, I have no doubt we shall work up a well-seasoned devil for Jonathan to digest over his Whisky.”

The work reviewed was ‘Wm. Faux, an English Farmer : Memorable Days in America, being a Journal of a Tour in the United States,’ and that Gifford's double-refined salt had not lost its savour is proved by the article, which is thus referred to in Allibone's Dictionary : “This is a ‘Memorable’ work, as being the occasion of two spicy reviews ; the first in the London *Quarterly*, said to be by Gifford ; the other, in which the criticism of the *Quarterly* is roughly handled in the *North-American Review*, by Edward Everett.”

The following letter is interesting both as giving Gifford's opinion of his own condition, and as affording a testimony to the warm friendship which still subsisted between him and Canning. Canning had written that he was in “bed with the Gout,” and Gifford replied :—

Mr. Gifford to Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

December 13th, 1823.

MY DEAR CANNING,

I wish you had a pleasanter bedfellow ; but here am I on the sofa with a cough, and a very disagreeable associate I find it. Old T. Moore, I think, died all but his voice, and

my voice is nearly dead before me ; in other respects, I am much as I was when you saw me, and this weather is in my favour. . . . I have promised Murray to try to carry on the *Review* to the 60th number ; the 58th is now nearly finished. This seems a desperate promise, and beyond it I will not, cannot go ; for, at best, as the old philosopher said, I am dying at my ease, as my complaint has taken a consumptive turn. The vultures already scent the carcase, and three or four *Quarterly Reviews* are about to start. One is to be set up by Haygarth, whom I think I once mentioned to you as talked of to succeed me, but he is now in open hostility to Murray ; another is to be called the *Westminster Quarterly Review*, and will, if I may judge from the professions of impartiality, be a decided Opposition Journal. They will all have their little day, perhaps, and then drop into the grave of their predecessors. The worst is that we cannot yet light upon a fit and promising successor.

Ever, my dear Canning,
Faithfully and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

The following summer, however, found him still in harness and fully alive to the duties of a critic. In the course of his revision of Canon Hughes' article on Washington Irving's Tales, he detected some blunders on the part of Irving, who wrote Cathedral Towns ; but Cathedrals make cities. "He also speaks of Prebends. There is no such person ; for Prebend is an office, and the holder is a Prebendary."

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

Aug. 1st, 1824.

"I am sorry that he has taken it into his mind to ridicule our provincial clergy, of whose character and function he seems to be totally ignorant. It is not a picture of the present times, but of the days of Queen Anne. At the same time there is much to be praised in the book. All that Buckthorne says of his mother

is beautiful, and what he says of his father, his uncle, and cousin, is also very good indeed. Why does our young friend give so revolting a picture of an English nobleman at Terracina? Our travelling city and county squires are rude and ignorant enough, and cannot be lashed too much; but vulgarity and impudence are not the characteristics of an English peer; and then to contrast him with the politeness of Italians and Poles. Alas! alas! it was not thus that Mr. Irving obtained his deserved reputation. Do not tell Mr. I. what I have written, but make your own use of it.* If my name be mentioned, let it be tenderly, for he is a real favourite of mine. Let me have two copies of the revise of the article on the West Indies; for what I have by me is so scratched and bedevilled that the mother who bore it would not know it. You will be sorry to hear that my sight is passing away. I have clouds that overhang my eyes for nearly half a minute together. The glare here is too strong for me."

A few days later, he mentions the article by Sir Walter Scott, 'On the Correspondence of Lady Suffolk.' Scott had not contributed to the *Quarterly* for many years, and Gifford welcomed the paper.

"It came at last," he wrote to Murray (9th August, 1824), "and with it came the letters which I had to read, though I cannot use my eyes now long at a time. Scott's paper is a clever, sensible thing—the work of a man who knows what he is about."

On the following day he wrote to Murray:—

"I have an almost constant pain in my side, so that I can sit up but at intervals, and my breath is as bad as ever."

This state of matters could not go on much longer; sometimes a quarter passed without a number appearing;

* The article appeared in No. 62, after Mr. Coleridge had assumed the Editorship.

in 1824 only two *Quarterlies* appeared—No. 60 due in January, but only published in August ; and No. 61, due in April, but published in December. An expostulation came from Croker to Murray (23rd January, 1824) :—

“Have you made up *your mind* about an editor. Southey has written to me on the subject, as if you had, and as if he knew your choice ; I do not like to answer him before I know what I am to say. Will you dine at Kensington on Sunday at 6 ?”

Southey had long been meditating about the editorship. It never appears to have been actually offered to him, but his name, as we have already seen, was often mentioned in connection with it. He preferred, however, going on with his own works and remaining a contributor only. Politics, too, may have influenced him, for we find him writing to Mr. Murray on Dec. 15, 1824—“The time cannot be far distant when the *Q. R.* must take its part upon a most momentous subject, and choose between Mr. Canning and the Church. I have always considered it as one of the greatest errors in the management of the *Review* that it should have been silent upon that subject so long.” So far as regarded his position as a contributor, Southey expressed his opinion to Murray explicitly :—

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

Oct. 25th, 1824.

“No future Editor, be he who he may, must expect to exercise the same discretion over my papers which Mr. Gifford has done. I will at any time curtail what may be deemed too long, and consider any objections that may be made, with a disposition to defer to them when it can be done without sacrificing my own judgment upon points which may seem to me important. But my age and

(I may add without arrogance) the rank which I hold in literature entitle me to say that I will never again write under the correction of any one."

Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, wrote to Murray :—

Dr. Ireland to John Murray.

Islip, Oxford, July 8th, 1824.

"As to your own affair—the *Review*—the future management of it will be a matter of much anxiety to determine. For the fifteen years of Mr. Gifford's management, I have had the happiness of being his steady and affectionate assistant. I have an article with me now here, and it will be with particular feelings that I shall send it to him, in a few days, at Ramsgate. It will be the last, or the last but one, that I shall ever send in this manner; and while I am persuaded that he ought to withdraw from the management, I look with some melancholy upon this concluding scene of it. I have sometimes thought that if there were some interval between the 60th number and the commencement of a new series, the public might be stimulated to do something towards it. The voice of Society calls strongly for a continuation in some way; and if this impulse were given to the public mind, there might be some extraordinary effort to come to your assistance. This, however, is altogether a matter of experiment."

Mr. Cohen* endorsed the recommendation of D'Israeli, already referred to, that Mr. Gifford should be relieved from the more laborious functions of an editor, and that the editorship should be put in commission, under Mr. Gifford's inspection and control.

Mr. Francis Cohen to John Murray.

Aug. 26th, 1824.

"In the present age the task of directing the public *taste* is not the most important part of the duty of a reviewer. In the present state of society, intellectual cultivation is

* Afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave.

so extensively diffused that the opinion of the 'Critic' is necessarily anticipated by the sound judgment of the world at large. The present age is characterized by its activity and energy. Science advances with uninterrupted rapidity. New sources of knowledge are constantly bursting forth. And there is a strong and decided disposition in all parties to encourage all practicable and possible ameliorations in the general policy of the country. Hence the most important part of the duty of the contributors to a periodical publication is that of supplying the public with the facts and the current information which they need."

All this was very important and useful advice, but it did not settle the question of how the *Quarterly* was in future to be conducted. At last came the communication of Mr. Barrow to Mr. Murray:—

Mr. John Barrow to John Murray.

Sept. 24th, 1824.

I saw Gifford last night, who is in good spirits and much pleased with a letter which you had written to him; but I find he is completely decided to give in, and advises—what you will, of course, do as soon as convenient—to call a few of your friends together to arrange for the future conducting of the *Quarterly*. He is quite of opinion that the gentleman in the North [Southey] would, in a few numbers, ruin the *Review* if he had the management.

Yours always,

J. BARROW.

When Gifford had finally determined to resign, he wrote to Mr. Canning (September 8, 1824) the following interesting letter:—

Mr. W. Gifford to the Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

Sept. 8th, 1824.

MY DEAR CANNING,

I have laid aside my Regalia, and King Gifford, first of the name, is now no more, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, "than an ordinary mortal or a Christian." It is necessary

to tell you this, for, with the exception of a dark cloud which has come over Murray's brow, no prodigies in earth or air, as far as I have heard, have announced it.

It is now exactly sixteen years ago since your letter invited or encouraged me to take the throne. I did not mount it without a trembling fit; but I was promised support, and I have been nobly supported. As far as regards myself, I have borne my faculties soberly, if not meekly. I have resisted, with undeviating firmness, every attempt to encroach upon me, every solicitation of publisher, author, friend, or friend's friend, and turned not a jot aside for power or delight. In consequence of this integrity of purpose, the *Review* has long possessed a degree of influence, not only in this, but in other countries hitherto unknown; and I have the satisfaction, at this late hour, of seeing it in its most palmy state. No number has sold better than the sixtieth.

But there is a sad tale to tell. For the last three years I have perceived the mastery which disease and age were acquiring over a constitution battered and torn at the best, and have been perpetually urging Murray to look about for a successor, while I begged Copleston, Blomfield, and others to assist the search. All has been ineffectual. Murray, indeed, has been foolishly flattering himself that I might be cajoled on from number to number, and has not, therefore, exerted himself as he ought to have done; but the rest have been in earnest. Do you know any one? I once thought of Robert Grant; but he proved timid, and indeed his saintly propensities would render him suspected. Reginald Heber, whom I should have preferred to any one, was snatched from me for a far higher object.

I have been offered a Doctor's Degree, and when I declined it, on account of my inability to appear in public, my own college (Exeter) most kindly offered to confer it on me in private; that is, at the Rector's lodgings. This, too, I declined, and begged the Dean of Westminster, who has a living in the neighbourhood, to excuse me as handsomely as he could. It might, for aught I know, be a hard race between a shroud and a gown which shall get me first; at any rate, it was too late for honours.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

Mr. J. T. Coleridge had long been regarded as the most eligible successor to Mr. Gifford, and on him the choice now fell ; but from the following note it would appear that the first advances towards his appointment were made, prematurely, by Coleridge's friends :—

John Murray to Mr. John T. Coleridge.

May, 1823.

Mr. Gifford is now almost as well, certainly as vigorous in intellect, as ever I knew him. He goes to Ramsgate, as usual, next month. During his life no change is likely to take place ; and when any decision is necessary it will not, as I always stated, depend upon me. The subject should not therefore be allowed to influence in the slightest degree your other views and arrangements.

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN MURRAY.

When the post was actually vacant, and the formal decision had been made, Mr. Murray wrote :—

John Murray to Mr. John T. Coleridge.

Albemarle Street, Thursday.
Dec. 9th, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

The kindness and delicacy of your conduct, during our communications respecting the Editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, were such as to fix, definitely, my own wishes upon the subject. I am therefore most happy in now finding myself completely free, to testify my sincere esteem, by offering you that appointment ; and most happy shall I be to learn that no circumstances have intervened to prevent your allowing me again to renew our friendly negotiations.

Should your determination be favourable to my wishes, I would then ask if, in the absence of our friend Archdeacon

Lyall, it will be perfectly agreeable to you to receive a farther communication from Mr. Locker. With unfeigned regard,

I remain, my dear sir,

Most faithfully yours,

J. M.

To this, Mr. Coleridge replied :—

Mr. John T. Coleridge to John Murray.

Temple, Dec. 10th, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

The subject of your note is not quite a new one to me ; and therefore I answer it sooner than, from its great importance to me, I otherwise should. Two years, I think, have nearly elapsed since our conversations respecting the Editorship of the *Quarterly* ; in that interval I have made advances enough in my profession to keep me in good heart about it ; but they are of a nature which certainly, at present, and I think for a long time, are likely not to be incompatible with the labours of the *Review*. I do not, however, disguise from myself that I run some risk in accepting your kind and flattering offer ; but I have made up my mind to that.

When, indeed, I consider the magnitude of the concern to you, and its importance to the public, it is impossible for me not to feel much diffidence as to the manner in which I shall meet your expectations, and those of a great number of kind friends. However, I cannot suppose that you have not well weighed what you know and have heard of me, before you make the offer ; and I can only say that the *Review*, so long as I conduct it, shall have, what it is entitled to, my best exertions in its support.

There is no one whom I would sooner meet on the subject than Mr. Locker ; and I will see him at any hour he pleases, either here, at the Athenæum, or in Albemarle Street. But the tone of your note makes me feel confident that there will be no points of difficulty to arrange ; and perhaps we could settle everything as easily in person. Time seems to me important.

I shall dine with you with great pleasure on Thursday next, and remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. T. COLERIDGE.

Mr. Murray forwarded the reply of Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Gifford, accompanied by the following note :—

John Murray to Mr. Gifford.

Whitehall Place,
Dec. 11th, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I shall not attempt to express the feelings with which I communicate the enclosed answer to the proposal which I suspect it would have been thought contemptible in me any longer to have delayed, and all that I can find to console myself with is the hope that I may be able to evince my gratitude to you during life, and to your memory, if it so please the Almighty that I am to be the survivor.

I am your obliged and faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

Further negotiations between the publisher and the new Editor were carried on by the intervention of Mr. F. H. Locker, and four days later Mr. Coleridge wrote as follows :—

Mr. John T. Coleridge to John Murray.

Dec. 14th, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have seen Mr. Locker this afternoon, and he has communicated to me what had passed between him and you ; upon all parts of the propositions, which he made in your name, I will only say in a simple sentence that I am perfectly satisfied. I think them honourable both to the maker and receiver.

You will believe that I have the cause much at heart ;

and as some time must elapse before I perfectly see my way, I am anxious to lose no time in acquiring all the preliminary knowledge necessary.

I believe he told you that I should be in the King's Bench to-morrow; but I find that a cause in which I am engaged, and which stood for to-morrow, is appointed the first on Thursday; I shall be therefore in chambers all the morning, if you can make it convenient to call on me. I know how much you are occupied; and therefore when I mention that I should prefer an early hour, it is only on the supposition that one hour may be as convenient to you as another. *My* reason for the preference is that till I have seen you I cannot well call on Mr. Gifford, which I am anxious to do at the first moment possible; for I would not for the world have him think me failing in attention to him.

If your occupations prevent you from coming so far this way to-morrow, will you order to be sent to my *house* any papers you may have, or the last publishers' lists. You know my address is 65 Torrington Square.

Believe me, my dear Sir

Very truly yours,

JOHN T. COLERIDGE.

Mr. Murray lost no time in informing his friends of his decision, and his letter to Mr. Southey and that received by him from Mr. D'Israeli are subjoined:—

John Murray to Mr. Southey.

Albemarle Street, Dec. 11th, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having possessed myself of your valuable opinion and advice with regard to the choice of a new Editor for the *Quarterly Review*, I did not like to trouble you further until after necessary circumspection and the arrangement of some delicate interests, I could feel satisfied that I might venture to make my election with propriety and with safety. It is with no small degree of pleasure that I can

now inform you that my decision accords with your recommendation, and that, after the little that there can be to negotiate, I have every reason to believe that it will terminate in Mr. Coleridge's accepting the Editorship. In the meantime, it would be a kind and serviceable act if you were so good as to write your opinion and recommendation of Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Canning and Mr. Croker, whose confidence is of great importance for us to obtain.

I shall only add that I rely upon the promise of your fervid support under this new arrangement, and that I remain always, etc.,

J. M.

Mr. I. D'Israeli to John Murray.

Bloomsbury Square,
Dec. 12th, 1824.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

You have given me great pleasure in your communication of yesterday, that the Editorship of the *Q. R.* is at length finally adjusted.

Unquestionably, on this occasion, you have proceeded, step by step, with all the prudence and consideration such an important event, I may say to the world, as well as to yourself, has painfully required. A *better* choice, perhaps, it is impossible to make—that it is an *excellent* one, you have many reasons to infer.

The present Editor, we may imagine, has had the advantage of a gradual initiation—and his mind warmed by the same principles, is fully impressed by the character which marked out his celebrated predecessor. The particular excellences of Mr. Gifford are the new Editor's inheritance, and to preserve this entire, would be sufficient to secure superiority.

But of a periodical work, whose prosperity mainly depends on the movable nature of the age, it may well deserve consideration, whether it be not absolutely necessary to improve an old inheritance by new possessions. What may have been sometimes left undone in the former *Quarterlies*, may yet be accomplished in the new ones; and it is in human nature that a successor has certain advantages over his predecessor.

The mantle has been caught, and comes instinct with

the spirit of the old Prophet ; but it would be asking " a hard thing " that it should communicate " a double portion of the spirit."

And yet I will not cease praying for it—being, my dear Murray,

Most faithfully yours,

I. D'ISRAELI.

On December 30th, 1824, the Rev. H. H. Milman writes to Mr. Murray: " Coleridge had previously apprised me of his installation in the editorship, and has been kind enough to ask my assistance. I am convinced that, all circumstances considered, you have been fortunate in your selection."

Gifford lived for about two years more, and continued to entertain many kind thoughts of his friends and fellow-contributors: his intercourse with his publisher was as close and intimate as ever to the end.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

Friday morn, Dec. 31st, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

In the long course of our acquaintance you can bear me witness that the only fault I ever taxed you with in pecuniary matters, was with that of being *too liberal* to me; if, in the present instance, you have committed, as I fear, a greater fault than ever, I cannot help it; but most sincerely and affectionately do I thank you for your kindness.

It was the Dean, who, seeing the marvellous confusion of my table, and learning the cause, suggested to me that the paper might have slipped out in your study. I was not sorry to think this, for I really suspected that it had buried itself among my innumerable scraps—and, between ourselves, had it done so, it would not be the first time.

I thank you again and again for your presents of this

day—I wish I could make you a better, or any other return than that of promising to think of your kindness, and to drink your health in one of the bottles after dinner ; and 'tis long since I tasted wine. A prosperous and a happy new year to you, and I beg to join Mrs. Murray in the prayer, which comes with great sincerity, from, dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

WM. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

James Street, January 1st, 1825.

When you were here this morning, I had not the smallest idea of the munificence of your kindness ; for it would have been very repugnant to my feelings to make any inquiry ; and I therefore waited till Snow's Book came to me in the usual course of business. Patty brought it in, ten minutes after you left me.

After all I have seen of your liberality, I confess I was surprised ; and I hope you will believe me when I add that I was also a little grieved. I need not such costly proofs of your regard. Had you made the former sum £200, I should have been both satisfied and pleased ; had you given me £50, beyond which my thoughts never advanced, I should have deeply felt your kindness ; but what to say of this profession of friendship I know not. To remonstrate with you is a vain and ungrateful task—and the subject affects me. I can only hope, therefore, that I may be enabled to show how sensibly it touches me, and that I am, with the truest regard, your

Obliged and affectionate friend,

WM. GIFFORD.

About two years after his retirement from the *Quarterly*, Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, and others sent him some pecuniary assistance, which Gifford acknowledged with tender sympathy :—

Mr. Gifford to the Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

James Street, March 5th, 1826.

MY DEAR CANNING,

I have been long most anxious to write to you, but had not the power. It is now nearly nine weeks since my old enemy, Eurus, found me in the Park, and sent me home in the custody of a severe cold, that rigidly confined me to my bedroom, and almost to my bed, till Monday last. But this would hardly justify complaint; the worst is, that the rags and tatters of my poor mind, which was broken to pieces in the more than tropical fires of last summer, and which I fondly hoped were adjusting themselves in some slight measure, became as seam-rent as before, and I could neither write, nor read, nor think, for three minutes together.

When Frere—and I cannot name him without a grateful remembrance of his considerate and affectionate attention—first mentioned the matter to me, it was so unexpected, and altogether so remote from anything that ever entered my thoughts, that in my weak state I am not sure that I fully comprehended him while he stayed. I believe he saw this, and in kindness dropped the subject. After he left me I recurred to it, and was totally overpowered. And now, my dear Canning, what can I say? I did not think that I, who have lived for the last five-and-twenty years in the pleasing assurance of possessing your regard and affection, could have been so surprised; but I cannot proceed.

I will not deny that your bounty was acceptable, because, for reasons which will not recur, the year had been a very trying one to me. But I earnestly and fervently hope that you will not think of repeating this splendid and costly proof of affection. I solemnly assure you that it is not at all necessary; for with my salary from the lottery (which is regularly paid me, and which, as I am now on the verge of seventy, will not, I trust, be withheld from me), I am even rich.

The only name given to me besides yours was that of Lord Liverpool, so that I am but imperfectly acquainted with my benefactors. I bless God for such friends, and shall be very careful not to lose them unnecessarily. I experienced, however, a degree of delight not common to

my dulled feelings at the mention of Lord Liverpool's kindness, and had I strength I would write to him; but I have not, and I lament it. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to assure his lordship from me that nothing has occurred to me these many years so gratifying as this proof that I still retain a place in his memory and regard. I will not tell you how long I have been about this letter, and yet I fancy myself somewhat improved; but I must have done.

One word more, however, on a subject which is seldom out of my thoughts. Let me beg you to take care of yourself. Catch, or rather snatch at, every interval of relaxation. It is a fearful thing to break down the mind by unremitted tension. Remember what Horace says to Virgil:

“Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem;”

for, though the poet is evidently quizzing his poor friend, his advice is not to be despised.

Ever, my dear Canning,

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

WM. GIFFORD.

Many were the kind inquiries which reached Mr. Murray as to Gifford's health: his friend Mitchell wrote:—

Mr. T. Mitchell to John Murray.

“It gives me great concern to hear of these frequent illnesses of Mr. Gifford. Mixed up with higher regrets for any serious attacks upon his health or vigour, I have personal feelings to make me interested in them. I can never forget his personal kindness to myself; and if I have gained any little credit with the public, I cannot but remember how much I am indebted to his taste and judgment, and the confidence put into me by both for the acquisition. When you write next, I shall hope to hear a more favourable account.”

The next, and the last letter, which we can find in the Murray collection was addressed to him about a month later.

Mr. Gifford to John Murray.

April 29th, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

I see with regret in the papers of this morning that my poor friend Moorcroft is dead.* It is mentioned in the *Asiatic Journal*. I shall be obliged to you if you can spare it to me for an hour or two, and I will return it. I loved Moorcroft much. He was to be sure a little flighty; but he was of a sweet disposition, inquisitive, active, and unwearied in his favourite pursuits. Poor fellow! I little dreamed that he would have gone before me.

The last letter that Gifford sent to Mr. Canning, written the month before his death, accompanied the 2 vol. edition of 'Ford's Dramatic Works,' which Gifford had recently been engaged upon.

Mr. Gifford to the Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

James Street, Nov. 15th, 1826.

MY DEAR CANNING,

I send you a copy of 'Ford.' The avowed object is the real one—saving the press from disgrace by anticipating the bookseller's design of giving a republication of 'Weber.' I feared at one time that I should not be able to get through with the work, trifling as it is. I am sadly fallen off in strength since you saw me; but this is the natural course of things,

“aridâ

Pellente lascivos amores

Canitie facilemque somnum.”

As for the Loves, why, “I humbly gave them leave to depart” an age ago, and they went, I suppose; but the

* Mr. Wm. Moorcroft went to India, and made some remarkable journeys and discoveries on the North-west frontier, especially in the Himalayas, the Punjab, Cashmere and Tibet. He died at Bokhara in 1808. His narrative is included in Moorcroft and Trebeck's 'Travels,' published in 1841.

loss of the *facile* slumber (a recent affliction) touches one very nearly. As I have not power to think to any purpose, my nights are as tedious as my days, and I frequently rise more dull and weary than I lie down.

You are now playing into a world of business, but remember the miser.

Ever, my dear Canning,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

WM. GIFFORD.

The last month of Gifford's life was but a slow dying. He was sleepless, feverish, oppressed by an extreme difficulty of breathing, which often entirely deprived him of speech; and his sight had failed. Towards the end of his life he would sometimes take up a pen, and after a vain attempt to write, would throw it down, saying, "No, my work is done!" Even thinking caused him pain. As his last hour drew near, his mind began to wander. "These books have driven me mad," he once said, "I must read my prayers." He passed gradually away, his pulse ceasing to beat five hours before his death. And then he slept out of life, on the 31st of December, 1826, in his 68th year—a few months before the death of Canning.

Mr. Gifford desired that he should be buried in the ground attached to Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, where he had interred Annie Davies, his faithful old housekeeper, but his friends made application for his interment in Westminster Abbey, which was acceded to, and he was buried there accordingly on the 8th of January, 1827, immediately under the monuments of Camden and Garrick. His funeral was attended by Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, the two Misses Cookesley, General Grosvenor, Mr. Murray, Mr. Croker, Mr. Barrow, Mr. Chantrey, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. F. Palgrave, Mr. Hoppner, and others. Though perfectly indifferent about money, he was much

richer at the time of his death than he was at all aware of. Indeed, he several times returned money to Mr. Murray, saying, that "he had been too liberal." He left £25,000 of personal property, a considerable part of which he left to the relatives of Mr. Cookesley, the surgeon of Ashburton, who had been to him so faithful and self-denying a friend in his early life. To Mr. Murray he left £100 as a memorial, and also 500 guineas, to enable him to reimburse a military gentleman, to whom, jointly with Mr. Cookesley, he appears to have been bound for that sum at a former period.

Gifford has earned, but it is now generally recognized that he has unjustly earned, the character of a severe, if not a bitter critic. Possessing an unusually keen discernment of genuine excellence, and a scathing power of denunciation of what was false or bad in literature, he formed his judgments in accordance with a very high standard of merit. Sir Walter Scott said of his 'Baviad and Mæviad, that "he squashed at one blow a set of coxcombs who might have humbugged the world long enough." His critical temper, however, was in truth exceptionally equable; regarding it as his duty to encourage all that was good and elevating, and relentlessly to denounce all that was bad or tended to lower the tone of literature, he conscientiously acted up to the standard by which he judged others, and never allowed personal feeling to intrude upon his official judgments.

It need scarcely be said that he proved himself an excellent editor, and that he entertained a high idea of the duties of that office. William Jerdan, who was introduced to Gifford by Canning, said: "I speak of him as he always was to me—full of gentleness, a sagacious adviser and instructor, upon so comprehensive a scale, that I never met his superior among the men of the age most renowned for

vast information, and his captivating power in communicating it." His sagacity and quickness of apprehension were remarkable, as was also the extraordinary rapidity with which he was able to eviscerate a work, and summarize its contents in a few pages.

The number of articles which he himself wrote was comparatively small, for he confined himself for the most part to revising and improving the criticisms of others, and though in thus dealing with articles submitted to him he frequently erased what the writers considered some of their best criticisms, he never lost their friendship and support. He disliked incurring any obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinions. In conjunction with Mr. Murray, he laid down a rule, which as we have already seen was advocated by Scott, and to which no exception has ever been made, that every writer in the *Quarterly* should receive payment for his contribution. On one occasion, when a gentleman in office would not receive the money, the article was returned. "I am not more certain of many conjectures," says Jerdan, "than I am of this, that he never propagated a dishonest opinion nor did a dishonest act."

Gifford took no notice of the ferocious attacks made upon him by Hunt and Hazlitt. Holding, as he did, that inviolable secrecy was one of the prime functions of an editor—though the practice has since become very different—he never attempted to vindicate himself, or to reveal the secret as to the writers of the reviews. In accordance with his plan of secrecy, he desired Dr. Ireland, his executor, to destroy all confidential letters, especially those relating to the *Review*, so that the names of the authors, as well as the prices paid for each article, might never be known.

In society, of which he saw but little, except at Mr. Murray's, he was very entertaining. He told a story remarkably well; and had an inexhaustible supply; the archness of his eyes and countenance making them all equally good.

He had never been married; but although he had no children, he had an exceeding love for them. When well, he delighted in giving juvenile parties, and rejoiced at seeing the children frisking about in the happiness of youth—a contrast which threw the misery of his own early life into strange relief. His domestic favourites were his dog and his cat, both of which he dearly loved. He was also most kind and generous to his domestic servants; and all who knew him well, sorrowfully lamented his death.

Many years after Gifford's death, a venomous article upon him appeared in a London periodical. The chief point of this anonymous attack was contained in certain extracts from the writings of Sir W. Scott, Southey, and other eminent contemporaries of Mr. Gifford. Mr. R. W. Hay, one of the oldest contributors to the *Quarterly*, was at that time still living, and, in allusion to the article in question, he wrote to the present Mr. Murray:—

Mr. R. W. Hay to Mr. Murray.

July 7th, 1856.

It is wholly worthless, excepting as it contains strictures of Sir W. Scott, Southey, and John Wilson on the critical character of the late Wm. Gifford. I by no means subscribe to all that is said by these distinguished individuals on the subject, and I cannot help suspecting that the high station in literature which they occupied rendered them more than commonly sensitive to the corrections and erasures which were proposed by the editor. Sir Walter (a great man as he was) was perfectly capable of writing so carelessly as to require correction, and both Southey and

John Wilson might occasionally have brought forth opinions, on political and other matters, which were not in keeping with the general tone of the *Quarterly Review*. That poor Gifford was deformed in figure, feeble in health, unhappily for him there can be no denying, but that he had any pleasure in tormenting, as asserted by some, that he indulged in needless criticism without any regard to the feelings of those who were under his lash, I am quite satisfied cannot justly be maintained. In my small dealings with the *Review*, I only found the editor most kind and considerate. His amendments and alterations I generally at once concurred in, and I especially remember in one of the early articles, that he diminished the number of Latin quotations very much to its advantage; that his heart was quite in the right place I have had perfect means of knowing from more than one circumstance, *e.g.*, his anxiety for the welfare of his friend Hoppner the painter's children was displayed in the variety of modes which he adopted to assist them, and when John Galt was sorely maltreated in the *Review* in consequence of his having attributed to me, incorrectly, an article which occasioned his wrath and indignation, and afterwards was exposed to many embarrassments in life, Gifford most kindly took up his cause, and did all he could to further the promotion of his family. That our poor friend should have been exposed throughout the most part of his life to the strong dislike of the greatest part of the community is not unnatural. As the *redacteur* of the *Anti-Jacobin*, &c., he, in the latter part of the last century, drew upon himself the hostile attacks of all the modern philosophers of the age, and of all those who hailed with applause the dawn of liberty in the French Revolution; as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he acquired, in addition to the former host of enemies, the undisguised hatred of all the Whigs and Liberals, who were for making peace with Bonaparte, and for destroying the settled order of things in this country. In the present generation, when the feeling of national hatred against France has entirely subsided, and party feelings have so much gone by that no man can say to which party any public man belongs, it is impossible for anyone to comprehend the state of public feeling which prevailed during the great war of the Revolution, and for some years after its termination. Gifford was deeply imbued with all the sentiments on

public matters which prevailed in his time, and, as some people have a hatred of a cat, and others of a toad, so our friend felt uneasy when a Frenchman was named ; and buckled on his armour of criticism whenever a Liberal or even a Whig was brought under his notice ; and although in the present day there appears to be a greater indulgence to crime amongst judges and juries, and perhaps a more lenient system of criticism is adopted by reviewers, I am not sure that any public advantage is gained by having Ticket of Leave men, who ought to be in New South Wales, let loose upon the English world by the unchecked appearance of a vast deal of spurious literature, which ought to have withered under the severe blasts of Criticism.

Believe yours very truly,

R. W. HAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE 'REPRESENTATIVE.'

WE have now to enter upon one of the momentous episodes of Mr. Murray's career. He had long contemplated the establishment of a periodical which should appear more frequently than once a quarter. During the interval of the three months, many works and events of importance, political or literary, attracted public attention, which in his opinion might be made matters of record or comment, but he possessed no means of dealing with them as promptly as was necessary. The *Quarterly* had rallied to its side a large number of political and literary men, who, he thought, might be relied on in supporting his proposed periodical.

After he had given up his connection with Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*—for reasons already stated—the idea of a new magazine again occurred to him. A Foreign Literary Review was suggested, but finally abandoned. At the beginning of 1818 we find Mr. Maurice, of the British Museum, writing to Mr. Murray :—

“Mr. Bulmer informs me that you are about to publish some new periodical work, and I think my situation and resources here will enable me occasionally to be of use to you, if my services may prove agreeable.”

Nothing, however, was done about the proposed publication.

At the end of 1818 we find Mr. John Taylor offering Mr. Murray half the property of the *Daily Sun* at the price which he had given for it, and in the following year Mr. Jerdan asked him to join him as partner in the *Literary Gazette*, but these proposals were not accepted. In 1819 Mr. J. W. Croker wrote to Mr. Lockhart (then in Edinburgh) on the subject of starting a weekly newspaper to be entitled the *Constitution*, and published weekly. The Rev. Mr. Croly was to be editor and joint proprietor, and the son of Mr. Street, of the *Courier*, was to be the other proprietor. He requested Lockhart to communicate the design to Mr. Wilson and his other friends, and to request the assistance of their pens in promoting the new undertaking, which, however, was also very soon abandoned.

In 1820, however, Mr. Murray was induced by Mr. Croker to become a partner with him in the *Guardian* newspaper, printed and published by Charles Knight at Windsor. It was no doubt to oblige Mr. Croker that Mr. Murray became connected with this publication, which, as we have already seen, proved unsuccessful, and soon dropped out of sight. In February 1823 Mr. Robert Baldwin offered Mr. Murray the *British Review* ('My Grandmother's Review, the *British*'), but Mr. Murray declined to have anything to do with it.

Passing on to 1824, we find Mr. Francis Cohen writing to Mr. Murray from Yarmouth :—

Mr. Cohen to John Murray.

"Our friend Hallam has communicated to me your ideas concerning the establishment of a new journal. The name of the *Athenæum* does not please me. Dr. Aikin's *Athenæum* lingered through a year of sickly existence. And I doubt whether any advantage would be gained by the patronage of the Club in Waterloo Place. Mr. Hallam intimated that you were half inclined to pay us a visit.

Mr. Turner would be most happy to receive you, and we might then talk the matter over."

This scheme also, like its predecessors, proved abortive, but in the following year (1825), through the influence of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, Mr. Murray's idea of a new publication was fully developed in the projection of a daily morning newspaper. The intimacy which existed between the Murrays and D'Israelis afforded Mr. Murray exceptional opportunities of forming an opinion of Benjamin's character, and he saw with delight the rapidly developing capacities of his old friend's son. Even in his eighteenth year Benjamin was consulted by Mr. Murray as to the merits of a MS., and two years later he wrote a novel entitled 'Aylmer Papillon,' which did not see the light. He also edited a 'History of Paul Jones, Admiral in the Russian Navy,' written by Theophilus Smart, an American, and originally published in the United States.

Young Disraeli was already gifted with a power of influencing others, unusual in a man of his age. He was eloquent, persuasive, and ingenious, and even then, as in future years, when he became a leading figure in the political world, he had the power of drawing others over to the views which he entertained, however different they might be from their own. Looking merely to his literary career as a successful novel writer, his correspondence with Mr. Murray about his proposed work of 'Aylmer Papillon' is not without interest.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli to John Murray.

May, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your very kind letter induces me to trouble you with this most trivial of trifles. My plan has been in these few

pages so to mix up any observations which I had to make on the present state of society with the bustle and hurry of a story, that my satire should never be protruded on my reader. If you will look at the last chapter but one, entitled "Lady Modeley's," you will see what I mean better than I can express it. The first pages of that chapter I have written in the same manner as I would a common novel, but I have endeavoured to put in *action* at the *end*, the present fashion of getting on in the world. I write no humbug about "candidly giving your opinion, etc., etc." You must be aware that you cannot do me a greater favour than refusing to publish it, if you think *it won't do*; and who should be a better judge than yourself?

Believe me ever to be, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged,

B. DISRAELI.*

P.S.—The second and the last chapters are unfortunately mislaid, but they have no particular connection with the story. They are both very short, the first contains an adventure on the road, and the last Mr. Papillon's banishment under the Alien Act from a ministerial misconception of a metaphysical sonnet.

Thursday morn.: Excuse want of seal, as we're doing a bit of summer to-day, and there is not a fire in the house. ✓

Frederick Place, May 25th, 1824.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 o'clock A.M.

MY DEAR SIR,

The travels, to which I alluded this morning, would not bind up with 'Parry,' since a moderate duodecimo would contain the adventures of a certain Mr. Aylmer Papillon in a *terra incognita*. I certainly should never have mentioned them had I been aware that you were so very much engaged, and I only allude to them once more that no

* It will be observed that while the father maintained the older spelling of the name the son invariably writes it thus.

confusion may arise from the half-explanations given this morning. You will oblige me by not mentioning this to anybody.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged Servant,

B. DISRAELI.

Frederick Place, June 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

Until I received your note this morning I had flattered myself that my indiscretion had been forgotten. It is to me a matter of great regret that, as appears by your letter, any more trouble should be given respecting this unfortunate MS., which will, most probably, be considered too crude a production for the public, and which, if it is even imagined to possess any interest, is certainly too late for this season, and will be obsolete in the next. I think, therefore, that the sooner it be put behind the fire the better, and as you have some small experience in burning MSS.,* you will be perhaps so kind as to consign it to the flames. Once more apologising for all the trouble I have given you,

I remain ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

B. DISRAELI.

Murray had a special regard for the remarkable young man, and by degrees had thoroughly taken him into his confidence ; had related to him his experiences of men and affairs, and ere long began to consult him about a variety of schemes and projects. These long confidential communications led eventually to the suggestion of a much more ambitious and hazardous scheme, the establishment

* Byron's Memoirs had been burnt at Albemarle Street during the preceding month.

of a daily paper in the Conservative interest. Daring as this must appear, Murray was encouraged in it by the recollection of the success which had attended the foundation of the *Quarterly*, and believed, rashly, that his personal energy and resources, aided by the abilities displayed by his young counsellor, would lead to equal success. He evidently had too superficially weighed the enormous difficulties of this far greater undertaking, and the vast difference between the conduct of a *Quarterly Review* and a daily newspaper.

Intent upon gaining a position in the world, Benjamin Disraeli saw a prospect of advancing his own interests—by obtaining the influential position of director of a Conservative daily paper, which he fully imagined was destined to equal the *Times*, and he succeeded in imbuing Murray with the like fallacious hopes.

The emancipation of the Colonies of Spain in South America in 1824–25 gave rise to much speculation in the money market in the expectation of developing the resources of that country, especially its mines. Shares, stocks, and loans were issued to an unlimited extent.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli seems to have thrown himself into the vortex, for he became connected with at least one financing firm in the City, that of Messrs. Powles, and employed his abilities in writing several pamphlets on the subject. This led to his inducing Messrs. Powles to embark with him in the scheme of a daily paper. At length an arrangement was entered into, by which John Murray, J. D. Powles, and Benjamin Disraeli were to become the joint proprietors of the proposed new journal. The arrangement was as follows :—

MEMORANDUM.

London, August 3rd, 1825.

The undersigned parties agree to establish a Morning Paper, the property in which is to be in the following proportions, viz. :

Mr. Murray		One-half.
Mr. Powles		One-quarter.
Mr. Disraeli		One-quarter.

Each party contributing to the expense, capital, and risk, in those proportions.

The paper to be published by, and be under the management of Mr. Murray.

JOHN MURRAY.

J. D. POWLES.

B. DISRAELI.

Such was the memorandum of agreement entered into with a view to the publication of the new morning paper, eventually called the *Representative*. As the first number was to appear in January 1826, there was little time to be lost in making the necessary arrangements for its publication. In the first place, an able editor had to be found; and, perhaps of almost equal importance, an able sub-editor. Trustworthy reporters had to be engaged; foreign and home correspondents had also to be selected with care; a printing office had to be taken; all the necessary plant and apparatus had to be provided, and a staff of men brought together preliminary to the opening day.

The most important point in connection with the proposed journal was to find the editor. Mr. Murray had been so ably assisted by Sir Walter Scott in the projection of the *Quarterly Review*, that he resolved to consult him on the subject; and this mission was undertaken by Benjamin Disraeli, part proprietor of the intended daily journal, though he was then only twenty years old. It was hoped that Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, might be induced to undertake the editorship. The

following are Mr. Disraeli's letters to Mr. Murray, giving an account of the progress of his negotiations. It will be observed that he surrounds the subject with a degree of mystery, through the names which he gives to the gentlemen whom he interviewed. Thus the Chevalier is Sir Walter Scott; M. is Mr. Lockhart; X. is Mr. Canning; O. is the political Puck (could this be himself?); and Chronometer is Mr. Barrow.

On reaching Edinburgh, Mr. Disraeli wrote to Mr. Murray the following account of his first journey across the Border:—

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

Royal Hotel, Edinburgh.
September 21st, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I arrived in Edinburgh yesterday night at 11 o'clock. I slept at Stamford, York, and Newcastle, and by so doing felt quite fresh at the end of my journey. I never pre-conceived a place better than Edinburgh. It is exactly what I fancied it, and certainly is the most beautiful town in the world. You can scarcely call it a city; at least, it has little of the roar of millions, and at this time is of course very empty. I could not enter Scotland by the route you pointed out, and therefore was unable to ascertain the fact of the Chevalier being at his Castellum. I should in that case have gone by Carlisle. I called on the gentleman to whom Wright [a solicitor] gave me a letter this morning. He is at his country house; he will get a letter from me this morning. You see, therefore, that I have lost little time.

I called at Oliver & Boyd's this morning, thinking that you might have written. You had not, however. When you write to me, enclose to them, as they will forward, wherever I may be, and my stay at an hotel is always uncertain. Mr. Boyd was most particularly civil. Their establishment is one of the completest I have ever seen. They are booksellers, bookbinders, and printers, all under the same roof; everything but making paper. I intend to examine the whole minutely before I leave, as it may be

useful. I never thought of binding. Suppose you were to sew, &c., your own publications?

I arrived at York in the midst of the Grand [Musical] Festival. It was late at night when I arrived, but the streets were crowded, and continued so for hours. I never witnessed a city in such an extreme bustle, and so delightfully gay. It was a perfect carnival. I postponed my journey from five in the morning to eleven, and by so doing got an hour for the Minster, where I witnessed a scene which must have far surpassed, by all accounts, the celebrated commemoration in Westminster Abbey. York Minster baffles all conception. Westminster Abbey is a toy to it. I think it is impossible to conceive of what Gothic architecture is susceptible until you see York. I speak with cathedrals of the Netherlands and the Rhine fresh in my memory. I witnessed in York another splendid sight—the pouring in of all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood and the neighbouring counties. The four-in-hands of the Yorkshire squires, the splendid rivalry in liveries and outriders, and the immense quantity of gorgeous equipages—numbers with four horses—formed a scene which you can only witness in the mighty and aristocratic county of York. It beat a Drawing Room hollow, as much as an oratorio in York Minster does a concert in the Opera House. This delightful stay at York quite refreshed me, and I am not the least fatigued by my journey.

As I have only been in Edinburgh a few hours, of course I have little to say. I shall write immediately that anything occurs. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Murray and all.

Ever yours,

B. D.

I find Froissart a most entertaining companion, just the fellow for a traveller's evening; and just the work too, for it needs neither books of reference nor accumulations of MS.

Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, Sunday.
September 22nd, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I sent a despatch by Saturday night's post, directed to Mr. Barrow. You have doubtless received it safe. As I

consider you are anxious to hear minutely of the state of my operations, I again send you a few lines. I received this morning a very polite letter from L[ockhart.] He had just received that morning (Saturday) Wright's letter. I enclose you a copy of L.'s letter, as it will be interesting to you to see or judge what effect was produced on his mind by its perusal. I have written to-day to say that I will call at Chiefswood* on Tuesday. I intend to go to Melrose to-morrow, but as I will not take the chance of meeting him the least tired, I shall sleep at Melrose and call on the following morning. I shall, of course, accept his offer of staying there. I shall call again at B[oyd]'s before my departure to-morrow, to see if there is any despatch from you. . . . I shall continue to give you advice of all my movements. You will agree with me that I have at least not lost any time, but that all things have gone very well as yet. There is of course no danger in our communications of anything unfairly transpiring; but from the very delicate nature of names interested, it will be expedient to adopt some cloak.

The Chevalier will speak for itself.

M., from Melrose, for Mr. L.

X. for a certain personage on whom we called one day, who lives a slight distance from town, and who was then unwell.

O. for the political Puck.

MR. CHRONOMETER will speak for itself, at least to all those who give African dinners.

I think this necessary, and try to remember it. I am quite delighted with Edinburgh. Its beauties become every moment more apparent. The view from the Calton Hill finds me a frequent votary. In the present state of affairs, I suppose it will not be expedient to leave the letter for Mrs. Bruce. It will seem odd; p.p.c. at the same moment I bring a letter of introduction. If I return to Edinburgh, I can avail myself of it. If the letter contains anything which would otherwise make Mrs. Murray wish it

* Chiefswood, where Lockhart then lived, is about two miles distant from Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott describes it as "a nice little cottage, in a glen belonging to this property, with a rivulet in front, and a grove of trees on the east side to keep away the cold wind."

to be left, let me know. I revel in the various beauties of a Scotch breakfast. Cold grouse and marmalade find me, however, constant.

Ever yours,

B. D.

The letter of Mr. Lockhart, to which Mr. Disraeli refers, ran as follows :—

Mr. J. G. Lockhart to Mr. B. Disraeli.

“The business to which the letter [of Mr. Wright] * refers entitles it to much consideration. As yet I have had no leisure nor means to form even an approximation towards any opinion as to the proposal Mr. W. mentions, far less to commit my friend. In a word, I am perfectly in the dark as to everything else, except that I am sure it will give Mrs. Lockhart and myself very great pleasure to see Mr. Disraeli under this roof. . . . If you had no other object in view, I flatter myself that this neighbourhood has, in Melrose and Abbotsford, some attractions not unworthy of your notice.”

Mr. Disraeli paid his promised visit to Chiefswood. It appeared that Mr. Lockhart expected to receive Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, the well-known author of ‘The Curiosities of Literature’; instead of which, the person who appeared before him was Mr. D'Israeli's then unknown son Benjamin.

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

Chiefswood, September 25th, 1825.

I arrived at Chiefswood yesterday. M. [Lockhart] had conceived that it was my father who was coming. He was led to believe this through Wright's letter. In addition, therefore, to his natural reserve, there was, of course, an evident disappointment at seeing me. Everything looked as black as possible. I shall not detain you now by informing

* A solicitor in London, and friend of both parties, who had been consulted in the negotiations.

you of fresh particulars. I leave them for when we meet. Suffice it to say that in a few hours we completely understood each other, and were upon the most intimate terms. M. enters into our views with a facility and readiness which were capital. He thinks that nothing can be more magnificent or excellent; but two points immediately occurred: First, the difficulty of his leaving Edinburgh without any ostensible purpose; and, secondly, the losing caste in society by so doing. He is fully aware that he may end by making his situation as important as any in the empire, but the primary difficulty is insurmountable.

As regards his interest, I mentioned that he should be guaranteed, for three years, £1000 per annum, and should take an eighth of every paper which was established, without risk, his income ceasing on his so doing. These are much better terms than we had imagined we could have made. The agreement is thought extremely handsome, both by him and the Chevalier; but the income is not imagined to be too large. However, I dropped that point, as it should be arranged with you when we all meet.

The Chevalier breakfasted here to-day, and afterwards we were all three closeted together. The Chevalier entered into it excellently. He thought, however, that we could not depend upon Malcolm, Barrow, &c., *keeping to it*; but this I do not fear. He, of course, has no idea of your influence or connections. With regard to the delicate point I mentioned, the Chevalier is willing to make any sacrifice in his personal comforts for Lockhart's advancement; but he feels that his son-in-law will "lose caste" by going to town without anything ostensible. He agrees with me that M. cannot accept an official situation of any kind, as it would compromise his independence, but he thinks *Parliament for M. indispensable*, and also very much to *our interest*. I dine at Abbotsford to-day, and we shall most probably again discuss matters.

Now, these are the points which occur to me. When M. comes to town, it will be most important that it should be distinctly proved to him that he *will* be supported by the great interests I have mentioned to him. He must see that, through Powles, all America and the Commercial Interest is at our beck; that Wilmot H., &c., not as mere under-secretary, but as our private friend, is most staunch; that the Chevalier is firm; that the West India Interest

will pledge themselves that such men and in such situations as Barrow, &c., &c., are *distinctly in our power*; and, finally, that he is coming to London, not to be an Editor of a Newspaper, but the Director-General of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen and important interests.

The Chevalier and M. have unburthened themselves to me in a manner the *most confidential* that you can possibly conceive. Of M.'s capability, *perfect complete capability*, there is no manner of doubt. Of his sound principles, and of his real views in life, I could in a moment satisfy you. Rest assured, however, that you are dealing with a *perfect gentleman*. There has been no disguise to me of what has been done, and the Chevalier had a private conversation with me on the subject, of a nature *the most satisfactory*. With regard to other plans of ours, if we could get him up, we should find him invaluable. I have a most singular and secret history on this subject when we meet.

Now, on the grand point—Parliament. M. cannot be a representative of a Government borough. It is impossible. He must be free as air. I am sure that if this could be arranged, all would be settled; but it is "*indispensable*," without you can suggest anything else. M. was two days in company with X. this summer, as well as X.'s and our friend, but nothing transpired of our views. This is a most favourable time to make a parliamentary arrangement. What do you think of making a confidant of Wilmot H[orton]? He is the kind of man who would be right pleased by such conduct. There is no harm of Lockhart's coming in for a Tory borough, because he is a Tory; but a Ministerial borough is impossible to be managed.

If this point could be arranged, I have no doubt that I shall be able to organise, in the interest with which I am now engaged, a most *immense party*, and a *most serviceable one*. Be so kind as not to leave the vicinity of London, in case M. and myself come up *suddenly*; but I pray you, if you have any real desire to establish a mighty engine, to exert yourself at this present moment, and assist me to your very utmost. Write as soon as possible, to give me some idea of your movements, and direct to me here, as I shall then be sure to obtain your communication. The Chevalier and all here have the highest idea of Wright's

nous, and think it most important that he should be at the head of the legal department. I write this despatch in the most extreme haste.

Ever yours,

B. D.

On receiving the above letter and the previous communications, Mr. Murray sent them to Mr. Isaac D'Israeli for his perusal.

Mr. Isaac D'Israeli to Mr. Murray.

Hyde House, Amersham,
September 29th, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How deeply I feel obliged and gratified by your confidential communication! I read repeatedly the third letter of our young plenipotentiary. I know nothing against him but his youth—a fault which a few seasons of experience will infallibly correct; but I have observed that the habits and experience he has acquired as a lawyer often greatly serve him in matters of business. His views are vast, but they are based on good sense, and he is most determinedly serious when he sets to work. The Chevalier and M. seem to have received him with all the open confidence of men struck by a stranger, yet a stranger not wholly strange, and known enough to them to deserve their confidence if he could inspire it. I flatter myself he has fully—he must, if he has really had confidential intercourse with the Chevalier, and so confidently impresses you with so high and favourable a character of M. On your side, my dear Murray, no ordinary exertions will avail. You, too, have faith and confidence to inspire in them. You observe how the wary Northern Genius attempted to probe whether certain friends of yours would stand together; no doubt they wish to ascertain that point. Pardon me if I add, that in satisfying their cautious and anxious inquiries as to your influence with these persons, it may be wise to throw a little shade of mystery, and not to tell everything too openly at first; because, when objects are clearly defined, they do not affect our imaginations as when they

are somewhat concealed. . . . Vast as the project seems, held up as it will be by personages of wealth, interests, politics, &c., whenever it is once set up, I should have no fears for the results, which are indeed the most important that one can well conceive. . . . Had the editor of 'Paul Jones' consulted me a little, I could probably have furnished him with the account of the miserable end of his hero; and I am astonished it is not found, as you tell me, in your American biography.*

Meanwhile, young Disraeli still remained with Mr. Lockhart at Chiefswood.

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

September, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am quite sure, that upon the business I am upon now every line will be acceptable, and I therefore make no apology for this hurried despatch. I have just received a parcel from Oliver & Boyd. I transmitted a letter from M. to Wright, and which was for your mutual consideration, to you, *viâ Chronometer*, last Friday. I afterwards received a note from you, dated Chichester, and fearing from that circumstance that some confusion would arise, I

* The last paragraph in Mr. D'Israeli's letter refers to 'The Life of Paul Jones,' which has been already mentioned. As the novel, 'Aylmer Papillon,' written in 1824, was never published, the preface to 'Paul Jones' was Benjamin's first appearance as an author. Mr. Murray sent a copy of the volume to Allan Cunningham—then Mr. Chantrey's manager and secretary. Mr. Cunningham, when acknowledging its receipt, said: "It contains much curious and instructive matter, and stamps anew on my mind the character of the man. His love of literature, his thirst for fame, his inflexible temper, his heroic bravery, and his vanity, which was superior to all. With the particulars of his life I am intimately acquainted. He was born in my native place [Blackwood, Dumfriesshire], and his journals and letters, which are both interesting and numerous, are in the possession of his nieces. I have several of his letters myself." Allan Cunningham afterwards wrote a work on the pirate hero, entitled 'Paul Jones: a Romance,' perhaps the best of his works of fiction.

wrote a few lines to you at Mr. Holland's.* I now find that you will be in town on Monday, on which day I rather imagine the said letter from M. to Wright will arrive. I therefore trust that the suspected confusion will not arise.

I am very much obliged to you for your letters; but I am very sorry that you have incurred any trouble, when it is most probable that I shall not use them. The Abbotsford and Chiefswood families have placed me on such a friendly and familiar footing, that it is utterly impossible for me to leave them while there exists any chance of M.'s going to England. M. has introduced me to most of the neighbouring gentry, and receives with a loud laugh any mention of my return to Edinburgh. I dined with Dr. Brewster the other day. He has a pretty place near Melrose. It is impossible for me to give to you any written idea of the beauty and unique character of Abbotsford. *Adio!*

B. D.

Mr. Murray continued to transmit the correspondence to Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, whose delight may be conceived from the following:—

Mr. D'Israeli to John Murray.

October 9th, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thanks! My warmest ones are poor returns for the ardent note you have so affectionately conveyed to me by him on whom we now both alike rest our hopes and our confidence. The more I think of this whole affair, from its obscure beginnings, the more I am quite overcome by what he has already achieved; never did the finest season of blossoms promise a richer gathering. But he has not the sole merit, for you share it with him, in the grand view you take of the capability of this new intellectual steam engine.

Mr. Murray knew something of Mr. Lockhart before the above correspondence took place. While at Balliol College,

* The Rev. W. Holland, Mr. Murray's brother-in-law, was a minor canon of Chichester.

Oxford, in 1817, he had written to Murray, offering to help him with translations from the German, but nothing came of this proposal. After a journey to the Continent, he became an advocate in Edinburgh, and, as we have already seen, was subsequently an active contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In March 1819, Blackwood wrote to Murray :—

“ A very particular friend of mine, Mr. J. G. Lockhart, advocate, sailed for London on Friday. I gave him a letter of introduction to you, as I think you will like to know him. He is a very uncommon young man, and made a distinguished figure at Oxford.”

From that time until Mr. B. Disraeli's visit to Chiefswood he and Murray had but little personal communication, but, when the editorship of the *Representative*, a post from which he shrank, was formally offered to him, he wrote :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

October 7th, 1825.

“ I am afraid, that in spite of my earnest desire to be clear and explicit, you have not after all fully understood the inexpressible feeling I entertain in regard to the *impossibility* of my ever entering into the career of London in the capacity of a newspaper editor. I confess that you, who have adorned and raised your own profession so highly, may feel inclined, and justly perhaps, to smile at some of my scruples ; but it is enough to say that every hour that has elapsed since the idea was first started has only served to deepen and confirm the feeling with which I at the first moment regarded it ; and, in short, that if such a game *ought* to be played, I am neither young nor poor enough to be the man that takes the hazard.”

Sir Walter Scott also expressed his views on the subject as follows :—

Sir W. Scott to John Murray.

Abbotsford, Sunday,
October 12th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lockhart seems to wish that I would express my opinion of the plan which you have had the kindness to submit to him, and I am myself glad of an opportunity to express my sincere thanks for the great confidence you are willing to repose in one so near to me, and whom I value so highly. There is nothing in life that can be more interesting to me than his prosperity, and should there eventually appear a serious prospect of his bettering his fortunes by quitting Scotland, I have too much regard for him to desire him to remain, notwithstanding all the happiness I must lose by his absence and that of my daughter. The present state, however, of the negotiation leaves me little or no reason to think that I will be subjected to this deprivation, for I cannot conceive it advisable that he should leave Scotland on the speculation of becoming editor of a newspaper. It is very true that this department of literature may and ought to be rendered more respectable than it is at present, but I think this is a reformation more to be wished than hoped for, and should think it rash for any young man, of whatever talent, to sacrifice, nominally at least, a considerable portion of his respectability in society in hopes of being submitted as an exception to a rule which is at present pretty general. This might open the door to love of money, but it would effectually shut it against ambition.

To leave Scotland, Lockhart must make very great sacrifices, for his views here, though moderate, are certain, his situation in public estimation and in private society is as high as that of any one at our Bar, and his road to the public open, if he chooses to assist his income by literary resources. But of the extent and value of these sacrifices he must himself be a judge, and a more unprejudiced one, probably, than I am.

I am very glad he meets your wishes by going up to town, as this, though it should bear no further consequences, cannot but serve to show a grateful sense of the confidence and kindness of the parties concerned, and yours in particular.

I beg kind compliments to Mr. D'Israeli, and am, dear sir, with best wishes for the success of your great national plan.

Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

Although Mr. Lockhart hung back from the proposed editorship, he nevertheless carried out his intention of visiting Mr. Murray in London a few weeks after the date of the above letter. Mr. J. T. Coleridge had expressed his desire to resign the editorship of the *Quarterly*, in consequence of his rapidly increasing practice on the western circuit, and Mr. Lockhart was sounded as to his willingness to become his successor, Mr. Murray entertaining the hope that he might be able to give a portion of his time to rendering some assistance in the management of the proposed newspaper. As Sir Walter Scott had been taken into their counsels, through the medium of Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Murray proceeded to correspond with him on the subject. From the draft of one of Mr. Murray's letters we extract the following :—

John Murray to Sir Walter Scott.

October 13th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,

I feel greatly obliged by the favour of your kind letter, and for the good opinion which you are disposed to entertain of certain plans, of which you will by degrees be enabled to form, I hope, a still more satisfactory estimate. At present, I will take the liberty of assuring you, that after your confidence in me, I will neither propose nor think of anything respecting Mr. Lockhart that has not clearly for its basis the honour of his family. With regard to our Great Plan—which really ought not to be designated a newspaper, as that department of literature has hitherto been conducted—Mr. Lockhart was never intended to have

anything to do as editor : for we have already secured two most efficient and respectable persons to fill that department. I merely wished to receive his general advice and assistance. And Mr. Lockhart would only be known or suspected to be the author of certain papers of grave national importance. The more we have thought and talked over our plans, the more certain are we of their inevitable success, and of their leading us to certain power, reputation, and fortune. For myself, the heyday of my youth is passed, though I may be allowed certain experience in my profession. I have acquired a moderate fortune, and have a certain character, and move now in the first circles of society ; and I have a family : these, I hope, may be some fair pledge to you that I would not engage in this venture with any hazard, when all that is dearest to man would be my loss.

In order, however, to completely obviate any difficulties which have been urged, I have proposed to Mr. Lockhart to come to London as the editor of the *Quarterly*—an appointment which, I verily believe, is coveted by many of the highest literary characters in the country, and which, of itself, would entitle its possessor to enter into and mix with the first classes of society. For this, and without writing a line, but merely for performing the duties of an editor, I shall have the pleasure of allowing him a thousand pounds a year ; and this, with contributions of his own, might easily become £1500, and take no serious portion of his time either. Then, for his connection with the paper, he will become permanently interested in a share we can guarantee to him for three years, and which, I am confident, will be worth, at the end of that period, at least £3000 ; and the profits from that share will not be less than £1500 per annum. I have lately heard, from good authority, that the annual profit of the *Times* is £40,000, and that a share in the *Courier* sold last week (wretchedly conducted, it seems) at the rate of £100,000 for the property.

But this is not all. You know well enough that the business of a publishing bookseller is not in his shop or even his connection, but in his brains ; and we can put forward together a series of valuable literary works, and without, observe me, in any of these plans, the slightest risk to Mr. Lockhart. And I do most solemnly assure

you that if I may take any credit to myself for possessing anything like sound judgment in my profession, the things which we shall immediately begin upon, as Mr. Lockhart will explain to you, are as perfectly certain of commanding a great sale as anything I ever had the good fortune to engage in.

These were very sanguine prognostications, but not sufficiently strong to induce Lockhart to reconsider his decision with respect to the part he was asked to take in the new morning paper. He nevertheless accepted the editorship of the *Quarterly*, and Sir Walter Scott expressed his readiness to assist him with renewed contributions to the periodical. Mr. B. Disraeli continued his correspondence with Lockhart, and informed him as to the progress of the negotiations.

Mr. J. G. Lockhart to John Murray.

November 8th, 1825.

"Disraeli has been good enough, among other kindnesses, to write occasionally as to the great business in its progress. I am anxious to hear what is doing about building; and also, when you or Disraeli may have leisure, to learn the general result of the negotiation with Dr. Maginn." *

Mr. Disraeli even took the trouble, a week after the date of the above letter, to go down to Scotland a second time to visit Lockhart at his cottage at Chiefswood, but the negotiations bearing upon the appointment of Lockhart as editor of the *Quarterly*, must be left to the next chapter, that we may here continue the story of the *Representative*.

In London Disraeli was indefatigable. He visited City men, for the purpose of obtaining articles on commercial

* Dr. Maginn, as a long-tried newspaper writer, was considered to be well qualified for the post of editor.

subjects. He employed an architect, Mr. G. Basevi, jun., his cousin, with a view to the planning of offices and printing premises. A large house was eventually taken in Great George Street, Westminster, and duly fitted up as a printing office.

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

October, 1825.

"When Basevi has arranged the terms, you should furnish Powles with the name of the vendor's solicitor, and Hurst will then examine the title and do the needful. No time should be lost in arranging this, as the examination of the title should take place, while the old fishman is moving. Roworth* is to send all my proofs to you. I have taken the liberty of having them sent to W. P——,† as I thought they would then be sure to meet your eye. I send the Map. When we again meet, which I trust will be right speedily, I hope to have a vigorous account of your movements, particularly as regards the foreign correspondence. I mention Hurst, as I think, after what has passed, it will be better; and he is used to deeds of partnership and agreements for services, &c."

Mr. Disraeli himself proceeded, in common with Mr. Murray, to make arrangements for the foreign correspondence. In the summer of 1824—before the new enterprise was thought of—he had travelled in the Rhine country, and made some pleasant acquaintances, of whom he now bethought himself when making arrangements for the new paper. One of them was Mr. Maas, of the Trierscher Hof, Coblentz, and Mr. Disraeli addressed him as follows:—

* Printer of the *Quarterly* in Bell Yard, Fleet Street.

† A house in Whitehall Place which Mr. Murray had taken as his private residence.

Mr. B. Disraeli to Mr. Maas.

October 25th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

Your hospitality, which I have twice enjoyed, convinces me that you will not consider this as an intrusion. My friend, Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, the most eminent publisher that we have, is about to establish a daily journal of the first importance. With his great influence and connections, there is no doubt that he will succeed in his endeavour to make it the focus of the information of the whole world. Among other places at which he wishes to have correspondents is the Rhine, and he has applied to me for my advice upon this point. It has struck me that Coblenz is a very good situation for intelligence. Its proximity to the Rhine and the Moselle, its contiguity to the beautiful baths of the Taunus, and the innumerable travellers who pass through it, and spread everywhere the fame of your admirable hotel, all conduce to make it a place from which much interesting intelligence might be procured.

The most celebrated men in Europe have promised their assistance to Mr. Murray in his great project. I wish to know whether you can point out any one to him who will occasionally write him a letter from your city. Intelligence as to the company at Wiesbaden and Ems, and of the persons of eminence, particularly English, who pass through Coblenz, of the travellers down the Rhine, and such topics, are very interesting to us. You yourself would make a most admirable correspondent. The labour would be very light and very agreeable; and Mr. Murray would take care to acknowledge your kindness by various courtesies. If you object to say anything about politics you can omit mentioning the subject. I wish you would undertake it, as I am sure you would write most agreeable letters. Once a month would be sufficient, or rather write whenever you have anything that you think interesting. Will you be so kind as to write me in answer what you think of this proposal? The communication may be carried on in any language you please.

Last year when I was at Coblenz you were kind enough to show me a very pretty collection of ancient glass. Pray

is it yet to be purchased? I think I know an English gentleman who would be happy to possess it. I hope this will not be the last letter which passes between us.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

B. DISRAELI.

Mr. Maas agreed to Mr. Disraeli's proposal, and his letter was handed to Mr. Murray, who gave him further instructions as to the foreign correspondence which he required. Mr. Murray himself wrote to correspondents at Hamburg, Maestricht, Genoa, Trieste, Gibraltar, and other places, with the same object. We give one of his letters as fairly representing the tenor of all.

John Murray to Mr. H. Bynner, Trieste.

London, Albemarle Street, October 1825.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your valuable communications dated the 6th and 8th inst. I feel confident that in you I have found a correspondent whose diligence, talent and discretion will do justice to my wishes.

With respect to the point of remuneration, I fully comprehend your feeling, and I have only to remark that I trust my character is a guarantee to you, that when the time of distribution arrives your services will be appreciated in the most liberal manner.

The publication of my journal was to have been commenced on the 1st of the ensuing November. Reasons of great weight have occasioned its delay until the beginning of the year, when it will infallibly take place. No prospectuses will be published, but, in confidence, I acquaint you with its leading features.

It will be conducted by many of our first political and literary characters, who will, through the medium of its columns, address the public upon every topic which can interest them. I wish to make this journal the focus of the information of the whole world. I wish you therefore

not to confine your observations and remarks *to mere news*, but to give us an account of everything of interest which passes under your observation. It is of course difficult in a letter to give you an idea of my wishes, but that you may form some slight one, I wish you to write to me as to your friend in London in a familiar and perfectly unconstrained manner, without troubling yourself in the least about style or set composition. Any curious anecdote, any discovery in science, any singular incident or adventure, in short, everything which forms the conversation of the best society of Trieste, interests, doubtless, all of us in England.

As to politics, my object is nothing more than *to obtain the truth*. Do me the favour, therefore, to divest yourself of all party prejudice, and endeavour to give me an impartial and accurate account of what passes.

You will be the best judge at what time to commence your operations. You must have much to say, however, which is not merely current intelligence, and which must be always interesting; such, for instance, as your account of the "*Steam Boats*." It might therefore be desirable for you regularly to continue your correspondence upon these topics. In that case I shall consider your services as commencing the first of this inst. You will, however, follow your own judgment on this head. If you think it more expedient to drop your communications for a few weeks, at any rate write me another immediate letter in answer to this.

If I can be of any service to you in England it will give me much pleasure.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

What Mr. Murray himself thought of the scheme may be inferred from his letter to Mr. William Jerdan, who had wished him success in his enterprise.

John Murray to Mr. Wm. Jerdan.

"Few things of this kind have, I believe, been commenced with more enlarged views or more honourable

intentions, or, perhaps, with more extensive and powerful means of giving them effect ; but I am not less sensible to the risk of so complicated an enterprise, however well imagined, from the difficulty of its execution. I have never attempted anything with more considerate circumspection, or with more satisfactory hopes of success, but no one can form an estimate of a publication of this kind until it is published, so accept my best thanks for your good wishes."

The time for the publication of the newspaper was rapidly approaching, and Mr. B. Disraeli's correspondence became fast and furious. He wrote to Mr. Murray as to the engagement of Mr. W. H. Watts as a parliamentary reporter and general adviser at a salary of £350 per annum :—

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

November 23rd, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

Leave a note for Mr. Watts, and request him to come on to Bloomsbury Square, where you will meet him to execute. I want to see you *immediately*. A letter of Lockhart of the *first importance*, which will throw some light upon the machinations of the junta of official scamps who have too long enslaved you.

Yours affectionately,

B. D.

December, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

The sensation about the paper is very great. A meeting of the proprietors of the *New Times* was held yesterday, in order to conciliate the reporters, whom they have universally offended. I have received two letters from Watts, and in consequence have engaged Mr. Hall * and a Mr. Windyer, sen., both of whom we shall find

* This was Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, afterwards editor of the *Art Journal* and author of many important works.

most excellent reporters and men of business. The latter has been on the *Times*. Mr. Hall and Mr. Windyer will call on me to-morrow at 10 for their agreements, and I shall give them a note to you to have their agreements executed. I should not have troubled you with this, had it been in my power to have reached you to-day. Pray favour me with a note, informing me whether Hall and Windyer shall call in Whitehall Place or Albemarle Street, and what hour may suit your convenience. It is no use to write to Lockhart *after* to-day.

Yours ever,

B. D.

By the end of December Mr. Lockhart had arrived in London, for the purpose of commencing his editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. The name of the new morning paper had not then been yet fixed on ; from the correspondence respecting it, we find that some spoke of it as the *Daily Review*, others as the *Morning News*, and so on ; but that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli settled the matter appears from the following letter of Mr. Lockhart to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

December 21st, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am delighted, and, what is more, satisfied with Disraeli's title—the *Representative*. If Mr. Powles does not produce some thundering objection, let this be fixed, in God's name.

Strange to say, from this time forward nothing more is heard of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli in connection with the *Representative*. After his two journeys to Scotland, his interviews with Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart, his activity in making arrangements previous to the starting of the daily paper, his communications with the architect

as to the purchase and fitting up of the premises in Great George Street, and with the solicitors as to the proposed deed of partnership, he suddenly drops out of sight ; and no. thing more is heard of him in connection with the business.

It would appear that when the time arrived for the proprietors of the new paper to provide the necessary capital under the terms of the memorandum of agreement dated the 3rd August, 1825, both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Powles failed to contribute their several proportions. Mr. Murray had indeed already spent a considerable sum, and entered into agreements for the purchase of printing-offices, printing-machines, types, and all the paraphernalia of a newspaper establishment. He had engaged reporters, correspondents, printers, sub-editors, though he still wanted an efficient editor. He was greatly disappointed at not being able to obtain the services of Mr. Lockhart. Mr. Disraeli was too young—being then only twenty-one, and entirely inexperienced in the work of conducting a daily paper—to be entrusted with the editorship. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever contemplated occupying that position, though he had engaged himself most sedulously in the preliminary arrangements in one department, his endeavours to obtain the assistance of men of commerce in the City ; however, he was by no means successful.

Nevertheless, Mr. Murray was so far committed that he felt bound to go on with the enterprise, and he advertised the publication of the new morning paper. Some of his friends congratulated him on the announcement, trusting that they might see on their breakfast-table a paper which their wives and daughters might read without a blush.

Professor W. T. Brande, F.R.S., then Assayist at the Mint, and Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institute, wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Professor W. T. Brande to John Murray.

January 2nd, 1826.

Sir H. Davy has been making himself very busy about a review of Humboldt, and is extremely sore at Mr. Daniell's paper which appeared in late numbers [of 'Brande's Journal of Science,' published by Mr. Murray]. He told me he had spoken to you on the subject. Pray pay no kind of attention to this exceedingly impertinent interference of that self-constituted autocrat of science, who, if he continues to intermeddle, may receive a lesson through the 'Journal' that shall teach him better manners. It pleases me to think that we shall at last have a daily paper, of sound politics, and fit to place upon our breakfast table; for I am sure you will exclude from it the filthy details of *crim. con.* cases, the examination of drunkards and prostitutes at Bow Street, the condemned sermons at Newgate, and the last dying speeches and confessions, with the behaviour at the gallows, of culprits. I think I shall be able now and then to send you five or ten lines. I could have given you a very curious document or two respecting the late pressure of business at the Mint.

Others, of considerable newspaper experience, warned him of the heavy risk and expense he must be put to before he could reap a farthing of profit from his adventure. Matters, however, had gone too far; he could not now retreat. These warnings were put to one side, and he determined to go on; in fact, he could not avoid it. The first number of the *Representative* accordingly appeared on the 25th of January, 1826, price 7*d.*; the Stamp Tax being then 4*d.* In politics it was a supporter of Lord Liverpool's Government; but public distress, the currency, trade and commerce were subjects of independent comment.

Notwithstanding the pains which had been taken, and the money which had been spent, the *Representative* was a failure from the beginning. It was badly organized, badly edited, and its contents—leading articles, home and foreign

news—were ill-balanced. Failing Lockhart, an editor, named Tyndale, had been appointed on short notice, though he was an obscure and uninfluential person. He soon disappeared in favour of others, who were no better. Dr. Maginn had been engaged—the Morgan O'Doherty of *Blackwood's Magazine*—wit, scholar, and Bohemian. He was sent to Paris, where he evidently enjoyed himself; but the results, as regarded the *Representative*, were by no means satisfactory. He was better at borrowing money than at writing articles.

Mr. S. C. Hall, one of the parliamentary reporters of the paper, says, in his 'Retrospect of a Long Life,' that :—

"The day preceding the issue of the first number, Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was the sole proprietor; the day after that issue, the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. . . . Editor there was literally none, from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied conclusive evidence of the utter ignorance of editorial tact on the part of the person entrusted with the duty. . . . In short, the work was badly done; if not a snare, it was a delusion; and the reputation of the new journal fell below zero in twenty-four hours."*

An inspection of the file of the *Representative* justifies Mr. Hall's remarks. The first number contained an article by Lockhart, four columns in length, on the affairs of Europe. It was correct and scholar-like, but tame and colourless. Incorrectness in a leading article may be tolerated, but dulness amounts almost to literary crime. The foreign correspondence consisted of a letter from Valetta, and a communication from Paris, more than a column in length, relating to French opera. In the matter

* 'Retrospect of a Long Life, from 1815 to 1883.' By S. C. Hall, F.S.A., i. p. 126.

of news, for which the dailies are principally purchased, the first number was exceedingly defective. It is hard to judge of the merits of a new journal from the first number, which must necessarily labour under many disadvantages, but the *Representative* did not from the first exhibit any element of success.

The leading articles in the first numbers were too few, too long, and wanted variety. Then they were shortened into paragraphs; and sometimes, during the appearance of the parliamentary reports, they disappeared altogether. Proceedings in the courts of law were well reported, though these are not very interesting to general readers. The foreign correspondence improved in length and quality, but the home news was neglected—the fault, no doubt, of the sub-editor. Sometimes the leading articles and other contributions were good; but, on the whole, the four pages of the *Representative* were not attractive. When the advertisements shrunk away, as they soon did, there was more room for news, as well as for the advertisements of Mr. Murray's own books. Had there been no other morning paper, the *Representative* might have succeeded, but it could not stand against the powerful competition which even then existed.

Mr. Murray knew that the chief defect of the paper was the want of an able organizer and editor. Mr. S. C. Hall has informed us that on one occasion Mr. Murray encountered a friend in the Strand, who, after a little conversation with him, accompanied him to a cab, and gave the driver orders to go to 14, Whitehall Place. Mr. Murray, however, before the cab drove off, beckoned his friend back. "What is it, Mr. Murray? what do you want?" "I want an editor! I want an editor!" This was his constant cry; but a cry which was never satisfied.

He engaged as his literary adviser a retired clergyman, Edwards by name, who, however, proved of no use, and went out of his way to criticise Mr. Lockhart as editor of the *Quarterly*, and to condemn the contributions of Barrow, Ellis, and Southey—men who had in a great measure assisted in the establishment of the *Review*.

It is not surprising that in these circumstances, deprived of any efficient helpers, Mr. Murray found his new enterprise an increasing source of annoyance and worry. His health broke down under the strain, and when he was confined to his bed by illness, things went worse from day to day. The usual publishing business was neglected; letters remained unanswered, manuscripts remained unread, and some correspondents became excessively angry at their communications being neglected. Mr. Murray had many private sympathisers. Among these were Mr. Mitchell, Mr. John Taylor, formerly proprietor of the *Sun*, Mrs. Graham, and many others. Mr. Mitchell wrote to Mr. Lockhart as follows :—

Mr. T. Mitchell to Mr. Lockhart.

February 3rd, 1826.

“I have been made seriously uneasy by a communication which has recently been made to me of the state of our friend Murray’s health, and by a continued silence on his part, which leads me to fear that the communication is too well founded. . . . Other rumours have been afloat in the daily papers, to which it would perhaps be impertinent in me to allude more closely; but there are public men of such high character, that no misfortune can happen to them without individuals feeling as if it were their own private calamity.”

And Mr. Lockhart himself wrote to Murray :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

February 7th, 1826.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

That I should have been in any measure accessory to bringing you into the present situation weighs, I assure you, more heavily on my spirits than even the mass of domestic melancholy with which I am at present surrounded. What I *can* do in any way is always at your service, but even the depression is proof enough that I have not the iron nerves of the man fitted for daily collision with the world. I hope you have never for a moment supposed it possible that I should add to your embarrassments by being willing to touch unearned gold. The *Quarterly Review*, I think, promises well. Let us hope for better days. If something very effectual be not done for the mechanical arrangements in the course of a few days, I shall undoubtedly return to the opinion which we carried with us one day to Mr. Powles.

Very sincerely yours,

J. G. L.

The rumours alluded to by Mr. Mitchell related to the commercial crisis then prevailing, and to the downfall of many large publishing houses ; and it was feared that Mr. Murray might be implicated in the failures. At the end of January, the great firm of Archibald Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, publishers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, was declared bankrupt ; shortly after, the failure was announced of James Ballantyne & Co., in which Sir Walter Scott was a partner ; and with these houses, that of Hurst, Robinson & Co., of London, was hopelessly involved. The market was flooded with the dishonoured papers of all these concerns, and mercantile confidence in the great publishing houses was almost at an end. We find Washington Irving communicating the following

intelligence to A. H. Everett, United States Minister at Madrid (January 31st, 1826):—

“You will perceive by the papers the failure of Constable & Co., at Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson & Co., at London. These are severe shocks in the trading world of literature. Pray Heaven, Murray may stand unmoved, and not go into the *Gazette*, instead of publishing one!”

Mr. Murray held his ground. He was not only able to pay his way, but to assist some of the best-known London publishers through the pressure of their difficulties. One of these was Mr. Robert Baldwin, of Paternoster Row, who expressed his repeated obligations to Mr. Murray for his help in time of need. The events of this crisis clearly demonstrated the wisdom and foresight of Murray in breaking loose from the Ballantyne and Constable connection, in spite of the promising advantages which it had offered him. He was now rewarded for the resolution with which he had refused to discount and renew their constantly increasing bills. Had Sir Walter Scott adopted the same course, he might have been a rich man instead of a poor one; though we might not have had the grand lesson of his fighting against time, to meet the dishonoured bills of the Edinburgh publishers, and to pay their debts as well as his own. In the fervency of his manly anxiety to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, he considered every hour mis-spent which did not directly contribute to the accomplishment of that noble end.

Murray still went on with the *Representative*, though the result was increasing annoyance and vexation. Mr. Milman wrote to him, “Do get a new editor for the lighter part of your paper, and look well to the *Quarterly*.” The advice was

taken, and Dr. Maginn was brought over from Paris to take charge of the lighter part of the paper at a salary of £700 a year, with a house. The result was, that a number of clever *jeux d'esprit* were inserted by him, but these were intermingled with some biting articles, which gave considerable offence. In one of these Sir James Mackintosh was introduced, on which Mrs. Graham, a contributor to the paper, wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Mrs. Graham to John Murray.

“I cannot refrain from telling you that some of Sir James Mackintosh’s friends are more vexed than I think so very stupid a paragraph deserves. What could possess your sub-editor to defile your paper with a thing so foolish and so bad-hearted? I hope I never saw the wretch—whoever he is. I feel almost disgraced by having a word of mine on the same page. However, for *your* sake, I will do my best on the subjects you wish.”

It was no slight aggravation of Mr. Murray’s troubles that he was held personally responsible for the writings of others; for the editor, whoever he might be, was unknown, while Mr. Murray was accessible to everybody. At length the strain became more than he could bear, and he sought the first opportunity for stopping the further publication of the paper. On the 6th of June, Thomas Mitchell, in one of his letters, asked Mr. Murray, “Have you yet got rid of the *Representative*?” A general election, however, was in progress, and, moreover, the management of the paper was showing considerable improvement, and flagging hopes revived. But it was too late. The early issues of the *Representative* had seriously injured it, and the damage could not now be redressed. Accordingly, after the general election was over, the *Representative* ceased to exist on the 29th of July 1826, after a career of only six months, during

which brief period it had involved Mr. Murray in a loss of not less than £26,000.*

Mr. Murray bore his loss with much equanimity, and found it an inexpressible relief to be rid of the *Representative* even at such a sacrifice. To Washington Irving he wrote :—

John Murray to Mr. Irving.

“ One cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my ‘entanglement,’ as Lady G—— says, with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind ; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not untie, and am now, by the blessing of God, again returned to reason and the shop.”

One of the unfortunate results of the initiation and publication of the *Representative* was that it disturbed the friendship which had so long existed between Mr. Murray and Mr. Isaac D’Israeli. The real cause of Benjamin’s sudden dissociation from an enterprise, of which in its earlier stages he had been the moving spirit, can only be matter of conjecture. The only mention of his name in the later correspondence regarding the newspaper occurs in the following letter :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Thursday, February 14th, 1826.

I think Mr. B. Disraeli ought to tell you what it is that he wishes to say to Mr. Croker on a business *of yours* ere he asks of you a letter to the Secretary. If there really be something worth saying, I certainly know nobody that would say it better, but I confess I think, all things con-

* The *Representative* was afterwards incorporated with the *New Times*, another unfortunate paper.

sidered, you have no need of anybody to come between you and Mr. Croker. What can it be?

Yours,

J. G. L.

But after the *Representative* had ceased to be published, the elder D'Israeli thought he had a cause of quarrel with Mr. Murray, and proposed to publish a pamphlet on the subject. The matter was brought under the notice of Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian and solicitor, and the friend of both. Mr. Turner strongly advised Mr. Isaac D'Israeli to abstain from issuing any such publication.

Mr. Sharon Turner to Mr. D'Israeli.

October 6th, 1826.

"Fame is pleasant, if it arise from what will give credit or do good. But to make oneself notorious only to be the football of all the dinner-tables, tea-tables, and gossiping visits of the country, will be so great a weakness, that until I see you actually committing yourself to it, I shall not believe that you, at an age like my own, can wilfully and deliberately do anything that will bring the evil on you. Therefore I earnestly advise that whatever has passed be left as it is. . . . If you give it any further publicity, you will, I think, cast a shade over a name that at present stands quite fair before the public eye. And nothing can dim it to you that will not injure all who belong to you. Therefore, as I have said to Murray, I say to you; Let Oblivion absorb the whole question as soon as possible, and do not stir a step to rescue it from her salutary power. . . . If I did not see your words before me, I could not have supposed that after your experience of these things and of the world, you could deliberately intend to write—that is, to publish in print—anything on the differences between you, Murray, and the *Representative*, and your son. . . . If you do, Murray will be driven to answer. To him the worst that can befall will be the public smile that he could have embarked in a speculation that has cost him many thousand pounds, and a criticism

on what led to it. . . . The public know it, and talk as they please about it, but in a short time will say no more upon it. It is now dying away. Very few at present know that you were in any way concerned about it. To you, therefore, all that results will be new matter for the public discussion and censure. And, after reading Benjamin's agreement of the 3rd August, 1825, and your letters to Murray on him and the business, of the 27th September, the 29th September, and the 9th October, my sincere opinion is that you cannot, with a due regard to your own reputation, *write* or *publish* anything about it. I send you hastily my immediate thoughts, that he whom I have always respected may not, by publishing what will be immediately contradicted, diminish or destroy in others that respect which at present he possesses, and which I hope he will continue to enjoy."

Mr. D'Israeli did not write his proposed pamphlet, and thereby give room for literary gossip. What Mr. Murray thought of his intention may be inferred from the following extract from his letter to Mr. Sharon Turner:—

John Murray to Mr. Sharon Turner.

October 16th, 1826.

"Mr. D'Israeli is totally wrong in supposing that my indignation against his son arises in the smallest degree from the sum which I have lost by yielding to that son's unrelenting excitement and importunity; this loss, whilst it was in weekly operation, may be supposed, and naturally enough, to have been sufficiently painful, but now that it has ceased, I solemnly declare that I neither care nor think about it, more than one does of the long-suffered agonies of an aching tooth the day after we have summoned resolution enough to have it extracted. On the contrary, I am disposed to consider this apparent misfortune as one of that chastening class which, if suffered wisely, may be productive of greater good, and I feel confidently that, as it has re-kindled my ancient ardour in business, a very few months will enable me to replace this temporary loss, and make me infinitely the gainer, if I profit by the prudential

lesson which this whole affair is calculated to teach. . . . From me his son had received nothing but the most unbounded confidence and parental attachment; my fault was in having loved, not wisely, but too well."

Fortunately, the misunderstanding between these two old friends did not last long, for towards the end of the year we find Mr. Isaac D'Israeli communicating with Mr. Murray respecting Wool's 'Life of Joseph Warton,' and certain selected letters by Warton which he thought worthy of re-publication; and with respect to his son, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, although he published his first work, 'Vivian Grey,' through Colburn, he returned to Albemarle Street a few years later, and published his 'Contarini Fleming' through Mr. Murray.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. LOCKHART AS EDITOR OF THE 'QUARTERLY'—
HALLAM—WORDSWORTH—BASIL HALL—DEATH OF
CONSTABLE.

WE have in the last chapter forestalled the appointment of Lockhart as Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Coleridge had conscientiously set himself to carry out the task he had assumed as Mr. Gifford's successor; he wrote for each number of the *Quarterly*, and spared no pains in the fulfilment of the duties of his post. Soon after his appointment, however, he became so absorbed in his professional engagements, that after the issue of four numbers, he was obliged to resign his position. His engagements at the Bar had nearly doubled during the year that he remained Editor,* and he merely held the Editorship until a competent successor could be appointed.

We have already described in detail the negotiations which led to the acceptance of the post by Mr. Lockhart. In addition to various Reviews and Essays, he had already published one or two books anonymously,† but as an author he was chiefly known by his admirable metrical translation of 'The Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic,' published in 1823, which proved him to be a poet of fine genius. Before he accepted the Editorship

* He eventually became the Right Hon. John Taylor Coleridge, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench.

† 1. Peter's 'Letters to his Kinsfolk,' 1819; 2. 'Valerius, a Roman Story,' 1821; 3. 'Adam Blair, a Novel,' 1822.

he had many letters from the old contributors, warning him, and cautioning him, as to the performance of his duties. Some even went so far as to pronounce him unequal to the task. These expressions reached the ears of Sir Walter Scott, and drew from him the following remarkable letter :—

Sir Walter Scott to John Murray.

Abbotsford, November 17th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much surprised to-day to learn from Lockhart by letter that some scruples were in circulation among some of the respectable among the supporters of the *Quarterly Review* concerning his capacity to undertake that highly responsible task. In most cases I might not be considered as a disinterested witness on behalf of so near a connection, but in the present instance I have some claim to call myself so. The plan (I need not remind you) of calling Lockhart to this distinguished situation, far from being favoured by me, or in any respect advanced or furthered by such interest as I might have urged, was not communicated to me until it was formed; and as it involved the removal of my daughter and of her husband, who has always loved and honoured me as a son, from their native country and from my vicinity, my private wish and that of all the members of my family was that such a change should not take place. But the advantages proposed were so considerable, that it removed all title on my part to state my own strong desire that he should remain in Scotland. Now I do assure you that if in these circumstances I had seen anything in Lockhart's habits, cast of mind, or mode of thinking or composition which made him unfit for the duty he had to undertake, I should have been the last man in the world to permit, without the strongest expostulation not with him alone but with you, his exchanging an easy and increasing income in his own country and amongst his own friends for a larger income perhaps, but a highly responsible situation in London. I considered this matter very attentively, and recalled to my recollection all I had known of Mr. Lockhart both before and since his connection with my family. I have no hesitation in saying that when he was paying his addresses in my family I

fairly stated to him that however I might be pleased with his general talents and accomplishments, with his family, which is highly respectable, and his views in life, which I thought satisfactory, I did decidedly object to the use he and others had made of their wit and satirical talent in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which, though a work of considerable power, I thought too personal to be in good taste or to be quite respectable. Mr. Lockhart then pledged his word to me that he would withdraw from this species of warfare, and I have every reason to believe that he has kept his word with me. In particular I *know* that he had not the least concern with the *Beacon* newspaper, though strongly urged by his young friends at the Bar, and I also know that while he has sometimes contributed an essay to *Blackwood* on general literature, or politics, which can be referred to if necessary, he has no connection whatever with the satirical part of the work or with its general management, nor was he at any time the Editor of the publication. ✓

It seems extremely hard (though not perhaps to be wondered at) that the follies of three- or four-and-twenty should be remembered against a man of thirty, who has abstained during the interval from giving the least cause of offence. There are few men of any rank in letters who have not at some time or other been guilty of some abuse of their satirical powers, and very few who have not seen reason to wish that they had restrained their vein of pleasantry. Thinking over Lockhart's offences with my own, and other men's whom either politics or literary controversy has led into such effusions, I cannot help thinking that five years' proscription ought to obtain a full immunity on their account. There were none of them which could be ascribed to any worse motive than a wicked wit, and many of the individuals against whom they were directed were worthy of more severe chastisement. The blame was in meddling with such men at all. Lockhart is reckoned an excellent scholar, and Oxford has said so. He is born a gentleman, has always kept the best society, and his personal character is without a shadow of blame. In the most unfortunate affair of his life he did all that man could do, and the unhappy tragedy was the result of the poor sufferer's after-thought to get out of a scrape. Of his general talents I will not presume to speak, but they are

generally allowed to be of the first order. This, however, I *will* say, that I have known the most able men of my time, and I never met any one who had such ready command of his own mind, or possessed in a greater degree the power of making his talents available upon the shortest notice, and upon any subject. He is also remarkably docile and willing to receive advice or admonition from the old and experienced. He is a fond husband and almost a doating father, seeks no amusement out of his own family, and is not only addicted to no bad habits, but averse to spending time in society or the dissipations connected with it. Speaking upon my honour as a gentleman and my credit as a man of letters, I do not know a person so well qualified for the very difficult and responsible task he has undertaken, and I think the distinct testimony of one who must know the individual well ought to bear weight against all vague rumours, whether arising from idle squibs he may have been guilty of when he came from College—and I know none of these which indicate a bad heart in the jester—or, as is much more likely, from those which have been rashly and falsely ascribed to him.

Had any shadow of this want of confidence been expressed in the beginning of the business I for one would have advised Lockhart to have nothing to do with a concern for which his capacity was called in question. But *now* what can be done? A liberal offer, handsomely made, has been accepted with the same confidence with which it was offered. Lockhart has resigned his office in Edinburgh, given up his business, taken a house in London, and has let, or is on the eve of letting, his house here. The thing is so public, that about thirty of the most respectable gentlemen in Edinburgh have proposed to me that a dinner should be given in his honour. The ground is cut away behind him for a retreat, nor can such a thing be proposed as matters now stand.

Upon what grounds or by whom Lockhart was first recommended to you I have no right or wish to inquire, having no access whatsoever to the negotiation, the result of which must be in every wise painful enough to me. But as their advice must in addition to your own judgment have had great weight with you, I conceive they will join with me in the expectation that the other respectable friends of this important work will not form any decision to

Lockhart's prejudice till they shall see how the business is conducted. By a different conduct they may do harm to the Editor, Publisher, and the work itself, as far as the withdrawing of their countenance must necessarily be prejudicial to its currency. But if it shall prove that their suspicions prove unfounded, I am sure it will give pain to them to have listened to them for a moment.

It has been my lot twice before now to stand forward to the best of my power as the assistant of two individuals against whom a party run was made. The one case was that of Wilson, to whom a thousand idle pranks were imputed of a character very different and far more eccentric than anything that ever attached to Lockhart. We carried him through upon the fair principle that in the case of good morals and perfect talents for a situation, where vice or crimes are not alleged, the follies of youth should not obstruct the fair prospects of advanced manhood. God help us all if some such modification of censure is not extended to us, since most men have sown wild oats enough! Wilson was made a professor, as you know, has one of the fullest classes in the University, lectures most eloquently, and is much beloved by his pupils. The other was the case of John Williams, now Rector of our new Academy here, who was opposed most violently upon what on examination proved to be exaggerated rumours of old Winchester stories. He got the situation chiefly, I think, by my own standing firm and keeping others together. And the gentlemen who opposed him most violently have repeatedly told me that I did the utmost service to the Academy by bringing him in, for never was a man in such a situation so eminently qualified for the task of education.

I only mention these things to show that it is not in my son-in-law's affairs alone that I would endeavour to remove that sort of prejudice which envy and party zeal are always ready to throw in the way of rising talent. Those who are interested in the matter may be well assured that with whatever prejudice they may receive Lockhart at first, all who have candour enough to wait till he can afford them the means of judging will be of opinion that they have got a person possibly as well situated for the duties of such an office as any man that England could afford them.

I would rather have written a letter of this kind concern-

ing any other person than one connected with myself, but it is every word true, were there neither son nor daughter in the case; but as such I leave it at your discretion to show it, not generally, but to such friends and patrons of the *Review* as in your opinion have a title to know the contents.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Lockhart himself addressed the two following letters to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Chiefswood, November 19th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am deeply indebted to Disraeli for the trouble he has taken to come hither again at a time when he has so many matters of real importance to attend to in London. The sort of stuff that certain grave gentlemen have been mincing at, was of course thoroughly foreseen by Sir W. Scott and by myself from the beginning of the business. Such prejudices I cannot hope to overcome, except by doing well what has been entrusted to me, and after all I should like to know what man could have been put at the head of the *Quarterly Review* at my time of life without having the Doctors uttering doctorisms on the occasion. If you but knew it, you yourself personally could in one moment overcome and silence for ever the whole of these people. As for me, nobody has more sincere respect for them in their own different walks of excellence than myself; and if there be one thing that I may promise for myself, it is, that age, experience, and eminence, shall never find fair reason to accuse me of treating them with presumption. I am much more afraid of falling into the opposite error. I have written at some length on these matters to Mr. Croker, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Rose—and to no one else; nor will I again put pen to paper, unless some one, having a right to put a distinct question to me, does put it.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

MY DEAR MURRAY, Sunday, Chiefswood, Nov. 27th, 1825.

I have read the letter I received yesterday evening with the greatest interest, and closed it with the sincerest pleasure. I think we now begin to understand each other, and if we do that I am sure *I* have no sort of apprehension as to the result of the whole business. But in writing one must come to the point, therefore I proceed at once to your topics in their order, and rely on it I shall speak as openly on every one of them as I would *to my brother*.

Mr. Croker's behaviour has indeed distressed me, for I had always considered him as one of those bad enemies who make excellent friends. I had not the least idea that he had ever ceased to regard you personally with friendship, even affection, until B. D. told me about his trafficking with Knight; for as to the little hints you gave me when in town, I set all that down to his aversion for the notion of your setting up a paper, and thereby dethroning him from his invisible predominance over the Tory daily press, and of course attached little importance to it. I am now satisfied, more particularly after hearing how he behaved himself in the interview with you, that there is some deeper feeling in his mind. The correspondence that has been passing between him and me may have been somewhat imprudently managed on my part. I may have *committed* myself to a certain extent in it in more ways than one. It is needless to regret what cannot be undone; at all events, I perceive that it is now over with us for the present. I do not, however, believe but that he will continue to do what he has been used to do for the *Review*; indeed, unless he makes the newspaper business his excuse, he stands completely pledged to me to adhere to that.

But with reverence be it spoken, even this does not seem to me a matter of very great moment. On the contrary, I believe that his papers in the *Review* have (with a few exceptions) done the work a great deal more harm than good. I cannot express what I feel; but there was always the bitterness of Gifford without his dignity, and the bigotry of Southey without his *bonne-foi*. His scourging of such poor deer as Lady Morgan was unworthy of a work of that rank. If we can get the same *information* elsewhere, no fear that we need equally regret the secretary's

quill. As it is, we must be contented to watch the course of things and recollect the Roman's maxim, "quæ casus obtulerint ad sapientiam vertenda."

I am vexed not a little at Mr. Barrow's imprudence in mentioning my name to Croker and to Rose as in connection with the paper; and for this reason that I was most anxious to have produced at least one number of the *Review* ere that matter should have been at all suspected. As it is, I hope you will still find means to make Barrow, Rose, and Croker (at all events the two last) completely understand that you had, indeed, wished me to edit the paper, but that I had declined that, and that *then* you had offered me the *Review*.

No matter what you say as to the firm belief I have expressed that the paper *will* answer, and the resolutions I have made to assist you by writing political articles in it. It is of the highest importance that in our anxiety about a new affair one should not lose sight of the old and established one, and I *can* believe that if the real state of the case were known at the outset of my career in London, a considerable feeling detrimental to the *Quarterly* might be excited. We have enough of adverse feelings to meet, without unnecessarily swelling their number and aggravating their quality.

I beg you to have a serious conversation with Mr. Barrow on this head, and in the course of it take care to make him thoroughly understand that the prejudices or doubts he gave utterance to in regard to me were heard of by me without surprise, and excited no sort of angry feeling whatever. He could know nothing of me but from flying rumours, for the nature of which *he* could in no shape be answerable. As for poor Rose's well-meant hints about my "identifying myself perhaps in the mind of society with the scavengers of the press," "the folly of *your* risking your name on a *paper*," &c. &c., of course we shall equally appreciate all this. Rose is a timid dandy, and a bit of a Whig to boot. I shall make some explanation to him when I next have occasion to write to him, but that sort of thing would come surely with a better grace from you than from me. I have not a doubt that he will be a daily scribbler in your paper ere it is a week old.

To all these people—Croker as well as the rest—John Murray is of much more importance than they ever can be

to him if he will only *believe* what I *know*, viz. that his own name in *society* stands miles above any of theirs. Croker *cannot* form the nucleus of a literary association which you have any reason to dread. He is hated by the higher Tories quite as sincerely as by the Whigs: besides, he has not *now-a-days* courage to strike an effective blow; he will not come forward.

I come to pleasanter matters. Nothing, indeed, can be more handsome, more generous than Mr. Coleridge's whole behaviour. I beg of you to express to him the sense I have of the civility with which he has been pleased to remember and allude to *me*, and assure him that I am most grateful for the assistance he offers, and accept of it to any extent he chooses. I shall be most happy to have his paper on the West Indies as soon as he finds it convenient to do it, and shall wait upon him as soon as I get to London, in order that I may have the benefit of his advice and instruction as to the affairs of the *Review* in general. I hope Mr. Southey will execute the proposed article on the Law Society, a subject which I should think is eminently suited for him, and trust that you will put him in possession of the materials he requires forthwith if you have not already done so.

The subject of *Medical Jurisprudence* is one which I think ought to be taken up in the *Quarterly Review*. Two very good English books have recently been published on this subject, but neither of them equal to the great French one they pillage. The topic is interesting, or ought to be so, to every man who is liable to act as a grand jurymen, and it is in that view, and with relation to that class, that I should wish to see a luminous article written by some first-rate hand. Could Mr. Laurence* do this? at all events, could you consult with him in regard to it? What an amusing essay Southey could write if he had those books before him! but then he would want the scientific knowledge.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Scott about Byron. He desires me to tell you, in the first place, that it is his decided opinion you ought forthwith to put forth a complete edition of *all his works*, 'Don Juan' and everything. It was right in you not to encourage even *him* in the writing of such things when he might be writing others.

* The eminent surgeon.

But he is now dead, and he is a great English classic ; and you ought to give an edition of him with exactly the same feeling as you might one of Massinger, or, indeed, Shakespeare. 'Othello' has more filth, and the 'Merry Wives' as much blasphemy as all the works of Byron can furnish. A proper preface would set all this in its true light, and you would bring a most valuable property into the market, which no one else can do. Further, Sir W. is of opinion that an article on the *Life and Writings* of Byron ought to appear immediately in the *Quarterly Review*. If it do not, undoubtedly such an one will be attempted ere long in the *Edinburgh*, and why should we lose the credit of daring to speak out both the *ill* and the *good* which in justice and manliness ought to be spoken in regard to the most remarkable man and poet of our time? I, for my part, think that so far from displeasing any sensible reader of the *Quarterly*, no fair estimate could be given of his history and his works without conveying a most valuable *moral lesson*, and therefore gratifying them. Of course we must not think of people whose delusion equals that of *Wordsworth*, when he calls Voltaire "a *dull* scoffer of a heartless race:" depend on it there are not many people who are incapable of drawing the line between the genius of Byron and its perversion ; and really, if we are to shrink from such subjects, with what face are we to claim attention as representing the literature of England in its course? I persuade myself that Mr. Gifford would take the same view of the matter. Would to God he had strength and spirits to execute what I fear I can only dream of!

I wrote to Disraeli yesterday about my motions southwards. I much regret that it is not possible for me to be in town now before the 10th or 11th ; by that last day I can promise that I shall be there. Mrs. Lockhart is most sensible, as well as I, to the kindness with which you and Mrs. Murray have offered us shelter in Whitehall Place. We have connections, however, who would take it amiss did we place ourselves under any private roof but theirs. She has an old godmother in Piccadilly, &c. &c. In short, I believe we must decline your proffered kindness ; though, if circumstances should appear to admit of our coming to you, be assured we shall avail ourselves of your hospitalities without hesitation. At all events, I shall be in *town* and at your service then, and if other arrangements admit of

your starting the paper earlier in the year, even at the beginning of it, I certainly shall hold myself prepared to bear my part. I daresay Disraeli has engaged a house ere this reaches you. I hope so, for I have ordered various packages to be sent from Edinburgh to your care, and should be sorry to have them lumbering your warehouses ; and, besides, I should like, of course, to be actually *settled* as soon as possible, for I have formed habits which render it difficult for me to do any serious work out of *my own* snugery. I depend on you, then, to set matters right, if possible, with Rose. If you cannot throw dust in his eyes, act decidedly. Tell him the whole story, and any story will be safe with him, for he is a gentleman. But I trust this confidence is unnecessary. I do not choose to write to him on the subject at any length, as I cannot tell to what extent Barrow's imprudence may have gone, or even had the means of going.

My wife joins me in best compliments and thanks to Mrs. Murray, and I assure you I sign myself with the most perfect sincerity,

Yours, and yours faithfully,

J. G. LOCKHART.

Sir W. Scott also wrote again on the subject of his previous letter :—

Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have your letter this morning. Besides yourself, I only write to Heber, on whose friendship, long-trying, and prudence, I could perfectly rely ; mentioning the rumours in question, and my reasons for being confident that they were perfectly groundless, so far as Lockhart's temper and disposition were implicated. In fact, I think that in sacrificing a competent revenue, leaving his native country, and quitting at once his views in life and his natural connections, he gives the deepest pledge he can do that no light or trivial temptation could induce him to risk the safety of the concern in which he may now be said to have embarked his all.

If I had not felt absolutely confident that Lockhart had the same deep and serious views in the matter which I

have expressed, I would not, for half my fortune, have given my opinion in favour of his removal. I have written also to Southey, not with reference to this subject in particular, but because I thought he might with justice suppose that I knew all about this change while at his house in September, and that I ought to have spoken to him about it as an old friend. I think this was incumbent on me at any rate, and took the opportunity to rectify any opinion which he might have entertained of Lockhart from some passages in *Blackwood's* which could not but be disagreeable to himself and Wordsworth, and which I was instructed positively to deny. I thought this species of explanation due to Southey, both as my own much respected friend, and as an old contributor to the *Review*, indeed a most valued supporter of it.

I never thought Mr. Barrow had the least personal ill-will against Lockhart, but it was easy for him to be led into forming an erroneous opinion of his character by hearing old stories imperfectly mixed up with new matter to which he had no access. Some of his earlier flights were certainly not prudent, but I am sure there was none of them different in character from the frolics which young men of talent so often indulge in. I am sure he has now added both prudence and experience to his considerable talents, and hope he will do well for himself and for you.

Believe me, yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

What Southey thought of the change of editorship may be inferred from his letter to John Rickman (Dec. 4th, 1825), in which he wrote :—

“I do not know for what reason Murray has thought proper to change his editor. . . . The new editor (Lockhart), Scott's son-in-law, is a person whom I know only by sight. . . . I lose by the change an editor whom I know, and on whom I can rely ; but I am released from any motive for continuing to work at that occupation longer than my own convenience may render necessary.” *

* ‘Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey.’ By the Rev. J. W. Walter, iii. 514.

A few months later, Southey changed his opinion with regard to the editorship ; nor did his own convenience render it necessary for him to discontinue the occupation of a *Quarterly Reviewer* so long as he was capable of writing. He remained a regular contributor down to 1839. "That the *Quarterly Review*," he wrote in 1826, "is out of John Coleridge's hands I am (with all my regard for him) heartily glad ; for he has got a twist upon the cursed Catholic question ;—but in other respects, the change of editors is not for the better." *

Mr. Coleridge was delighted to give up his charge. When finishing his last number (65), he wrote :—

Mr. J. T. Coleridge to John Murray.

Dec. 21st, 1825.

I have now put the finishing hand to my last number, and return you with this, the little key of your paper box, for Mr. Lockhart's use. You can hardly believe how light-hearted I feel, or how fortunate I consider myself in being relieved at this moment from a burthen which would have impeded me most seriously in the professional course which seems, and is, I trust, opening upon me. With the best possible wishes for the welfare of the *Review* and of its proprietor, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. T. COLERIDGE.

The last number of the *Quarterly* edited by Coleridge was one of his best, and contained articles by two new contributors—Dr. Gooch and Blanco White. That by Dr. Gooch,† on Plague, was one of the most useful essays

* 'Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey,' iv. 67.

† Dr. Gooch was a native of Yarmouth ; he first practised in Croydon, and subsequently in London. He was a man of great eminence and distinction. Mr. Murray afterwards published for him his work on 'Diseases Peculiar to Women.'

which had ever appeared in the *Review*, and it was in consequence of its appearance that the English Quarantine Act was pushed through Parliament by the ministers of the day. Southey said of it: "Perhaps the *Q. R.* has never contained any single paper that has done so much good as that upon Contagion. It has done its work. Ministers consider it completely conclusive (as most undoubtedly it is), and they are resolved to act on it. If they had been deceived into the opinion of the non-contagionists, it is hardly possible that we should have escaped the Plague."

✓ Mr. Lockhart succeeded to a most influential position in his control of what his friend John Wilson called "a National Work"; and he justified the selection which Mr. Murray had made of him as editor: not only maintaining and enhancing the reputation of the *Review*, by securing the friendship of the old contributors, but enlisting the assistance of many new ones. Sir Walter Scott, though "working himself to pieces" to free himself from debt, came to his help, and to the first number which Lockhart edited, he contributed an interesting article on 'Pepys' Memoirs.' Barrow, Mitchell, Southey, Palgrave, and others, contributed excellent papers. Mr. Isaac D'Israeli,—for the crisis of the *Representative* which was to interrupt his intercourse with Murray had not yet occurred—wrote

Mr. D'Israeli to John Murray.

"It is certainly one of the very best numbers we have long had. The article on Pepys, after so many have been written, is the only one which, in the most charming manner possible, shows the real value of these works, which I can assure you many good scholars have no idea of, as I observed when 'Evelyn's Diary' was published. These, as the critic points out, have, for a great variety of readers, their own peculiar tastes and objects; this is the philosophy of Biography! Now, my good friend, if you go on under the new administration as well as you have begun, you may yet hope

to keep up the sale and influence of the *Quarterly*, which was so long under an eclipse, by another of your *Wooden Idols!*"

Lockhart's literary taste and discernment were of the highest order; and he displayed a moderation and gentleness, even in his adverse criticism, for which those who knew him but slightly, or by reputation only, scarce gave him credit. There soon sprang up between him and his publisher an intimacy and mutual confidence which lasted till Murray's death; and Lockhart continued to edit the *Quarterly* till his own death in 1854. In truth there was need of mutual confidence between editor and publisher, for they were called upon to deal with not a few persons whose deep interest in the *Quarterly* tempted them at times to assume a somewhat dictatorial tone in their comments on and advice for the management of the *Review*. When an article written by Croker, on Lamennais' 'Paroles d'un Croyant,'* was under consideration, Lockhart wrote to the publisher:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

November 8th, 1826.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

It is always agreeable and often useful for us to hear what you think of the articles in progress. Croker and I both differ from you as to the general affair, for this reason simply, that Lamennais is to Paris what Benson or Lonsdale is to London. His book has produced and is producing a very great effect. Even religious people there applaud him, and they are re-echoed here by old Jerdan, who pronounces that, be he right or wrong, he has produced "a noble sacred poem." It is needful to caution the English against the course of France by showing up the audacious extent of her horrors, political, moral, and

* The article by J. W. Croker was afterwards published in No. 104 of the *Quarterly*.

religious ; and you know what *was* the result of our article on those vile tragedies, the extracts of which were more likely to offend a family circle than anything in the 'Paroles d'un Croyant ;' and which even I was afraid of. Mr. Croker, however, will modify and curtail the paper so as to get rid of your specific objections. It had already been judged advisable to put the last and only blasphemous extract in French in place of English. Depend upon it, if we were to lower our scale so as to run no risk of offending any good people's delicate feelings, we should soon lower ourselves so as to rival 'My Grandmother the British' in want of interest to the world at large, and even (though they would not say so) to the saints themselves.—*Verb. sap.*

Among the many foreigners introduced to Mr. Murray was the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, a young American clergyman of literary tastes, who visited England in 1827-28 for the benefit of his health, and called upon Mr. Murray in London, with a letter of introduction from a familiar friend of his, an old lady in Edinburgh. Finding him an agreeable and accomplished man, Murray invited him to join a select dinner party at 50, Albemarle Street. Mr. Griffin died soon after his return home, and his friends subsequently published his 'Reminiscences,' which include the following graphic description of Murray and his friends:—

"I dined, yesterday, with a very distinguished party, at Mr. Murray's, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and other *beaux esprits* ; Mitchell, the translator of 'Aristophanes ;' and some others, of less name and fame. The first is, certainly, a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however ; when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead ; the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth ; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy ; you forget, and are ready

to disavow your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful (he seems scarce more than thirty), yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead ; those arched and pencilled brows : those retired, yet full, dark eyes ; the accurately chiselled nose ; and compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty ; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman [Irving] is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His eyes are of a pale colour : his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome, good-natured countenance ; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is, at least, amiable.

"The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith ; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other, from time to time, in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart, meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasantries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say, was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is

of a strikingly different character from that of the editor of the *Quarterly*. The one appears the reserve of sensibility ; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

“On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation, Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humour and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing ; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine ; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. . . . But the author of the ‘Fire Worshippers’ gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel’s song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

“I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good-looking man, with a preoccupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory ; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses, of all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times would be invaluable.

He has been the Mæcenæ of his day ; and though not the favourite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit, than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his liberality, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich."

Like most sagacious publishers, Murray was free from prejudice, and was ready to publish for all parties and for men of opposite opinions. For instance, he published Malthus's 'Essay on Population,' and Sadler's contradiction of the theory. He published Byron's attack on Southey, and Southey's two letters against Lord Byron. He published Nugent's 'Memorials of Hampden,' and the *Quarterly Review's* attack upon it. Southey's 'Book of the Church' evoked a huge number of works on the Roman Catholic controversy, most of which were published by Mr. Murray. Mr. Charles Butler followed with his 'Book on the Roman Catholic Church.' And the Rev. Joseph Blanco White's 'Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism,' with occasional strictures on Mr. Butler's 'Book on the Roman Catholic Church.' Another answer to Mr. Butler came from Dr. George Townsend, in his 'Accusations of History against the Church of Rome.' Then followed the Divines, of whom there were many : the Rev. Dr. Henry Phillpotts (then of Stanhope Rectory, Durham, but afterwards Bishop of Exeter), in his 'Letter to Charles Butler on the Theological Parts of his Book on the Roman Catholic Church ;' the Rev. G. S. Faber's 'Difficulties of Romanism ;' and many others.

Southey, when sending the first part of his MS. of 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ,' for publication — comprising his 'Essays on the Romish Religion,' and vindicating his 'Book of the Church' — wrote to Mr. Murray :— "Mr. Butler will not complain of any want of courtesy—

though it is really like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to be engaged in combating such flimsy sophistries, and in exposing calumnies and misstatements which have been again and again confuted and held up to scorn." Mr. Butler, however, thought differently. He wrote to Mr. Murray: — "I shall not answer any of my answerers, unless Southey should add himself to their number; and, as he has so long delayed his answer, I shall think twice before I answer him." But when Southey's '*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*' finally appeared, Mr. Butler answered his objections in a letter addressed to the Right Rev. C. J. Blomfield, then Bishop of Chester; and, afterwards, in his '*Vindication of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church*.'

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

March 5th, 1825.

"I look upon myself as grand author of all the works which the '*Book of the Church*' has produced. The wind which I have raised has been no ill one for you. . . . It is not often that you have published so prolific a book as the '*Book of the Church*,' which is father to Mr. Butler's volume, grandfather to all the rejoinders to it, great grandfather to the second volume; and the family tree is growing still."

Mr. Butler subsequently published, through Mr. Murray, his '*Life of Erasmus*,' and his '*Reminiscences*,' a most interesting work. The way in which he accomplished so much was by never wasting a moment of time; and also, as he himself said to Murray, "in directing his attention to one literary subject at a time; to read the last work upon the subject, consulting others as little as possible; when the subjects were contentious, to read the best book on each side; to find out men of information, and when in their society, to listen, not to talk." The way of Southey was different. He read and studied many sub-

jects at a time. While he was busy with his controversy with Butler, he was also occupied with his 'History of the Late War in Spain and Portugal,' writing his 'Sir Thomas More,' or his 'Colloquies on the Prospects and Progress of Society,' finishing his poem of the 'Tale of Paraguay,' and writing articles on a variety of subjects for the *Quarterly*. When explaining to Murray that the reason for his want of copy was that he was proceeding with his poem, he added :—

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

"There may be some imprudence in my undertaking so many things at once ; but there is this advantage, that I never pursue any subject with a flagging mind. If I do not see readily how to combine the materials advantageously, I lay the narrative aside, and take up something else ; then to return to it in some happier mood ; and thus it is that there is a life and freshness in my narrative. Nothing is done hastily, or crudely ; nothing is constrained."

Southey's second volume of the 'History of the Peninsular War' appeared in April, 1826. His first volume was much objected to. Mr. Carrick Moore refers to his "base persecution of the memory of Sir John Moore," adding that the Duke of Wellington had spoken most warmly and liberally to Colonel Napier (who was also writing an account of the Peninsular War) on the subject of these calumnies against Moore. Southey said of Napier, "his history will be the standard *un-literary* history of his campaigns—mine the philosophical, moral, and popular one, of the Peninsular War." Southey was greatly deceived. His history is now comparatively unknown, while Napier's is not only the standard military authority, but by far the best literary work on the subject.

Mr. Murray continued to publish many important works on voyages and travels. As he had published the first and

second, so he published the third voyage of Captain Parry to the Polar Regions. These works excited great interest at the time of their appearance.

Captain Parry, R.N., to John Murray.

“It is very gratifying to my feelings, to be assured that my task is so well spoken of by those whose judgment is the most to be valued on such subjects. Too much is, in these book-making days, expected of naval officers in this respect; for they are accustomed to *act* more than to *write*—but both are expected from us now.”

While voyages to the Arctic Regions, amidst ice and flocs, were read with interest, travels under the burning sun of Africa, were equally popular. The ‘Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa,’ by Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, were brought out in a magnificent volume, splendidly illustrated. Major Denham looked closely after his personal interests, and required £1500 for the copyright of his work. Mr. Murray said, in answer to his proposal, “This is more than ever was given for any volume of voyages or travels, and it is not in my character to be illiberal in my proposals when I see my way. Unwilling, however, not to show a disposition to do something when you have been so complimentary, I will venture to offer you £1200 for the copyright of your travels, drawings,” &c. Major Denham accepted the offer, “with the exception of the French edition,” but as Mr. Murray was at the expense of the illustrations, and subsequently paid the author £200 for a second edition, the sum paid for the work actually exceeded the amount originally demanded. Captain Hugh Clapperton afterwards published through Mr. Murray, his ‘Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa.’

Mr. Murray was proud of his voyagers and travellers.

He had their portraits painted by Jackson, and added to the Murray gallery in Albemarle Street. "I took the liberty," wrote Parry to Murray, "of taking my friend Mr. Stanley, the brother of Sir John, to see your Polar and other portraits in your dining-room the other day. He is quite an enthusiast in enterprise, and was much gratified by your collection."

While most authors are ready to take "cash down" for their manuscripts, there are others who desire to be remunerated in proportion to the sale of their works. This is especially the case with works of history or biography, which are likely to have a permanent circulation. Hence, when the judicious Mr. Hallam—who had sold the first three editions of 'Europe during the Middle Ages' to Mr. Murray for £1400—had completed his 'Constitutional History of England,' he wrote to Mr. Murray as follows:—

Mr. Hallam to John Murray.

Wimpole Street, June 13th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

You are well acquainted with the nature of a literary undertaking which has occupied my time for several years, and which I am now prepared to submit to the public eye. To describe it however more particularly, it will contain the Constitutional History of England from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II., and will bear this or some equivalent title. I consider it in a great degree as a continuation of the eighth chapter of the 'View of the Middle Ages,' in which the progress of the English government was deduced, to the reign of Henry VII., at which the present work begins.

The length, as far as I am able to judge, will be very nearly the same as that of the former; namely, two volumes in quarto, containing from 1100 to 1200 pages: The octavo editions I rather conceive should be in four volumes, and consequently each rather smaller than those of the corresponding editions of the 'Middle Ages.' I should wish to put the first part of the copy into the

printer's hands about the 15th of September, and, if he can undertake to furnish me with five sheets a week, it will be easily practicable to publish the work in the next season.

I have every reason to be satisfied with your fairness and liberality on the former occasions, when I was comparatively a stranger to the world of letters, and the success of so extensive a work as the 'View of the Middle Ages' was very precarious. But as I have a right to calculate at present on a speedy sale, I think it reasonable to ask a larger proportion of the profits than before, and conceive that a sum equivalent to two-thirds of the net receipts, will be no more than a just price. I should propose on these terms to print 750 copies in quarto, so as to enable the purchasers of the first edition of the 'Middle Ages' to complete their set in the same form, and to proceed as nearly as possible at the same time with an edition in octavo, so that there may be no great interval in the publication.

It does not occur to me that I have omitted anything very important ; but if so it will be easy for us to come to an explanation.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

HENRY HALLAM.

Mr. Murray immediately complied with Mr. Hallam's request, and he agreed to print and publish at his own cost and risk the 'Constitutional History of England,' and pay to the author two-thirds of the net profits (not "receipts" as stated by Mr. Hallam) arising from the sale of the same. And these were the terms on which Mr. Murray published all Mr. Hallam's subsequent works.

Mr. Murray still continued to publish poems. Gabriele Rossetti—a refugee from Italy, but then Professor of the Italian language in King's College, London—published through Mr. Murray his 'Divina Commedia' of Dante, with Analytical Comments. Mr. Murray also published

Mr. T. M. Musgrave's translation of Camoen's 'Lusiad,' and Mr. William Sotheby's translation of Wieland's 'Oberon.' While the fourth volume of Mr. W. Stewart Rose's translation of 'Orlando Furioso,' which has already been mentioned, was at the printers, Mr. Rose wrote to Mr. Murray :

Mr. W. S. Rose to John Murray.

Polygon, Southampton, Jan. 6th, 1826.

"It would require the power of Satan to keep so many devils as you drive, in order ; and I only wonder that you manage them so well. I wish, however, that you would also put a light to the *furioso*-devil who does not justify his name. Why does this devil hang fire? I would be content if he would but keep smouldering."

While Mr. Rose was busy with his translation, the sea broke in upon his Italian villa, Gundimore, situated on a peninsula on the shore of Hampshire, and cost him about £300 to repair the premises and restore the ramparts. He could ill afford this at the time, but he endeavoured to earn the money by his pen.

Mr. W. S. Rose to John Murray.

"I am too proud to beg or borrow : but would willingly work for the money, and with this purpose (on receiving the bad news) sat down to the composition of what, I thought, might be a popular piece of nonsense, and of which I once spoke to you, between jest and earnest. The intended volume is to be a duodecimo or small octavo, much in the manner of some of Southey's animal stories in his 'Omniana,' to be entitled 'Apology : Anecdotes of Monkeys,' or what the bookseller best likes ; always premising that my name is not to appear on the title-page. . . . My monkeys will not be at all in the way of my knights-errant, as I shall take my *ape*-ology and the Furioso, like bread and cheese."

Among the original poems published by Mr. Murray about this time, were Alaric A. Watts' 'Lyrics of the

Heart,' Mrs. Hemans's 'Forest Sanctuary,' and Mr. Milman's 'Anne Boleyn.' It was with considerable difficulty that Mr. Murray could be persuaded to publish the two last-mentioned poems. Mrs. Hemans's Muse had not proved so attractive as formerly, and Mr. Milman's poems had lain upon the bookshelves. The 'Forest Sanctuary' was sent back to the author, to be improved and condensed; and after Mrs. Hemans had made "considerable retrenchment" it was given to the world. Mr. Milman's poem was sent to Mr. Lockhart for perusal in manuscript; and his judgment was as follows:

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"I think Milman's Poem contains about half-a-dozen passages of stately and noble versification, but it is, as a dramatic work, feeble and poor in the extreme. However, the subject is very good, and I daresay the book may be popular for the moment. It is quite clear that he never ought to have been a Poet, for he becomes every day more artificial, and that is a sad symptom at his time of life. He has fine talents, but no genius; and if he would learn to write prose as well as he does write verse, he might make a figure worth speaking of."

"Anne Boleyn" was published, but attained no success. Mr. Milman, however, acted upon Lockhart's hint, and betook himself to prose, in which department he eventually acquired his most lasting reputation.

In 1826 Thomas Hood—wit, poet, and novelist—armed with an introduction from Mr. Barron Field—offered Mr. Murray his book of 'Whims and Oddities,' illustrated by forty woodcuts. Hood had already published, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Reynolds, 'The Odes and Addresses to Great People'; but beyond this he was scarcely known. "You want a light book," said Mr. Field to Murray, "to relieve all your Voyages and Histories;

and I think this will just suit you, and that you will find Mr. Hood a very pleasant acquaintance." But Mr. Murray had more publications on hand at the time than he could well manage, and he consequently declined Mr. Hood's work, which was published elsewhere.

Mr. Wordsworth desiring to republish his Poems, made application with that object to Mr. Murray, who thereupon consulted Lockhart.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

July 9th, 1826.

"In regard to Wordsworth I certainly cannot doubt that it must be creditable to any publisher to publish the works of one who is and must continue to be a classic Poet of England. Your adventure with Crabbe, however, ought to be a lesson of much caution. On the other hand, again, W.'s poems *must* become more popular, else why so many editions in the course of the last few years. There have been *two* of the 'Excursion' alone, and I know that these have not satisfied the public. Everything, I should humbly say, depends on the terms proposed by the great Laker, whose vanity, be it whispered, is nearly as remarkable as his genius."

The following is the letter in which Mr. Wordsworth made this formal proposal to Mr. Murray to publish his collected poems :

Mr. Wordsworth to John Murray.

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,

December 4th, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I have at last determined to go to the Press with my Poems as early as possible. Twelve months ago they were to have been put into the hands of Messrs. Robinson and Hurst, upon the terms of payment of a certain sum, independent of expense on my part; but the failure of that house prevented the thing going forward. Before I

offer the publication to any one but yourself, upon the different principle agreed on between you and me, as you may recollect, viz. : the author to meet two-thirds of the expenses and risk, and to share two-thirds of the profit, I think it proper to renew that proposal to you. If you are not inclined to accept it, I shall infer so from your silence ; if such an arrangement suits you, pray let me *immediately* know ; and all I have to request is, that without loss of time, when I have informed you of the intended quantity of letter-press, you will then let me know what my share of the expense will amount to.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

As Mr. Murray did not answer this letter promptly, Mr. H. Crabb Robinson called upon him to receive his decision, and subsequently wrote :

Mr. H. C. Robinson to John Murray.

Feb. 1827.

"I wrote to Mr. Wordsworth the day after I had the pleasure of seeing you. I am sorry to say that my letter came too late. Mr. Wordsworth interpreted your silence into a rejection of his offer ; and his works will unfortunately lose the benefit of appearing under your auspices. They have been *under* the press some weeks."

About the beginning of 1825, Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, started the idea of publishing works for the million. Their first project was a plan for bringing out an 'Encyclopædia for Youth ;' but this idea was discarded, or at least altered, and eventually developed itself in the publication of 'Constable's Miscellany.' Already before this Murray, entertaining the idea of a cheap and popular series of Voyages and Travels, had actually set in type a pocket edition of Parry's and Franklin's 'Voyages.'

Although these works did not appear until after 'Constable's Miscellany,' Murray had given a specimen copy to Basil Hall, who showed it to Constable. Financial difficulties were now overwhelming the firm, and Mr. Archibald Constable, the head and founder of it, went to London to arrange money matters with the London agents, and, after a long interval of about fifteen years, during which they had no business transactions whatever, Murray and Constable renewed their friendship. In October 1825 Mr. Constable was paying a visit at Wimbledon, when Mr. Murray addressed his host—Mr. Wright, whose name has already occurred in the *Representative* correspondence—as follows :

John Murray to Mr. Wright.

October, 1825.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Although I intend to do myself the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Constable at your house to-morrow immediately after church (for it is our charity sermon at Wimbledon, and I must attend), yet I should be most happy, if it were agreeable to you and to him, to favour us with your company at dinner at, I will say, five to-morrow. Mr. Constable is godfather to my son, who will be at home, and I am anxious to introduce him to Mr. C., who may not be long in town.

Mr. Constable and his friend accordingly dined with Murray, and that the meeting was very pleasant may be inferred from Mr. Constable's letter of a few days later, in which he wrote to Murray, "It made my heart glad to be once more happy together as we were the other evening." The rest of Mr. Constable's letter referred to Hume's Philosophical Writings, which were tendered to Murray, but which he declined to publish.

"I know," said Mr. Constable, "your rejection of the work will be a source of mortification to its proprietor. I cannot, however, offer any advice to you on such an occasion; only, before showing the Book elsewhere, I cannot avoid saying that your accepting it would have obliged more than one friend."

Mr. Constable's visit to London did not stave off the pecuniary difficulties by which he was beset; for little more than a month after the above meeting the crash came. So soon, however, as Constable could arrange matters with his creditors, he pursued his scheme of the 'Miscellany.' The first number appeared on the 6th of January, 1827, about a year after his failure, and consisted of the first part of Capt. Basil Hall's 'Voyage to Loo-Choo,' which had originally been published by Mr. Murray. In July 1826, six months before the first number of Constable's 'Miscellany' was published, Capt. Hall wrote to Mr. Murray as follows:

Captain Hall to John Murray.

July 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

Upon considering the matter over, which you spoke to me of the other day, and more attentively, I do not think, all things considered, that I can without indelicacy write to Edinburgh on the subject of the 'Miscellany,' still less about the other works. You will observe I am almost in total darkness as to the actual state of affairs, and without some plea or other, my writing, I think, would not have that business-like air which you would wish it to have, and without which it would have no effect. It has occurred to me, however, that *you* have a perfectly fair and obvious plea for writing to *me*. 'Loo-Choo' was first published by you, also the second edition; and my friends in the trade in Edinburgh have often heard me say how handsomely you had behaved upon the occasion of that publication, and with what particular courtesy and liberality of spirit you had at once relinquished all claim to the work when it was proposed to incorporate it in another publica-

tion belonging to a rival publisher. All this being the case it does appear to me quite natural that, upon the ruin of that project, you should apply to me on the subject of your former bantling 'Loo-Choo,' now that he has grown, if not in stature, at least in years, and I hope in taste and understanding. If you address me such a letter I shall of course then have some materials to work upon, and I shall, with the greatest pleasure back your wishes with all the weight which your legal possession of the copyright gives me.

Mr. Murray, however, had no wish to interfere with Mr. Constable's project, and now that the Edinburgh publisher was in difficulties, he desired to see him well out of them, believing that the success of the 'Miscellany' would probably revive the fortunes of the firm. He therefore did not write the proposed letter, but desired Capt. Hall to continue his engagement with Constable. In the next letter addressed to Mr. Murray, Capt. Hall wrote :

Captain Hall to John Murray.

August 15th, 1826.

"Mr. Constable proposes to carry on the 'Miscellany' by-and-by, when he is disentangled from the affairs of the sequestrated estate. Possibly, also, he will go on with the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' but at present nothing is certain ; and I regret to add that our worthy friend's health has not been improved by these severe trials of fortune. . . . I saw the Great Unknown several times ; he is altogether unshaken by these catastrophes. The gale has made him close-reef his sails, and send his top-gallant masts on deck ; but his hull is without a leak and his rigging entire. Any ordinary man would have been dismantled and driven on the coast, whereas he keeps the sea like a Nelson."

Mr. Constable, though in failing health, still persevered in his arrangements for the early publication of his 'Miscellany,' and his endeavours to secure new and popular works for the succeeding numbers, are proved by the

following letter addressed to Mr. Murray only a week before the publication of the first number of the 'Miscellany.'

Mr. Constable to John Murray.

December 29th, 1826.

Between old friends like you and myself it would be needless, at least I feel it so, in a communication like the present, to go back on the recent events, in which you know I have had a deep and an unfortunate interest, and of which I little dreamt when we last met. I shall therefore enter at once into the chief business of this letter, which, in the first place, is to tell you that, after many months of very poor health, I am again, though leaving a sick-bed, about to embark in some of the world's cares; but I shall do so with greatly abridged anxieties, I trust, compared to those in which it was my lot to be so long involved. I hope your health, my dear sir, has stood its ground. Without that blessing, there are but few of us who could boast of much happiness in this world of change and uncertainty.

I believe you thought well of my 'Miscellany.' I am just about to enter on a new career, making it for the present my sole and only object. The times, I am aware are wonderfully changed since my undertaking was first announced; and I am looking forward to nothing but moderate doings, and these I think I can say are likely to be realized. I have made considerable changes in the list of publications, as you will see if you have leisure to glance over the copy of it enclosed. I take the liberty of sending you our friend Captain Hall's *Voyages*, which from his uncommon kindness still holds the first place in my undertaking.

I heard some time ago with astonishment (and it is not everything nowadays, that does so) that a proposition had been made to you to purchase your literary property. Ambition and folly often go together; and perhaps in the present instance you will say so of myself, though the scale be a small one. I ask whether, as a great favour, you will grant me the right of printing Southey's 'Life of Nelson' in the 'Miscellany'? In making this proposition, I know I am doing it to a friend of most liberal feelings, and,

whether the favour is granted me or not, you will not take any offence at the question being put, which is done entirely under the impression that in a matter of merchandize, in which only the present application can be treated, there is no offence intended, or likely to be taken.

It is entirely impossible for me to estimate the value of what I am now wishing to treat about. The sale of Mr. Southey's work, taken by itself, could not fail to be great, and the effect upon my publication would be considerable. I shall therefore be prepared to meet you in regard to terms, whatever they may be; on the understanding that it is for the 'Miscellany' alone, and in no other shape that it will be used. This is the only favour of the kind which I have asked for my work, and you will excuse my adding that you are the only individual in the trade from whom I would ask it; or, to say a little more, anything else.

Mr. Murray could not comply with the request of his old friend and correspondent, for this reason, amongst others, that he had for many months been in correspondence with Mr. Charles Knight and the Rev. Edward Edwards as to the publication of a series of volumes, under the title of the 'National Library,' in which it was proposed to include a revised edition of Southey's 'Life of Nelson.' The prospectus had been prepared by Mr. Knight, but the scheme was not proceeded with at that time. Mr. Murray afterwards developed it, and republished 'Nelson's Life' in 'The Family Library.'

Only six months had passed since the issuing of the first number of the 'Miscellany,' when Mr. Constable, then far gone in dropsy, died suddenly, July 21st, 1827.

John Ballantyne, Scott's partner, had died a few years before. Scott wrote in his Diary: "It is written that nothing shall flourish under my shadow: The Ballantynes, Terry, Nelson, Weber, all came to distress. Nature has written on my brow, Your shade shall be broad, but there shall be no protection derived from it to aught you favour." ✓

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEAD—DISRAELI—LOCKHART—WASHINGTON
IRVING—SCOTT, DOWN TO HIS DEATH.

ALLUSION has been made in a previous chapter to the sudden access of speculation which occurred in connection with South America in 1824-5. Amongst other districts to which attention was especially drawn were the Cordilleras of the Andes, which were regarded as the fabled El Dorado, where gold, silver, and diamonds, might be found in immense quantities, without much difficulty or trouble.

Amongst those who were sent out to develop these resources was Captain Francis Head, of the Royal Engineers, who was entrusted with the superintendence of the gold and silver mines at the Rio de la Plata.

Captain Head, accompanied by a surveyor, an assayer, and seven miners from Cornwall, set out for Buenos Ayres in 1825, to undertake this duty. The party proceeded to the gold mines of San Luis, and thence to the silver mines of Uspallata, about 1000 miles from Buenos Ayres. Leaving them there, Head returned on horseback across the Pampas, performing the distance in eight days. The letters he then received rendered it necessary that he should go immediately to Chili, and he again crossed the Pampas, catching and lassoing wild horses wherever he could to pursue his journey. He afterwards joined his party, and with them he crossed the Andes to Santiago, and proceeded with them in different directions for about

1200 miles to inspect gold and silver mines. On completing his inspection, Captain Head again crossed the Pampas to Buenos Ayres; having ridden during his journeys more than 6000 miles; sleeping at night on the ground, and living mainly on dried beef and water. He rode at the rate of about a hundred and twenty miles a day.

As a conscientious agent of those by whom he was sent out he was compelled to render an unfavourable report of the mines, but having performed this duty he took pen in hand, and dashed off, almost at a heat, a narrative of his Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes. After finishing it, he handed the MS. to Mr. Murray, who sent him a draft for a hundred guineas. It was far more than Captain Head had expected; and, in answering Murray's communication, he said, "I consider your note a very gratifying instance of your honourable and liberal character."

It was his first book, and, rapid though the narrative was, it was perhaps his best. It had all the interest of a novel, and was read with great avidity. Southey, in reviewing it, said, "His are mere sketches, it is true, but the outline is so well and clearly defined as to produce all the effect of a finished picture."

Shortly after the appearance of this book, Captain Head published his reports relating to the failure of the Rio Plata Mining Association. A meeting of the company was held to consider the report, after which Captain Head wrote to Mr. Murray:—

Captain Head to John Murray.

"You will have seen in the *Times* the account of the Rio Plata meeting. A committee of shareholders is to determine what measures are now to be taken, as if there was anything now to be done but to bury the bones of the

Hobby, and to forget that he ever possessed such flesh and blood. One of the persons named for the committee was the individual who had been paid by the Directors for prosecuting me. However, it is only proper and consistent that the Speculation should end as it began—in Humbug.”

From this time, Captain Head continued to be one of Mr. Murray's greatest friends and admirers, as we shall afterwards find from his letters. He wrote articles for the *Quarterly*, and all his best works, including the famous ‘Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau,’ were published in Albemarle Street.

We have already alluded to Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's connection with the firm of Messrs. Powles, the City brokers, one member of which had signed the agreement for a fourth share in the *Representative*, but had not come forward to bear his share of the losses. Mr. Powles was only too glad to avail himself of Disraeli's literary skill to recommend his mining speculations to the public. In March 1825, Mr. Murray published, on commission, ‘American Mining Companies,’ and the same year ‘Present State of Mexico,’ and ‘Lawyers and Legislators,’ all of them written by, or under the superintendence of, Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Powles, however, again proved faithless, and although the money for the printing had been due for some time, he paid nothing ; and at length Mr. Disraeli addressed Mr. Murray in the following letter :—

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli to John Murray.

6 Bloomsbury Square, March 19th, 1827.

SIR,

I beg to enclose you the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, which I believe to be the amount due to you for certain pamphlets published respecting the American Mining Companies, as stated in accounts sent in some time

since. I have never been able to obtain a settlement of these accounts from the parties originally responsible, and it has hitherto been quite out of my power to exempt myself from the liability, which, I have ever been conscious, on their incompetency, resulted from the peculiar circumstances of the case to myself. In now enclosing you what I consider to be the amount, I beg also to state that I have fixed upon it from memory, having been unsuccessful in my endeavours to obtain even a return of the accounts from the original parties, and being unwilling to trouble you again for a second set of accounts, which had been so long and so improperly kept unsettled. In the event, therefore, of there being any mistake, I will be obliged by your clerk instantly informing me of it, and it will be as instantly rectified ; and I will also thank you to enclose me a receipt, in order to substantiate my claims and enforce my demands against the parties originally responsible. I have to express my sense of your courtesy in this business, and

I am, sir, yours truly,

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Mr. Murray had been so successful in publishing the early works of Washington Irving, that he was disposed to comply with a proposal to undertake a new book from the same hand. This was, however, of a very different character from those heretofore published, which had merely been descriptions. Irving's proposed new work was 'The Life and Voyages of Columbus.' In November 1823, Irving wrote to Murray from Paris, saying that he had been rambling about Germany for upwards of a year, and that having settled down in Paris, he was now ready for some kind of literary work. He proposed to write 'The Arabian Tales,' but the tales were never written, and his mind took another direction. Irving's literary work up to this time had consisted chiefly of a series of short, lively, and eloquent essays and sketches, but in the following year he wrote to Murray from Madrid :—

Mr. W. Irving to John Murray.

December 21st, 1826.

"I have a work nearly ready for the press, 'The Life and Voyages of Columbus.' It will make a couple of volumes quarto; and I will either sell the copyright, or you may print an edition, and we will share the profits."

It was long, however, before Irving could complete the work; chiefly, he said, because of not being able to consult the MS. history of 'Las Casas'; but that having at length obtained access to it, he had introduced many alterations and additions.

Washington Irving was at the same time proceeding with the 'Conquest of Granada,' and as he was travelling about Spain, from one place to another, and enjoying the natural beauties and historic associations of the country, it was long before he could complete either work. In August 1827, however, he was able to send the main body of his MSS. of 'Columbus' to his friend Colonel Aspinwall, the American Consul in London, who thenceforward became Irving's agent for the sale of his copyrights. Newton, the artist, described him as a "sharp bargainer," as he no doubt proved to be. What Murray's first proposal was, we do not know; but from a letter of Lockhart to him (December 1827), we find that "Mr. Leslie, the artist, offered W. Irving's 'Columbus' to Colburn for £1500; and that he thought it right to inform him of this proposal."

Mr. Southey, whose opinion of the merits of the work had been asked, expressed it as follows:—

Mr. R. Southey to John Murray.

September 8th, 1827.

"I return the MS. of Columbus' Life by this day's coach. It appears to me to have been compiled with great

industry and to be well conceived, presenting a most remarkable portion of history in a popular form, and therefore likely to succeed; not for the ability displayed in it, but because the book is interesting and useful. There is neither much power of mind nor much knowledge indicated in it, but a great deal of diligence employed upon the subject which the author has undertaken.

While the negotiations were in progress, Mr. Murray's friend, Sharon Turner, sent him the following word of caution as to Irving's 'Columbus':—

Mr. Sharon Turner to Mr. Murray.

December 1827.

DEAR MURRAY,

"Will you pardon a well-meant line? Have you finally concluded about the 'Columbus'? If not, will you excuse me if, from the extract I see in the *Literary Gazette*, I am induced to ask, What has it of that superb degree as to make it fully safe for you to give the price you intend for it? I see no novelty of fact, and, though much ability, yet not that overwhelming talent which will give a very great circulation to so trite a subject. I merely take the liberty of suggesting a caution, which I do with great diffidence; for I know you have such an admirable tact of judgment about works and their probable success, that there is no one on whose prospective opinion I should rely more confidently than on yours. Yet the sum compared with the subject, and with the small part that I have seen of the execution makes me send you these hints, as a mere question for your consideration. . . . Could you make part of the price depend upon the editions or the number sold?"

The result proved that Turner was right, and that Murray, who agreed with Colonel Aspinwall to give 3000 guineas for the work, was wrong. The 'Voyages of Columbus' were published in February 1828, in four large octavo volumes.

Having thus concluded a very satisfactory arrangement as to the 'Voyages of Columbus,' Washington Irving next:

proceeded with the 'Conquest of Granada,' and, at the same time, with the 'Voyages of the Companions of Columbus.' When the former work was finished, he sent the MS. to Colonel Aspinwall to bargain with the London publishers. When he thought Murray did not offer enough, he went to Bentley or Colburn and tried to get more. Murray, not liking to see the works of his famous author go into the hands of other publishers, offered a large sum for the 'Conquest of Granada'—not less than 2000 guineas, although it, as well as the 'Columbus,' had been published in America before they appeared in England, and were therefore devoid of all legal protection.

Murray consulted Lockhart as to these works and received the following reply:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"I have read this MS. with my best attention, and would fain read the sequel ere I gave a decided opinion. My impression is that, with much elegance, there is mixed a good deal of affectation—I must add, of feebleness. He is not the man to paint tumultuous war, in the lifetime of Scott, when Byron is fresh. Southey's 'Cid' is worth ten of this in every way. How did that succeed? Surely the Laureate's name is at least equal to Irving's, and what name equal to the 'Cid's' can be found in the 'Wars of Granada?' This, however, will be the only complete intelligible history of the downfall of the last Moorish power in Europe; and therefore a valuable, and, I doubt not, a standard work. I don't as yet see that, for all this it can be worth 2000 guineas."

Croker did not admire Irving so much as Lockhart. He wrote to Murray:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

January 18th, 1825.

Thank you, for the third time, for the prints, which, however well done, lose half their merit with me; for I

never could read the 'Sketch Book,' nor, what d'ye call it? 'Knickerbocker.' Mr. Irving has a charming English style, formed by a careful and affectionate study of Addison, perhaps a little too much sweetened; and so polished that, although the surface is proportionably bright, it is nothing but surface. I can no more go on all day with one of his books than I could go on all day sucking a sugar-plum. The 'American Dutchmen' I do not understand at all; an historical account of such people might be entertaining, but, without any means of distinguishing how much is fiction and how much truth, these stories puzzle and tire me. How should you like to see Jan Steen's figures introduced in Daniell's Judean landscapes? "Si vrai, ce n'est pas toujours vraisemblable." I am so ignorant as not to know how much is *vrai*, and so stupid as to think none of it *vraisemblable*.

Yours,

J. W. CROKER.

The writings of Irving had begun to pall upon the public taste, and neither of the works—'Columbus' or 'The Conquest'—proved successful, although they were well reviewed. Murray communicated the facts to the author, then at Granada:—

Mr. Irving to John Murray.

May 9th, 1829.

"I have been annoyed by your forebodings of ill success to this work ('Conquest of Granada'). When you have the spirit to give a large price for a work, why have you not the spirit to go manfully through with it, until the public voice determines its fate. These croakings get to my ears, and dishearten and interrupt me for a time with other things which I may have in hand. Remember, you doubted the success and declined the publication of the 'Sketch Book,' when I offered you the materials for the first volume, which had been already published in America, and it was only after it had been published in London by another bookseller, and had been well received, that you ventured to take it in hand. Remember too, that you lost

heart about the success of 'Columbus,' and dropt a th[ousand] copies of the first edition after you had printed the first volume, and yet you see it continues to do well. I trust that you will be equally disappointed in your prognostications about the success of the 'Conquest of Granada,' and that it will not prove disadvantageous either to your purse or my reputation. At any rate, I should like hereafter to make our arrangements in such manner that you may be relieved from these apprehensions of loss in the publication of a work of mine."

So great, however, was Murray's personal regard for Washington Irving, and so high was his opinion of the merits of his writings, that he continued to purchase and publish his works though it involved him in considerable loss. On the other hand, Irving was not easily persuaded that the market value of his wares had in any measure decreased, and was by no means inclined to abate his demands. In answer to Irving's inquiry from Birmingham, where he was then living with his brother-in-law, Henry Ward, Murray wrote:—

John Murray to Mr. Irving.

October 25th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

My reply was, "Yes, I'll write to you;" and the cause of my not having done so earlier, is one for which I am sure you will make allowances. You told me, upon our former negotiations, and you repeated it recently, that you would not suffer me to be a loser by any of your Works; and the state of matters in this respect I am exceedingly unwilling, because it is contrary to my nature, to submit to you; and in doing so at length, you will, I am sure, do me the justice to believe that I have no other expectations than those which are founded upon your own good feelings. The publication of 'Columbus' cost me, paper, printing, advertising, and author, £5700; and it has produced but £4700. 'Granada' cost £3073, and its sale has produced but £1830; making my gross loss £2250. I have thought

it better to communicate with yourself direct than through the medium of Mr. Aspinwall. Let me have time to read the two new MSS., and then we shall not differ, I think, about terms.

I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

The work on which Washington Irving was then engaged consisted of the 'Tales of the Alhambra.' In a letter to his nephew (Feb. 6th, 1832), he wrote:—

"I have as yet made no bargain with any bookseller here, nor shall I until my manuscript is altogether complete. Indeed, the book trade is in such a deplorable state that I hardly know where to turn to; some are disabled, and all disheartened. There is scarce any demand for new works, such is the distraction of the public mind with reform, cholera, and Continental revolutions."

Irving was more successful in selling his books to the publishers than the publishers were in selling them to the public. He once said:—

"Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that I was ever led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow eats often a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labour of his brains."

Irving continued to inveigh against literature as a profession, and still to write for several years, always endeavouring to obtain as high a price as possible for his works. Some of them were published by Bentley, and one or two—including the 'Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead,' which was accepted on the strong recommendation of Mr. Lockhart—by Mr. Murray.

For many years no attempt was made to bring out

pirated editions of these works in England, till at length, in 1843, Mr. Bohn announced a complete edition of the works of Washington Irving, when it became necessary to proceed by action at law, and endeavour to protect the property in these supposed copyrights. The result is found in the following clear and explicit letter of Mr. John Murray, who succeeded his father in 1843:—

John Murray, junior, to Mr. Irving.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having troubled you so often, and I fear seriously, on the subject of my lawsuit with Bohn, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I now write to tell you that it is at an end. Mr. Bohn has offered me terms which are satisfactory to me and not humiliating to him. He has destroyed for me all value in your works, and I make over to him the copyrights. I regret to part with them, but it seemed to me the only way to get out of the squabble, which was becoming very serious, *my* law expenses alone having run up to £850. One good, at least, has been elicited out of this contest—it has settled the right of foreigners to hold copyright in this country; for I am assured by my counsel, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, one of the soundest heads at our bar, that the recent decision of our judges on that head is not likely to be reversed by the House of Lords, or any other tribunal. Sir Fitzroy Kelly has studied the subject minutely, and made an admirable speech in the Queen's Bench, on my side. I hope, therefore, that the 'Life of Washington,' and other works to come from your pen, may yet bring advantage to their author from this country; but *priority of publication in England* is an indispensable condition, and must in all cases be guaranteed and carefully attested at the time of appearance. No one can desire more than I do an international copyright arrangement with the Americans. In my desire, I am not surpassed by Mr. Bohn, nor Sir E. L. Bulwer; but I differ from them in the strong conviction which I feel, that it is not by pirating the American books that the object is to be attained.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN MURRAY.

Lockhart was by this time fully installed as editor of the *Quarterly*. While new to his position, he was always desirous of having the opinions of others as to his work. "You should tell me," he wrote to Murray, on "all occasions what you feel and what you hear about the *Review*. It is only so that I can hope to be guided with advantage; for people will speak to you more candidly than to me."

Mr. J. T. Coleridge, the late editor, had offered to review Hallam's 'Constitutional History of England,' but the work was handed over to Robert Southey; and on the *Quarterly* reaching Mr. Hallam at Rome, he sent an angry message to Mr. Murray, protesting against the pique of Southey, and the hostility of the editor in admitting such a review; and intimating that his transactions with the publisher must come to an end. His impression was that the publisher was influenced by his deference to Tory opinions.

To this remonstrance Mr. Murray sent the following reply:—

John Murray to Mr. Hallam.

June 27th, 1828

"If I were so foolish as to admit of such influence in the regulation of my business, its operation must inevitably be in the *selection* of what I should publish, and not in disparaging of what I had incurred both risk and expense in printing. No! I feel it a duty to publish, with equal integrity, for Croker and Leigh Hunt, Scott and Moore, Southey and Butler, Hobhouse and Gifford, Napier and Strangford. I have received many personal civilities, and I own obligations to the Whigs, but the Tories! I paid to the utmost their under-secretaries of state, secretaries of state, bishops, and even two prime ministers, for advocating their own cause. They took my money, but never did they confer the slightest favour in return either upon Gifford or myself. So much for my Tory relations; and, with regard to the article upon your 'History' in the

Quarterly, I trust that you have been convinced of the absolute injustice of allowing it to make the smallest difference in those personal relations with myself, by which I have been so long gratified and honoured."

Mr. Murray continued that, if Mr. Southey's article had been rejected, it would have been published elsewhere, and perhaps in a more objectionable form.

"To have such statements published would have ruined my character by insinuating that I would not suffer any works published by myself to be fairly reviewed. You cannot think me fool enough to allow any party feeling to risk such a charge. I do not mean to offer the slightest apology for the appearance of the article, because I am conscious that I have nothing personally to do with it; but, as I feel an interest in anything that concerns you, so I express my regret at any annoyance which may have been associated with my name."

Mr. Hallam did not, however, allow his resentment to endure long, and this incident made no difference whatever in his friendship with Mr. Murray. Their next correspondence, after many interviews, was with respect to the appearance of the 'History of Literature,' which was published by Mr. Murray on the same terms as its predecessors.

Mr. Thomas Mitchell being, about this time, on a visit to Southey in the Lake country, communicated to Murray that Southey "complained of Lockhart's personal neglect of him." And yet Lockhart had one, if not two, papers in each number of the *Quarterly* by Southey, who received £100 for each of them, and this was the Laureate's principal source of income.

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

August 13th, 1827.

"I was not aware that I had overdrawn my account; you have acted generously by me, and I have met with so

little of such treatment in my dealings with the world, that I am the more gratified by having now, for once, to acknowledge it."

Lockhart, like Gifford before him, had to act as a sort of buffer between Murray's kindness to his contributors and the articles which they thought should appear in the *Review*. Yet Lockhart was constantly praising Southey in his communications with Murray.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"I hope all is right about Southey. We cannot afford to lose him. For the actual bustle of passing politics his is not the hand ; but he is continually upholding that grave character and Christian philanthropy which lends effect to the sharper diatribes of mere worldly intellects. If you write to him again on the length of articles, please say our object is only to restore the *Q. R.* to its own original plan and arrangement. Down to these four or five years past twelve articles were usual in a number. But perhaps he is not the one to be further cut down. I have read Mr. Dodd's 'Trial of Charles.' It is not only well, but splendidly done." *

Lockhart had often occasion to be at Abbotsford to see Sir Walter Scott, who was then carrying on, single-handed, that terrible struggle with adversity, which has never been equalled in the annals of literature. His son-in-law went down in February 1827 to see him about further articles, but wrote to Murray : " I fear we must not now expect Sir W. S.'s assistance ere 'Napoleon' be out of hand." In the following month of June Lockhart wrote from Portobello : " Sir W. Scott has got 'Napoleon' out of his hands, and I have made arrangements for three or four articles ; and

* The article appeared in No. 72, for October 1827, and was subsequently enlarged and reprinted as a volume of the Family Library. Mr. Dodd, a barrister, was the author of 'Our Autumn on the Rhine.'

I think we may count for a paper of his every quarter." Articles accordingly appeared from Sir Walter Scott on diverse subjects, one in No. 71, June 1827, on the 'Works of John Home'; another in No. 72, October 1827, on 'Planting Waste Lands'; a third in No. 74, March 1828, on 'Plantation and Landscape Gardening'; and a fourth in No. 76, October 1828, on Sir H. Davy's 'Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing.' The last article was cordial and generous, like everything proceeding from Sir Walter's pen. Lady Davy was greatly pleased with it. "It must always be a proud and gratifying distinction," she said, "to have the name of Sir Walter Scott associated with that of my husband in the review of 'Salmonia.' I am sure Sir Humphry will like his bairn the better for the public opinion given of it by one whose immortality renders praise as durable as it seems truly felt."

With respect to 'Salmonia' the following anecdote may be mentioned, as related to Mr. Murray by Dr. Gooch, a valued contributor to the *Quarterly*.

"At page 6 of *Salmonia*," said Dr. Gooch, "it is stated that 'Nelson was a good fly-fisher, and continued the pursuit even with his left hand.' I can add that one of his reasons for regretting the loss of his right arm was that it deprived him of the power of pursuing this amusement efficiently, as is shown by the following incident, which is, I think, worth preserving in that part of his history which relates to his talents as a fly-fisher. I was at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived in the Roads and landed on the Jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but making his way through the crowd, and the dust and the clamour, he went straight to the Hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors. He stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to

say. At length he stopped opposite a bed in which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them. *Nelson*: 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' *Sailor*: 'Lost my right arm, your Honour?' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and then said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; but cheer up, my brave fellow.' He then passed quickly on to the next bed, but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. This was the only occasion on which I ever saw Lord Nelson."

In June 1827 Charles Lyell was engaged in writing for the *Quarterly* an article on Scrope's 'Extinct Volcanoes of France.' He was at that time thinking of beginning a work on geology, and he was under the opinion that writing articles for the *Review* helped to prepare his mind for the work without exhausting his materials. He had already written two articles for the *Quarterly*—one on the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' and the other on the 'State of the Universities.' Some competent judges thought that in the latter article he had gone too far; but Professor Henslow undeceived him. The Professor said to him one day:

"I have been to Paris, so I have not yet seen your article; but the Professor of Chemistry writes to me from Cambridge that a requisition is signing for the medical students to be required hereafter to attend the lectures on chemistry and botany; I suppose, if it succeeds, we may thank the *Quarterly*. Now the last drop makes the cup overflow, and if the seed vegetates so soon the soil must have been prepared."

Captain Francis B. Head was also enrolled as a regular contributor to the *Quarterly*. In No. 71, June 1827, he

wrote his first article on 'Cornish Mining in America,' which was so much admired that Mr. Murray requested him to write again on South America. In answer to this proposal Captain Head replied :

Captain Head to John Murray.

"I can fairly assure you that I cannot conceive how anything I can write can possibly be worth the sum you have given me, because writing is not my trade, and never has been my habit ; and it is from this feeling that I propose to make a bargain with you, for I feel that, if I was only to receive what the thing is worth, it would be—NOTHING."

The article which Murray had requested from Head was written from the notes which he had made on separate scraps of paper ; but it was so utterly opposed to the view expressed by Southey in the *Quarterly*—in fact, it was an answer to his review—that it could not be accepted. Lockhart wrote to Head : "I don't know how long Statesmen are expected to be constant, but Reviewers must make a fashion of being so for three or four months together at least." Captain Head was annoyed at the rejection of his article, and on his proposing to issue it as an answer to Southey, Mr. Murray agreed to publish it as a pamphlet in the following year.

In January 1828, the Duke of Wellington was called upon to form his first Ministry, and the editor of the *Quarterly* soon found, as others have in similar circumstances, that the task of defence is more arduous than that of the attack. The question of Catholic Emancipation was pressing for legislation, and the first hints of Parliamentary Reform were making themselves heard. Lockhart and Milman were becoming alarmed at the state of affairs.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"The fact is, we all feel that the accession of the Tories, which gives light and life to so many concerns, is a damper on the poor *Review*. Milman apprehends that Croker, in the business of eulogy and defence, will be more an incumbrance than a help; and he, like me, is excessively anxious to see new hands and young blood. Alas! we are all getting old, and it is so difficult to whip up stirring interest about any subject in jaded bosoms."

Milman was desirous that the *Review* should be more independent. With respect to his article on 'Church Patronage and Clerical Jobs,' he wrote:

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

"Why must every appearance of independent opinion be carefully excluded and the air of an apology given to the whole article? Why should the *Quarterly Review* not caution the Bishops against immoderate jobs, of which they are too often guilty, and then securing all the patronage to their own families? The system of alteration thus adopted compromises not only the independence but the utility of the *Review*; it ought to feel and assert its own authority on the public mind."

The *Quarterly* had as yet taken no special position on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, and Lockhart was much exercised in his mind as to how it should be dealt with. In order to be properly guided he wrote the following letter to Murray:

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

I found that the *Quarterly Review* had all along kept neutral on the Catholic question, and have considered it due to *your* interests not to be in a hurry to propose any change as to this matter. My own feeling, however, is, and always has been, that the Question *will* be carried in our time; and my only difficulty as to advising you results from the sense I entertain of the extreme delicacy of

thought and language that would be requisite for handling the subject with manliness, and yet without needlessly alarming and outraging a great body who have hitherto, for aught I can see, been the best and steadiest friends of the *Review*. May I beg you to say to Mr. Barrow that in this case, as in all others, it is but fair I should see the MS. ere I decide on rejecting or accepting it. The mind of the public, I mean the respectable public, is in that state on this question that everything, or nearly everything, must depend, with me, upon the tone and manner of execution.

Yours truly,

J. G. L.

In the meantime Mr. Lockhart went down to Brighton in the summer of 1828, accompanied by Sir Walter Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Lockhart and her son John—the Littlejohn to whom Scott's charming 'Tales of a Grandfather,' which were at that time in course of publication, had been addressed. It was on the boy's account the party went to Brighton; he was very ill and gradually sinking.

While at Brighton, Lockhart had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, and wrote to Murray on the subject.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

May 18th, 1828.

"I have a message from the D. of W. to say that he, on the whole, highly approves the paper on foreign politics, but has some criticisms to offer on particular points, and will send for me some day soon to hear them. I have of course signified my readiness to attend him any time he is pleased to appoint, and expect it will be next week."

That the Duke maintained his interest in the *Quarterly* is shown by a subsequent extract:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Auchenraith, January 19th, 1829.

"Sir Walter met me here yesterday, and he considered the Duke's epistle as an effort of the deepest moment to

the *Quarterly* and all concerned. He is sure no minister ever gave a more distinguished proof of his feeling than by this readiness to second the efforts of a literary organ. Therefore, no matter about a week sooner or later, let us do the thing justice."

Before his departure for Brighton, Mr. Lockhart had been commissioned by Murray to offer Sir Walter Scott £1250 for the copyright of his 'History of Scotland,' a transaction concerning which some informal communications had already passed :

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

Sir W. Scott has already agreed to furnish Dr. Lardner's 'Cyclopædia' with one vol.—'History of Scotland'—for £1000, and he is now at this work. This is grievous, but you must not blame me, for he has acted in the full knowledge of my connection with and anxiety about the Family Library. I answered him, expressing my great regret and reminding him of Peterborough. I suppose, as I never mentioned, nor well could, *money*, that Dr. Lardner's matter appeared more a piece of business. Perhaps you may think of something to be done. It is a great loss to us and gain to them.

Yours truly,

J. G. L.

After the failure of Ballantyne and Constable, Cadell, who had in former years been a partner in Constable's house, became Scott's publisher, and at the close of 1827 the principal copyrights of Scott's works, including the novels from 'Waverley' to 'Quentin Durward,' and most of the poems, were put up to auction, and purchased by Cadell and Scott jointly for £8500. At this time the 'Tales of a Grandfather' were appearing by instalments, and Murray wrote to the author, begging to be allowed to become the London publisher of this work. Scott replied :

Sir W. Scott to John Murray.

6, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh,

November 25th, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was favoured with your note some time since, but could not answer it at the moment till I knew whether I was like to publish at Edinburgh or not. The motives for doing so are very strong, for I need not tell you that in literary affairs a frequent and ready communication with the bookseller is a very necessary thing.

As we have settled, with advice of those who have given me their assistance in extricating my affairs, to publish in Edinburgh, I do not feel myself at liberty to dictate to Cadell any particular selection of a London publisher. If I did so, I should be certainly involved in any discussions or differences which might occur between my London and Edinburgh friends, which would be adding an additional degree of perplexity to my affairs.

I feel and know the value of your name as a publisher, but if we should at any time have the pleasure of being connected with you in that way, it must be when it is entirely on your own account. The little history designed for Johnnie Lockhart was long since promised to Cadell.

I do not, in my conscience, think that I deprive you of anything of consequence in not being at present connected with you in literary business. My reputation with the world is something like a high-pressure engine, which does very well while all lasts stout and tight, but is subject to sudden explosion, and I would rather that another than an old friend stood the risk of suffering by the splinters.

I feel all the delicacy of the time and mode of your application, and you cannot doubt I would greatly prefer you personally to men of whom I know nothing. But they are not of my choosing, nor are they in any way responsible to me. I transact with the Edinburgh bookseller alone, and as I must neglect no becoming mode of securing myself, my terms are harder than I think you, in possession of so well established a trade, would like to enter upon. though they may suit one who gives up his time to them as almost his sole object of expense and attention.

I hope this necessary arrangement will make no difference betwixt us, being, with regard,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

On his return to London, Lockhart proceeded to take a house, No. 24, Sussex Place, Regent's Park ; for he had been heretofore living in the furnished apartments provided for him in Pall Mall. Mr. Murray again wrote to him on the subject :

John Murray to Mr. Lockhart.

July 31st, 1828.

As you are about taking or retaking a house, I think it right to inform you now that the editor's dividend on the *Quarterly Review* will be in future £325 on the publication of each number ; and I think it very hard if you do not get £200 or £300 more for your own contributions.

Most truly yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

At the beginning of the following year Lockhart went down to Abbotsford, where he found his father-in-law working as hard as ever.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

January 4th, 1829.

"I have found Sir Walter Scott in grand health and spirits, and have had much conversation with him on his hill-side about all our concerns. I shall keep a world of his hints and suggestions till we meet ; but meanwhile he has agreed to write *almost immediately* a one volume biography of the great Earl of Peterborough, and I think you will agree with me in considering the choice of this, perhaps the last of our romantic heroes, as in all respects happy. . . . He will also write *now* an article on some recent works of Scotch History (Tytler's, &c.) giving, he promises, a

complete and gay summary of all that controversy; and next No. a general review of the Scots ballads, whereof some twenty volumes have been published within these ten years, and many not published but only printed by the Bannatyne club of Edinburgh, and another club of the same order at Glasgow. . . . I am coaxing him to make a selection from Crabbe, with a preface, and think he will be persuaded."

January 8th, 1829.

"Sir Walter Scott suggests overhauling Caulfield's portraits of remarkable characters (3 vols., 1816), and having roughish woodcuts taken from that book and from others, and the biographies newly done, whenever they are not in the words of the old original writers. He says the march of intellect will never put women with beards and men with horns out of fashion—Old Parr, Jenkins, Venner, Muggleton, and Mother Souse, are immortal, all in their several ways. I am getting on with 'Napoleon,'* and shall have a good store of MS. for the printer when I return, which will be very soon."

Lockhart proceeded to Edinburgh to have an interview, on behalf of Murray, with Professor Wilson with a view to securing the Professor's help in the publication by Murray of the 'Naval History of Britain.' Lockhart reported that Wilson was willing to do the work at the rate of £1000 for the four volumes. His proposal was agreed to; but, so far as we can understand, the work, if begun, was never printed or published.

By 1829 Scott and Cadell had been enabled to obtain possession of all the principal copyrights, with the exception of two one-fourth shares of 'Marmion,' held by Murray and Longman respectively. Sir Walter Scott applied to Murray through Lockhart, respecting this fourth share. The following was Murray's reply to Sir Walter Scott:—

* The 'Life of Napoleon,' by Lockhart, formed the first volumes of Murray's 'Family Library.' See p. 296.

John Murray to Sir Walter Scott.

June 8th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Lockhart has at this moment communicated to me your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of 'Marmion.' I have already been applied to by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honour of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it. But there is a consideration of another kind, which, until now, I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean, the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request. This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion, you will, I trust, do me the favour to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear sir,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

P.S.—It will be proper for your man of business to prepare a regular deed to carry this into effect, which I will sign with the greatest self-satisfaction, as soon as I receive it.

Sir W. Scott to John Murray.

Edinburgh, June 12th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nothing can be more obliging or gratifying to me than the very kind manner in which you have resigned to me the share you held in 'Marmion,' which, as I am circumstanced, is a favour of real value and most handsomely rendered. I hope an opportunity may occur in which I may more effectually express my sense of the obligation than by mere words. I will send the document of trans-

ference when it can be made out. In the meantime I am, with sincere regard and thanks,

Your most obedient and obliged Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

At the end of August 1829, Lockhart was again at Abbotsford, and sending the slips of Sir Walter's new article for the next *Quarterly*. He had already written for No. 77 the article on 'Hajji Baba,' and for No. 81 an article on the 'Ancient History of Scotland.' The slips for the new article were to be a continuation of the last, in a review of Tytler's 'History of Scotland.' The only other articles he wrote for the *Quarterly* were his review of Southey's 'Life of John Bunyan,' No. 86, in October, 1830; and his review—the very last—of Pitcairn's 'Criminal Trials of Scotland,' No. 88, in February, 1831.

His last letter to Mr. Murray refers to the payment for one of these articles :

Sir W. Scott to John Murray.

Abbotsford, Monday, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I acknowledge with thanks your remittance of £100, and I will be happy to light on some subject which will suit the *Review*, which may be interesting and present some novelty. But I have to look forward to a very busy period betwixt this month and January, which may prevent my contribution being ready before that time. You may be assured that for many reasons I have every wish to assist the *Quarterly*, and will be always happy to give any support which is in my power.

I have inclosed for Moore a copy of one of Byron's letters to me. I received another of considerable interest, but I do not think it right to give publicity without the permission of a person whose name is repeatedly mentioned. I hope the token of my good wishes will not come too late. These letters have been only recovered after a long search.

through my correspondence, which, as usual with literary folks, is sadly confused.

I beg my kind compliments to Mrs. Murray and the young ladies, and am, yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

Scott now began to decline rapidly, and was suffering much from his usual spasmodic attacks; yet he had Turner with him, making drawings for the new edition of his poems. Referring to his last article in the *Quarterly* on Pitcairn's 'Criminal Trials,' he bids Lockhart to inform Mr. Murray that "no one knows better your liberal disposition, and he is aware that £50 is more than his paper is worth." Scott's illness increased, and Lockhart rarely left his side.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Chiefswood, September 16th, 1831.

"Yesterday determined Sir W. Scott's motions. He owes to Croker the offer of a passage to Naples in a frigate which sails in about a fortnight. He will therefore proceed southwards by land next week, halting at Rokeby, and with his son at Notts, by the way. We shall leave Edinburgh by next Tuesday's steamer, so as to be in town before him, and ready for his reception. We are all deeply obliged to Croker on this occasion, for Sir Walter is quite unfit for the fatigues of a long land journey, and the annoyances innumerable of Continental inns; and, above all, he will have a good surgeon at hand, in case of need. The arrangement has relieved us all of a great burden of annoyances and perplexities and fears."

Another, and the last of Lockhart's letters on this subject, may be given:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Chiefswood, September 19th, 1831.

DEAR MURRAY,

In consequence of my sister-in-law, Annie Scott, being taken unwell, with frequent fainting fits, the result, no

doubt of over anxieties of late, I have been obliged to let my wife and children depart by to-morrow's steamer without me, and I remain to attend to Sir Walter thro' his land progress, which will begin on Friday, and end, I hope well, on Wednesday. If this should give any inconvenience to you, God knows I regret it, and God knows also I couldn't do otherwise without exposing Sir W. and his daughter to a feeling that I had not done my duty to them. On the whole, public affairs seem to be so dark that I am inclined to think our best course, in the *Quarterly*, may turn out to have been and to be, that of not again appearing until the fate of this Bill has been quite settled. My wife will, if you are in town, be much rejoiced with a visit; and if you write to me, so as to catch me at Rokeby Park, Greta Bridge, next Saturday, 'tis well.

Yours,

J. G. LOCKHART.

P.S.—But I see Rokeby Park would not do. I shall be at Major Scott's, 15th Hussars, Nottingham, on Monday night.

It would be beyond our province to describe in these pages the closing scenes of Sir Walter Scott's life: his journey to Naples, his attempt to write more novels, his failure, and his return home to Abbotsford to die. His biography, by his son-in-law Lockhart, one of the best in the whole range of English literature, is familiar to all our readers; and perhaps never was a more faithful memorial erected, in the shape of a book, to the beauty, goodness, and faithfulness of a noble literary character.

In this work we are only concerned with Sir Walter's friendship and dealings with Mr. Murray, and of these the foregoing correspondence, extending over nearly a quarter of a century, is sufficient comment. When a committee was formed in Sir Walter's closing years to organize and carry out some public act of homage and respect to the great genius, Mr. Murray strongly urged that the money

collected, with which Abbotsford was eventually redeemed, should be devoted to the purchase of all the copyrights for the benefit of Scott and his family : it cannot but be matter of regret that this admirable suggestion was not adopted.

During the year 1827 the present Mr. Murray was residing in Edinburgh as a student at the University, and attended the memorable dinner, at which Scott was forced to declare himself the author of the 'Waverley Novels.'

His account of the scene, as given in a letter to his father, forms a fitting conclusion to this chapter.

"I believe I mentioned to you that Mr. Allan had kindly offered to take me with him to a Theatrical Fund dinner, which took place on Friday last. There were present about 300 persons—a mixed company, many of them not of the most respectable order. Sir Walter Scott took the chair, and there was scarcely another person of any note to support him except the actors. The dinner, therefore, would have been little better than endurable, had it not been remarkable for the confession of Sir Walter Scott that he was the author of the 'Waverley Novels.'

"This acknowledgment was forced from him, I believe, contrary to his own wish, in this manner. Lord Meadowbank, who sat on his left hand, proposed his health, and after paying him many compliments, ended his speech by saying that the clouds and mists which had so long surrounded the Great Unknown were now revealed, and he appeared in his true character (probably alluding to the *exposé* made before Constable's creditors, for I do not think there was any preconcerted plan). Upon this Sir Walter rose, and said, 'I did not expect on coming here to-day that I should have to disclose before 300 people a secret which, considering it had already been made known to about thirty persons, had been tolerably well kept. I am not prepared to give my reasons for preserving it a secret, caprice had certainly a great share in the matter. Now that it is out, I beg leave to observe that I am sole and undivided author of those novels. Every part of them has originated with me, or has been suggested to me in the course of my reading. I confess I am guilty, and am almost afraid to examine the extent of my delinquency.

"Look on't again, I dare not!" The wand of Prospero is now broken, and my book is buried, but before I retire I shall propose the health of a person who has given so much delight to all now present, The Bailie Nicol Jarvie.'

"I report this from memory. Of course it is not quite accurate in words, but you will find a tolerable report of it in the *Caledonian Mercury* of Saturday. This declaration was received with loud and long applause. As this was gradually subsiding, a voice from the end of the room was heard * exclaiming in character, 'Ma conscience! if my father the Bailie had been alive to hear that ma health had been proposed by the Author of Waverley,' &c., which, as you may suppose, had a most excellent effect."

* The speaker on this occasion was the actor Mackay, who had attained considerable celebrity by his representation of Scottish characters, and especially of that of the famous Bailie in 'Rob Roy.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

NAPIER'S 'PENINSULAR WAR'—CROKER'S 'BOSWELL'—
THE FAMILY LIBRARY—THE LADIES OF LLAN-
GOLLEN, ETC.

THE public has long since made up its mind as to the merits of Colonel Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War.' It is a work which none but a soldier who had served through the war as he had done, and who, moreover, combined with practical experience a thorough knowledge of the science of war, could have written. A proof of this is afforded by the miserable failure of Southey's History. Napier, with all his knowledge and abilities, was not free from the prejudices of party. He was a Whig; his friend Sir John Moore was the military hero of his heart, and it was long before he could persuade himself that Wellington would succeed where Moore had failed. He was inclined to do at least full justice to the French, and in particular to Marshal Soult, with whom he had formed a firm friendship while a prisoner in his hands. This led to Soult's entrusting to him his confidential papers and despatches.

At the outset of his work he applied to the Duke of Wellington for his papers. This rather abrupt request took the Duke by surprise. The documents in his possession were so momentous, and the great part of them so confidential in their nature, that he felt it to be impossible to entrust them indiscriminately to any man living. He, however, promised Napier to put in his hands any specified paper or document he might ask

for, provided no confidence would be broken by its examination. He also offered to answer any question Napier might put to him, and with this object invited him to Strathfieldsaye, where the two Generals discussed many points connected with the campaign.

Though Murray was the publisher of Southey's History of the War in Spain, Napier applied to him to undertake his work, and some correspondence ensued before an arrangement was definitely arrived at. In May 1827 we find Murray sending to Colonel Napier General Foy's posthumous and fragmentary History of the War, which had been submitted to him for publication :—

Colonel W. Napier to John Murray.

Bromham, Wilts,

December 5th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

My first volume is now nearly ready for the press, and as I think that in matters of business a plain straightforward course is best, I will at once say what I conceive to be the valuable part of my work, and leave you to make a proposition relative to publication of the single volume, reserving further discussion about the whole until the other volumes shall be in a more forward state.

The volume in question commences with the secret treaty of Fontainebleau concluded in 1809, and ends with the battle of Corunna. It will have an appendix of original documents, many of which are extremely interesting, and there will also be some plans of the battles. My authorities have been :—

1. All the original papers of Sir Hew Dalrymple.
2. Those of Sir John Moore.
3. King Joseph's correspondence taken at the battle of Vittoria, and placed at my disposal by the Duke of Wellington. Among other papers are several notes and detailed instructions by Napoleon which throw a complete light upon his views and proceedings in the early part of the war.

4. Notes of conversations held with the Duke of Wellington for the especial purpose of connecting my account of his operations.
5. Notes of conversation with officers of high rank in the French, English, and Spanish services.
6. Original journals, and the most unreserved communications with Marshal Soult.
7. My own notes of affairs in which I have been present.
8. Journals of regimental officers of talent, and last but not least, copies taken by myself from the original muster rolls of the French army as they were transmitted to the Emperor.

Having thus distributed all my best wares in the bow window, I shall leave you to judge for yourself; and, as the diplomatists say, will be happy to treat upon a suitable basis. In the meantime,

I remain, your very obedient Servant,

W. NAPIER.

About a fortnight later (25th December, 1827), he again wrote that he would have the pleasure of putting a portion of his work into Mr. Murray's hands in a few days; but that "it would be disagreeable to him to have it referred to Mr. Southey for an opinion." Some negotiations ensued, in the course of which Mr. Murray offered 500 guineas for the volume. This proposal, however, was declined by Col. Napier, whereupon Murray sent the following letter:—

John Murray to Colonel Napier.

January 18th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I believe you will find that it is not in my character to make any ungenerous offer for a valuable work, and I really thought at the time that the sum I proposed was liberal. But our friend, Dr. Somerville, has disclosed to me since so many important particulars of its probable public interest, that I am disposed to take my chance of a far greater circulation than I had before calculated upon, and I will therefore offer you a thousand guineas for the

copyright of the first volume of your work, with the option of taking the future volumes at the same sum per volume. I must print it of course in my own way. I assure you I do this with the highest estimation of your MS., created by the little which I have seen of it, and with a most earnest desire to improve my connection with its distinguished author, for whom I shall always retain the greatest respect. I beg you to believe that I am, dear sir,

Most faithfully yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

A few days later, Colonel Napier wrote to Mr. Murray, accepting his offer of terms, and the volume was accordingly published in the course of 1828. Notwithstanding the beauty of its style and the grandeur of its descriptions, the book gave great offence by the severity of its criticism, and called forth a multitude of replies and animadversions. More than a dozen of these appeared in the shape of pamphlets bearing their author's names, added to which the *Quarterly Review*, departing from the general rule, gave no less than four criticisms in succession. This innovation greatly disgusted the publisher, who regarded them as so much lead weighing down his *Review*, although they proceeded from the pen of Duke's right-hand man, the Rt. Hon. Sir George Murray. They were unreadable and produced no effect. It is needless to add the Duke had nothing to do with them. Washington Irving received a copy of the volume at Seville, and wrote to Murray that General Giron (Marquis of Amarillas) stated that it was full of inaccuracies, especially when relating to Spain, the Spanish soldiers, and the Juntas; that it was too much founded on French accounts, and on estimates made by reconnoitring parties, which were totally at variance with the facts as existing in official papers.

Mr. Murray published no further volumes of the 'History of the Peninsular War,' but at his suggestion Colonel Napier brought out the second and succeeding volumes on his own account. In illustration of the loss which occurred to Mr. Murray in publishing the first volume of the history, the following letter may be given, as addressed to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:—

John Murray to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Albemarle Street, February 13th, 1837.

SIR,

My attention has been called to an article in your paper of the 14th of January, containing the following extract from Colonel Napier's reply to the third article in the *Quarterly Review*, on his 'History of the Peninsular War.' *

"Sir George Murray only has thrown obstacles in my way, and if I am rightly informed of the following circumstances, his opposition has not been confined to what I have stated above. Mr. Murray, the bookseller, purchased my first volume, with the right of refusal for the second volume. When the latter was nearly ready, a friend informed me that he did not think Murray would purchase, because he had heard him say that Sir George Murray had declared it was not 'The Book.' He did not point out any particular error, but it was not 'The Book,' meaning, doubtless, that his own production, when it appeared, would be 'The Book.' My friend's prognostic was not false. I was offered just half of the sum given for the first volume. I declined it, and published on my own account, and certainly I have had no reason to regret that Mr. Bookseller Murray waited for 'The Book,' indeed, he has since told me very frankly that he had mistaken his own interest."

In answer to the first part of this statement, I beg leave to say, that I had not, at the time to which Colonel Napier refers, the honour of any acquaintance with Sir George Murray, nor have I held any conversation or correspondence with him on the subject of Colonel Napier's book, or of any other book on the Peninsular War. In reply to the second part of the statement, regarding the offer for Colonel Napier's second volume of half the sum (viz. 500 guineas), that I gave for the first volume (namely, 1000 guineas), I

* The article appeared in No. III of *Quarterly*, April 1836.

have only to beg the favour of your insertion of the following letter, written by me to Colonel Napier, upon the occasion referred to.

Albemarle Street, May 13th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

Upon making up the account of the sale of the first volume of 'The History of the War in the Peninsula' I find that I am at this time minus £545 12s. At this loss I do by no means in the present instance repine, for I have derived much gratification from being the publisher of a work which is so intrinsically valuable, and which has been so generally admired, and it is some satisfaction to me to find by this result that my own proposal to you was perfectly just. I will not, however, venture to offer you a less sum for the second volume, but recommend that you should, in justice to yourself, apply to some other publishers; if you should obtain from them the sum which you are right in expecting, it will afford me great pleasure, and, if you do not, you will find me perfectly ready to negotiate; and in any case I shall continue to be, with the highest esteem, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

I am confident you will do me the justice to insert this letter, and have no doubt its contents will convince Colonel Napier that his recollection of the circumstances has been incomplete.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

It may not be generally known that we owe to Colonel Napier's work the publication of the Duke of Wellington's immortal 'Despatches.' The Duke, upon principle, refused to read Napier's work; not wishing, as he said, to quarrel with its author. But he was made sufficiently acquainted with the contents from friends who had perused it, and who, having made the campaigns with him, could point to praise and blame equally undeserved, to designs misunderstood and misrepresented, as well as to supercilious criticism and patronizing approval, which could not but be painful to the great commander. His nature was too noble to

resent this ; but he resolved, in self-defence, to give the public the means of ascertaining the truth, by publishing all his most important and secret despatches, in order, he said, to give the world a correct account not only of what he did, but of what he intended to do.

Colonel Gurwood was appointed editor of the 'Despatches,' and, during their preparation, not a page escaped the Duke's eye, or his own careful revision. Mr. Murray, who was honoured by being chosen as the publisher, compared this wonderful collection of documents to a watch: hitherto the general public had only seen in the successful and orderly development of his campaigns, as it were the hands moving over the dial without fault or failure, but now the Duke opened the works, and they were enabled to inspect the complicated machinery—the wheels within wheels—which had produced this admirable result. It is enough to state that in these despatches the *whole* truth relating to the Peninsular War is fully and elaborately set forth.

At the beginning of 1829 Croker consulted Murray on the subject of an annotated edition of 'Boswell's Johnson.' Murray was greatly pleased with the idea of a new edition of the work by his laborious friend, and requested him to put his proposals in writing. Accordingly Croker, in a few days (9th January, 1829), sent Murray a long letter, stating the method he proposed to pursue in carrying out the work.*

Mr. Murray at once closed with Croker's proposal, and in his answer wrote, "I shall be happy to give, as something in the way of remuneration, the sum of one thousand guineas." Mr. Croker accepted the offer, and proceeded immediately with the work.

* The letter is printed in the 'Croker Correspondence,' ii. 24.

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

DEAR MURRAY,

In reply to your letter of last night, which I received this morning, allow me to say that your pecuniary terms are offered in the same spirit of liberality (I had almost said of prodigality) which has marked all your transactions of that nature which have come to my knowledge. I, in return, am bound to do all I can to make my work not unworthy of such liberality. I think it will be better not to embarrass the pages with *biographical* notes, but to subjoin a biographical index, where each name will, once for all, tell its own story. I shall also endeavour to throw as much as I can into the *text*, and to make my notes as compendious as the nature of the explanation to be given will admit.

Yours, dear Murray, very sincerely,

J. W. CROKER.

Mr. Murray communicated to Mr. Lockhart the arrangement he had made with Croker. His answer was:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Jan. 19th, 1829.

"I am heartily rejoiced that this 'Johnson,' of which we had so often talked, is in such hands at whatever cost. Pray ask Croker whether Boswell's account of the Hebridean Tour ought not to be melted into the book. Sir Walter has many MS. annotations in his 'Boswell,' both 'Life' and 'Tour,' and will, I am sure, give them with hearty good will. . . . He will write down all that he has heard about Johnson when in Scotland; and, in particular, about the amusing intercourse between him and Lord Auchinleck—Boswell's father—if Croker considers it worth his while."

Sir Walter Scott's offer of information,* to a certain extent, delayed Croker's progress with the work. He wrote to Mr. Murray (17th Nov. 1829):—"The reference to Sir Walter Scott delays us a little as to the revises,

* Sir Walter's Letter to Croker on the subject will be found in the 'Croker Correspondence,' ii. 28.

but his name is well worth the delay. My share of the next volume (the 2nd) is quite done; and I could complete the other two in a fortnight."

While the work was passing through the press Lockhart again wrote:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"I am reading the new 'Boswell' with great pleasure, though, I think, the editor is often wrong. A prodigious flood of light is thrown on the book assuredly; and the incorporation of the 'Tour' is a great advantage. Now, do have a really good Index. That to the former edition I have continually found inadequate and faulty. The book is a dictionary of wisdom and wit, and one should know exactly where to find the *dictum magistri*. Many of Croker's own remarks and little disquisitions will also be hereafter among the choicest of *quotabilia*."

Croker carried out the work with great industry and vigour, and it appeared in 1831. It contained numerous additions, notes, explanations, and memoranda, and as the first attempt to explain the difficulties and enigmas which lapse of time had created, it may not unfairly be said to have been admirably edited; and though Macaulay, according to his own account, "smashed" it in the *Edinburgh*,* some fifty thousand of the 'Life' have been sold.

It has been the fashion with certain recent editors of Boswell's 'Johnson' to depreciate Croker's edition; but to any one who has taken the pains to make himself familiar with that work, and to study the vast amount of information there collected, such criticism cannot but appear most ungenerous. Croker was acquainted with, or

* The correspondence on the subject, and the criticism on the work by Macaulay, will be found in the 'Croker Correspondence,' vol. ii. pp. 24-49.

sought out, all the distinguished survivors of Dr. Johnson's own generation, and by his indefatigable efforts was enabled to add to the results of his own literary research, oral traditions and personal reminiscences, which but for him would have been irrevocably lost.

The additions of subsequent editors are but of trifling value compared with the information collected by Mr. Croker, and one of his successors at least has not hesitated slightly to transpose or alter many of Mr. Croker's notes, and mark them as his own.

Mrs. Shelley, widow of the poet, on receiving a present of Croker's 'Boswell,' from Mr. Murray, said:—

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

"I have read 'Boswell's Journal' ten times: I hope to read it many more. It is the most amusing book in the world. Besides that, I do love the kind-hearted, wise, and gentle Bear, and think him as lovable and kind a friend as a profound philosopher. I do not see, in your list of authors whose anecdotes are extracted, the name of Mrs. D'Arblay; her account of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, &c., in her 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney,' are highly interesting and valuable."

Among the various other books published by Mr. Murray between 1827 and 1830, may be mentioned Captain Franklin's 'Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, 1825-7.' When the manuscript of this work was referred to Mr. Barrow, his opinion was that it was "a very dull book. Clapperton, I think, will make you amends, but I am obliged to dish him and trim him as much as I dare." Notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion of Mr. Barrow, Franklin's manuscript was accepted by Mr. Murray, for £1200, and was at once sent to press.

Crofton Croker, a cousin of John Wilson, author of the

'Irish Fairy Legends,' was described by Sir Walter Scott as being "as little as a dwarf, as keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy, prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore." His first series of the 'Fairy Legends' brought him £80; but the demand for them was so considerable, that when the second series was ready for the press, we find Mr. Murray writing to him :—

John Murray to Mr. Crofton Croker.

February 12th, 1827.

MY DEAR CROFTON,

Thou art, by far, too good a fellow to be quarrelled with ; and, therefore, *sans mot*, I will do as you propose—give you £300 for the copyright of the first and two new volumes of the 'Irish Fairy Legends,' half on the day of publication (is this as you mean or wish ?), and the other half by note at six months from the said day of publication. I really long to see you ; but pray believe that I am always,

My dear friend, most sincerely yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Henry Taylor submitted his play of 'Isaac Comnenus,'—his first work—to Mr. Murray, in February 1827. Lockhart was consulted, and, after perusing the play, he wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

"There can be no sort of doubt that this play is every-way worthy of coming out from Albemarle Street. That the author might greatly improve it by shortening its dialogue often, and, once at least, leaving out a scene, and by dramatizing the scene at the Synod, instead of narrating it, I think sufficiently clear : but, probably, the author has followed his own course, upon deliberation, in all these matters. I am of opinion, certainly, that *no poem* has been lately published of anything like the power or promise of this."

Lockhart's suggestion was submitted to Mr. Taylor, who gratefully acknowledged his criticism, and proceeded to amend his play. He wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Taylor to John Murray.

February 22nd, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your note ; and have much pleasure in acknowledging the liberality shown in your modification of my proposal. With regard to the scene at the Synod : though it is more than three years since I wrote that scene, I recollect being conscious, at the time, that it was undramatically managed, and wishing to manage it as your friend has suggested I thought then I could not do it, but, perhaps, I may be able to do it now.

Mr. Taylor made a very unusual request. He proposed to divide the loss on his drama with the publisher ! He wrote to Mr. Murray :—

“I have been pretty well convinced, for some time past, that my book will never sell, and, under these circumstances, I cannot think it proper that you should be the sole sufferer. Whenever, therefore, you are of opinion that the book has had a fair trial, I beg you to understand that I shall be ready to divide the loss equally with you, that being, I conceive, the just arrangement in the case.”

Though Mr. Lockhart gave an interesting review of ‘Isaac Comnenus,’ in the *Quarterly*, it still hung fire, and did not sell. A few years later, however, Henry Taylor showed what he could do, as a poet, by his ‘Philip van Artevelde,’ which raised his reputation to the highest point. Moore, after the publication of this drama, wrote in his ‘Diary’ :—“I breakfasted in the morning at Rogers’s, to meet the new poet, Mr. Taylor, author of ‘Philip van Artevelde’ : our company, besides, being Sydney Smith and Southey. ‘Van Artevelde’ is a tall, handsome young fellow. Conversation chiefly about the profits booksellers

make of us scribblers. I remember Peter Pindar saying, one of the few times I ever met him, that the booksellers drank their wine in the manner of the heroes in the hall of Odin, out of authors' skulls." This was a sharp saying; but Rogers, if he had chosen to relate his own experiences when he negotiated with Mr. Murray about the sale of Crabbe's works, and the result of that negotiation, might have proved that the rule was not of universal application.

Mrs. Graham, who by this time had become Mrs. Callcott, after her return from Rio de Janeiro, where she had been companion and governess to the Princesses of Brazil, again devoted herself to literary work. Mr. Murray put into her hands, for the purpose of correcting, and in a great measure re-writing, Lord Byron's '*Voyage of the Blonde to the Sandwich Islands.*' Although Mr. Murray had sent her £100 for her work, he afterwards added something more, against which she protested in the following words:—

Mrs. Callcott to John Murray.

February 20th, 1827.

"Thank you many thousand times more for thinking of me so kindly than for the value of the bill. One thing I doubt about. I considered myself already paid for the *Blonde*, and do not understand how, all things considered, you *can* give me any more for it. Besides, there are so many teasing you about it, that I feel uneasy at receiving more. So, unless you can show me good cause for taking more, I won't use the said bill, or receive anything beyond the £100 you have already given me. . . . I will take care that the work shall be as well done as *I* can make it, although thus paid when only half done. My best love to Mrs. Murray and your girls. Mr. Callcott joins me in all manner of good wishes to you. In two hours I shall no longer be Maria Graham, but under any name your grateful and sincere friend."

Dr. Paris had a curious correspondence with Mr. Murray in 1829. He had published an elementary work, called 'Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest,' anonymously, lest it should damage his professional position; for there are some persons who think that a man who writes a book, and still more one who writes a poem, is good for nothing in the way of professional business. Dr. Paris's book, however, sold remarkably well, and he then consulted Mr. Murray as to a second edition. "You would be very much amazed," he said, "as to the various opinions I have received upon the subject. The Novelist is for getting rid of the Philosophy, and the Philosopher is anxious to exclude the Novel,—so that, if I were to follow the advice given, I should be in the situation of the husband with a young and old wife—the one pulling out all the grey, and the other all the brown hairs; and all that would be left of the work would be its pasteboard covers." A new edition was, however, published, and it long continued to be a popular book with young people, eager for the first glimmerings of science.

A letter from Mr. Croker to Murray, respecting the Letters of Horace Walpole to Mr. Mason, which were published some years later, is worth recording:—

Mr. Croker to John Murray.

May 7th, 1828.

DEAR MURRAY,

I return, having read through, the first volume of 'Horace Walpole's Letters to Mr. Mason.' Two of these letters establish, by direct evidence, what the world had all along suspected, that the 'Heroic Epistle' and the 'Postscript' were written by Mason. They also confute Mr. Pilkington's notion that Walpole had a considerable share in the composition of the lively Satires, but they leave undecided

my suspicion that Walpole furnished many of the ideas and facts, though Mason supplied all the poetry.

This is the only point of novelty, I had almost said of interest, which we find in these letters. They are the least amusing of Walpole's. The reason is that he and Mason had at this time no *common* acquaintance, and hardly any *common* topic, but Mason's 'Life of Gray.' So that the chit-chat of Society, and the strings of proper names, all *set in anecdotes*, which adorn his other letters have not a place in these. I dare say the subsequent correspondence improves, but even this volume is very well worthy of the press. There are some particulars about Gray which are still interesting in Walpole's way of telling them, though Mason has given them to the public in his own way.

I think it a pity that there is not a general edition of Walpole's letters, with copious notes. Miss Berry could, and I think ought to, do this honour to the memory of her old friend. His letters, I am satisfied, will be the amusement of posterity, as Madame de Sévigné's are; but a great deal of the wit will be lost, and the whole will become obscure if notes are not (before it is too late) added to explain his allusions, many of which are already dark even to *me*—a kind of contemporary, for I was fifteen years old when he died.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. CROKER.

'The Family Library' has already been mentioned. Mr. Murray had long contemplated a serial publication, by means of which good literature and copyright works might be rendered cheaper and more accessible to a wide circle of readers than they had hitherto been. We have already seen his correspondence with Mr. Constable on the subject in 1825, when the Edinburgh publisher was about to bring out his Miscellany.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was established in 1828, with Henry Brougham as Chairman. Mr. Murray subscribed £10 to this Society, and agreed to publish their 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

Shortly afterwards, however, he withdrew from this undertaking, which was transferred to Mr. Knight, and reverted to his own proposed publication of cheap works.

The first volume of 'The Family Library' appeared in April 1829. Murray sent a copy to Charles Knight, who returned him the first volume of the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

Mr. Charles Knight to John Murray.

"We each launch our vessels on the same day, and I most earnestly hope that both will succeed, for good must come of that success. We have plenty of sea-room and need never run foul of each other. My belief is that, in a very few years, scarcely any other description of books will be published, and in that case we that are first in the field may hope to win the race."

Mr. Murray's intention was to include in the Library works on a variety of subjects, including History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, Natural History, Science, and general literature. They were to be written by the best known authors of the day—Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Milman, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Barrow, Allan Cunningham, Dr. Brewster, Captain Head, G. R. Gleig, Palgrave, and others. The collection was headed by an admirable 'Life of Napoleon,' by J. G. Lockhart, partly condensed from Scott's 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,' and illustrated by George Cruikshank. When Lockhart was first invited to undertake this biography he consulted Sir Walter Scott as to the propriety of his doing so. Sir Walter replied:—

Sir. W. Scott to Mr. Lockhart.

Oct. 30th, 1828.

"Your scruples about doing an epitome of the 'Life of Boney' for the Family Library that is to be, are a great

deal over delicate. My book in nine thick volumes can never fill the place which our friend Murray wants you to fill, and which if you don't some one else will right soon. Moreover, you took much pains in helping me when I was beginning my task, and I afterwards greatly regretted that Constable had no means of remunerating you, as no doubt he intended when you were giving him so much good advice in laying down his grand plans about the Miscellany. By all means do what the Emperor* asks. He is what the Emperor Napoleon was not, much a gentleman, and knowing our footing in all things, would not have proposed anything that ought to have excited scruples on your side."†

The book met with a warm reception from the public, and went through many editions. The 'Life of Alexander the Great,' by the Rev. J. Williams, Rector of the Academy, Edinburgh, was followed by Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the Artists,' in six volumes, which is probably the best work Cunningham ever produced. In the preface to the last volume, after thanking others for their assistance, he wrote :—

"I have incurred obligation to many friends during the course of the work, but to none so much as to Mr. Lockhart who not only suggested the undertaking, but, when in town, has been so kind as to help me in its progress, often pruning what was redundant, and bringing light to what was obscure."

When the first volumes appeared, Mr. Murray sent a copy of them to his friend Sharon Turner.

Mr. Sharon Turner to John Murray.

"I am quite happy that your 'Family Library' succeeds so well; not only for your own sake, but because the

* From the time of his removal to Albemarle Street, Mr. Murray was universally known among "the Trade" as "The Emperor of the Vest."

† Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.'

success is evidence of the soundness of the British heart. I was but this very morning thinking how much good you will do by it, and how much the public have really been indebted to you. I am one of those who *know* that the *Quarterly Review* was entirely *your own* conception and plan. I need not say how much that has benefited the public mind. Your 'Family Library' is composed on the right moral principles, and as far as it has gone, inculcates the right and useful feelings. My idea this morning at my breakfast, as I looked over the list of your eighteen intended publications in this sense was, that it would be an admirable *counteraction* on the minds of youth to those evil or useless publications which I perceive to be soliciting them from several other quarters. It will make valuable knowledge, and the better sentiments popular, and I said to myself, Murray may always feel, when he recollects his *Quarterly* and 'Family Library,' that he has *not* lived uselessly to Mankind."

The next work in 'The Family Library' was the Rev. H. H. Milman's 'History of the Jews,' in three vols., which occasioned much adverse criticism and controversy to Milman himself, who was regarded by some orthodox Churchmen as a man of heretical views. It is difficult for us who live in such different times to understand or account for the tempest of disapprobation with which a work, which now appears so innocent, was greeted, or the obloquy with which its author was assailed. The 'History of the Jews' was pronounced *unsound*; it was alleged that the miracles had been too summarily disposed of; Abraham was referred to as an Arab sheik, and Jewish history was too sacred to be submitted to the laws of ordinary investigation. Hence Milman was preached against, from Sunday to Sunday, from the University and other pulpits, in the most unmeasured language, as one of the most dangerous and pernicious of writers. Even Mr. Sharon Turner expostulated with Mr. Murray as to the publication of the book. He said

he had seen it in the window of Carlile, the infidel bookseller, "as if he thought it suited his purpose." Turner went on to say that he regretted that the author shrank from the Miracles and the Prophecies, and that Milman had got his ideas from the German semi-theology.

Mr. Sharon Turner to John Murray.

"There is no middle way between truth and falsehood. Revelation either is revelation, or it is not. It is to be believed if true, and rejected if false. All revelation must be supernatural, and therefore miraculous. A revelation without miracle is to my mind an impossibility. The absence of miracles is a demonstration that the Pretender is an impostor; for how can the Deity communicate His will to man but by supernatural means? It was consistent in Hume to deny miracles, because he was an atheist; and if atheism be truth, there certainly can be no miracles, because there would be no Divine power to produce them. But as atheism is a false opinion, and as a Creating Deity exists, miracles are always possible, and are the natural and necessary companions of His will, because that being in addition to ordinary nature must be what is beyond ordinary nature, and therefore supernatural."

Mr. Murray sent Sharon Turner's expostulation to Mr. Milman, who was then engaged with the third volume, and on sending it to Mr. Murray for press, he wrote :—

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

Reading, Feb. 1830.

"I think the sooner it is out the better; not that it will satisfy the fanatics, but it will I think remove the scruples of all sensible men. I return Mr. Sharon Turner's letter. For his character I have the highest respect, but should have valued his opinion on this subject more highly some twenty years ago. His letter, as indeed his later works, favour strongly of the 'Homilies of the Good Archbishop of Granada.' Upon his principle, we ought to believe every miracle of every volume of the 'Lives of the Saints.'

The often-repeated charge of following the Germans is rank nonsense. Except in one passage, where I have given different opinions, and theirs among the rest, there is *not one explanation of a miracle* borrowed from a German divine. I have used them only for other purposes. I will do nothing rashly, but if I am driven to it, I will show them, not whence I have derived my notion of the miracles, but where precisely the same explanations are to be found—in Bishop Mant and Dr. D'Oyly's 'Bible'—and if I am forced, I will print in parallel columns.

"'Family Library'—'Family Bible.' There is but *one* miracle in which we do not agree, and in that I have only stated opinions, one of which is that of Grotius, and have given none of my own. . . . As for Carlile's window, the *Record* may be thanked for that. As tending to keep up the clamour I regret it; as anxious for the extension of sound religion, and confident of the effect of my book on every unbigoted mind, I only wish all Carlile's customers would read it. A noble lord once wrote to the bishop of a certain diocese to complain that a baronet, who lived in the same parish, brought his mistress to church, which sorely shocked his regular family. The bishop gravely answered, that he was very glad to hear that Sir — brought his naughty lady to church, and hoped that she would profit by what she heard there, and amend her ways. So say I of Carlile's customers."

29th March, 1830.

"I have thought it as well both for my own satisfaction, as well as yours, to draw out the parallel between my miracles and those of the 'Family Bible.' It would I think be worth while to set them up on a slip, but by no means to publish without further consideration, as such a step might wound the feelings of those with whom I would stand well. I have received, circuitously, an opinion to which I attach much weight, that I should answer Faussett.* I am throwing a few thoughts together in order to be prepared, though I am by no means convinced

* Among those who publicly condemned the 'History of the Jews' were Dr. Godfrey Faussett, Canon of Christ Church, Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford, in a sermon preached in 1830, and afterwards published; as well as the Rev. J. J. Blunt, in his Hulsean Lectures for 1832.

of the wisdom of the step. I should be glad to know what my friends think on the subject, particularly men like Hallam. I will write however by to-night's post to Lockhart on this and on several other points. He is still desirous that I should undertake the 'History of Christianity.' What say you? Are you willing to engage? *I am weary to death of the Jews, I almost wish they were with the Egyptians at the bottom of the Red Sea.*"

In the third volume of 'The History of the Jews,' Mr. Milman took the opportunity of introducing in the preface a reply to his critics. The following letter is interesting as indicating what the Jews themselves thought of the history.

Mr. Magnus to John Murray.

March 17th, 1834.

SIR,

Will you have the goodness to inform me of the Christian name of the Rev. Mr. Milman, and the correct manner of spelling his name; as a subscription is about to be opened by individuals of the Jewish nation for the purpose of presenting him with a piece of plate for the liberal manner in which he has written their history.

The piece of plate was duly subscribed for and presented, with every demonstration of acknowledgment and thanks.

Mr. Milman's 'History of Christianity,' was not published until 1840; and it was pronounced to be an able, learned, and profound work. In short, Milman's Histories have long since taken their place among English Classics, and continue in great demand to the present day. His 'History of the Jews' did not prevent his preferment, for he was promoted from the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading, to the rectorship of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a canonry in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter; after which, in 1849, he was made Dean of St. Paul's.

Captain Head took much pains in preparing his 'Life of

Bruce,' the African traveller. Although he was guided by Bruce's own journal, he desired to make the book original.

Captain Head to John Murray.

"I have had a tough job, but the heaviest part is now over. In going through the volume, all Bruce's best descriptions are given in his own words. The rest of the narrative, which is very carelessly written, I have condensed, using Bruce's words as much as possible. I have left out all his dark histories and abstruse theories. Such an indefatigable devil never existed. Joseph Hume is nothing to him."

By the assistance of Mr. Lockhart, Head obtained an introduction to the Foreign Office, where he found some important information. He again wrote to Mr. Murray:—

Captain Head to John Murray.

June 14th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since I last saw you I have been for some days at the Foreign Office, where they gave me all Bruce's letters from Algiers; and I was surprised to find that those published by Murray * are *not* copies of the letters which reached the Foreign Office, but composed afterwards apparently from memory or notes! I therefore copied what I wanted from the letters themselves. The job you have given me is indeed a much more difficult one than I believe you had any idea of. I have been jogging very hard and constantly; but am sorry to say that I find the subject growing on my hands. I am so very averse to a long-winded story, or a big book, that I assure you I had every wish, and have made many endeavours, to bring the subject within the dimensions of your original proposal (which I shall be perfectly willing still to execute), but on mature reflection, for your interest as well as my own reputation, I am now of opinion that you should decidedly determine on having

* 'Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile.' By James Bruce Edited, with a Life of Bruce, by Alexander Murray. 7 vols. 1805.

a second volume, for in books, as well as in steam, condensation may be carried too far.

The book was however condensed, and published in one volume, according to the original arrangement. Mr. Barrow, after completing his 'Mutiny of the *Bounty*,' sent in the MSS. to Mr. Murray, who forwarded to him 300 guineas for his work. "It is too much," said Barrow, "and it is in accordance with your usual liberality. You must therefore let me send you back the odd £15." And Barrow's cheque for £15 was enclosed.

When the forty-seven volumes of 'The Family Library' had been completed, the whole series and the remaining stock were handed over to Tegg & Co. 'The Life of Peterborough,' by Sir Walter Scott, and 'The Life of Wolfe,' by Robert Southey, were never published.

In the summer of 1829, Mr. Murray with his family made a tour in the West of England and in Wales, and the following account of a visit to the survivor of the Ladies of Llangollen will form an interesting conclusion to this chapter:—

John Murray to John Murray, junior.

Corwen, August 24th, 1829.

"I am also travelling in a part of Europe very little known to the English, I mean their own country. I have been perfectly astonished, and perfectly filled with admiration and delight, at the richness, splendour, and magnificence of the soil and scenery which I have passed through on my way from Chepstow, through Herefordshire (a most splendid county, scarcely known and never visited), through Llangollen to this place, and I cannot refrain from thinking of the thousands of the wealthy, noble, and accomplished of this nation who, after having visited almost every other part of *this* world, have at length passed into the world *to come*, without knowing anything of their own country.

“We had a great treat yesterday, and the day previous, in being invited to introduce ourselves to the celebrated Miss Ponsonby, of whom you must have heard as becoming early tired of fashionable life, and having withdrawn, accompanied by a kindred friend, Lady Eleanor Butler, to a delightful and at that period unfrequented spot, a quarter of a mile from Llangollen, overhanging the rapid and beautiful river Dee. The latter lady died there a few months ago at the age of 91, after having lived with Miss Ponsonby in the same cottage upwards of fifty years. It is very singular that the ladies intending to *retire* from the world, absolutely brought *all the world* to visit them, for after a few years of seclusion their strange story was the universal subject of conversation, and there has been no person of rank, talent, and importance in any way who did not procure introductions to them. All that was passing in the world they had fresh as it arose, and in four hours’ conversation with Miss Ponsonby one day, when we were alone, and during three the next, when Mrs. M. and my daughters were with me, I found that she knew everybody and everything, and was at the age of 80, or nearly so, a most inexhaustible fund of entertaining instruction and lively communication. The cottage is remarkable for the taste of its appropriate fitting up with ancient oak, presented by different friends, from old castles and monasteries, &c., none of it of less antiquity than 1200 years. She declared to me that during the whole fifty years she never knew a moment that hung heavy upon her, and no sorrows but from the loss of friends.”

CHAPTER XXX.

MOORE'S 'LIFE OF BYRON.'

IN 1827 or 1828 Mr. Hanson, the late Lord Byron's solicitor, wrote to Murray, enquiring, on behalf of the executors, whether he would be willing to dispose of his interest in the first five cantos of 'Don Juan.' Mr. Murray, however, had long been desirous of publishing a complete edition of the works of Lord Byron, "for the public," he wrote, "are absolutely indignant at not being able to obtain a complete edition of Lord Byron's works in this country; and at least 15,000 copies have been brought here from France." Murray proposed that those copyrights of Lord Byron, which were the property of his executors, should be valued by three respectable publishers, and that he should purchase them at their valuation. Mr. Hobhouse, to whom as one of the executors this proposal was made, was anxious that the complete edition should be published in England with as little delay as possible, but he stated that "some obstacles have arisen in consequence of the Messrs. Hunt having upon hand some hundred copies of their two volumes, which they have asked a little time to get rid of, and for which they are now accounting to the executors."

Murray requested Mr. Hanson to apply to the executors, and inform him what sum they required for the works of Lord Byron, the copyrights of which were in their possession. This they refused to state, but after considerable delay, during which the Hunts were disposing of the two volumes,

the whole of the works of Lord Byron which were not in Mr. Murray's possession were put up to auction, and bought by him for the sum of £3885. These included the 'Hours of Idleness,' eleven cantos of 'Don Juan,' the 'Age of Bronze,' and other works—all of which had already been published.

Notwithstanding the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs, described in a previous chapter, Murray had never abandoned the intention of bringing out a Biography of his old friend the poet, for which he possessed plenteous materials in the mass of correspondence which had passed between them. Although his arrangement with Thomas Moore had been cancelled by that event, his eye rested on him as the fittest person, from his long intimacy with the poet, to be entrusted with the task, for which, indeed, Lord Byron had himself selected him.

Accordingly in 1826 author and publisher seem to have drawn together again, and begun the collection of materials, which was carried on in a leisurely way, until Leigh Hunt's scandalous attack on his old patron and benefactor* roused Murray's ardour into immediate action.

It was eventually resolved to publish the Life and Correspondence together; and many letters passed between Murray and Moore on the subject. Moore wrote to Murray from Sloperton Cottage:—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

July 31st, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am rather anxious to know what you have done, since I left town, towards collecting the letters and other papers for our intended work. As my general plan must depend upon the extent of my materials, it will be necessary for

* 'Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' 1828. 4to.

me to have all these fairly under my eyes before I can set myself definitely to the task ; and the less time we now lose with our undertaking the better. I forgot to mention, the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, that Mr. Rogers has kindly consented to take all the *business* part of the transaction between us on himself.

The negotiations did not take definite shape till 1828, when Murray wrote :—

John Murray to Mr. Moore.

January 25th, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

In consequence of Hunt's infamous publication respecting Lord Byron, I have felt it a duty no longer to withhold the means which I think I possess of doing justice to Lord Byron's character ; and I have submitted to your friend Mr. Rogers a proposal to this effect, which he has desired me to say meets with his entire approbation. I am therefore anxious for an opportunity of seeing you immediately. Mr. Rogers thought you were likely to be in town soon ; but if this is unlikely or inconvenient, I will make a point of going to you, if agreeable, on Tuesday ; in which case I shall be glad if you will be so kind as to tell me in what coach I had better secure a seat.

I am, my dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

A few days later, Moore wrote from Nottingham, stating that he had been at Newstead, examining the Abbey and searching for materials in the neighbourhood. Lord Byron's servants had nearly all disappeared, and he was therefore unable to obtain much information on the spot. He enquired about the Rochdale property, and whether it was still in the family. "Have you done anything with Hanson?" he asked. "As I am engaged upon the *youth* of Lord Byron, it will be a great object to have whatever he will give *immediately*."

Murray sent down to Sir Walter Scott, for his perusal, the letters he had received from Lord Byron, and Mr. Lockhart answered his letter :—

“Sir Walter,” he said, “has read the memorandum books you were so good as to permit me to show him, and has, I am glad to say, corrected the blank leaves with many highly interesting additamenta, of which we shall see use, I hope, hereafter.”

In the following month Mr. Murray sent to Mr. Moore a large instalment of Lord Byron’s correspondence and recollections :—

John Murray to Mr. Moore.

February 27th, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR.

I send you six volumes of Lord Byron’s MSS. and some loose sheets. Three more volumes, the remainder, shall be forwarded to you, as you will point out to me. I trust that you will feel strongly the propriety of not allowing a *single* individual—always excepting Mrs. Moore—to have the power of saying that he has seen these volumes. The reason must be perfectly obvious on the face of it, and it could not fail of operating most injuriously to your work. I must beg that you will return these volumes to me in exactly the same state in which they are now sent to you, and that anything which, for any reason, you do not consider of use for the memoirs you will not use in any way. I hope these conditions are not unreasonable ; and so success attend your efforts.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

Moore, while still searching for materials, writes to Murray :—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

“I am most anxious to know whether you have made any movement towards Hanson. A fresh batch of very interesting materials has arrived from Southwell, and

everything promises that the *early* part of the 'Life' (before we can touch at all upon the great mass of either your papers or mine) will be full of interest." Moore expressed himself most anxious to obtain information from Scrope Davies. "He is, both from his cleverness, and the materials he must possess, rather a formidable competitor, and it might at least be worth your while to enter into negotiations with him for his work, so as not to let it fall into the hands of any one who could make it a weapon against us. Dr. Bowring has been very handsome in furnishing Byron's letters to him so freely; and he has obtained from Italy the first part of the Contessa's sketch, with a promise of continuation."

It was hoped that Mrs. Shelley (widow of the poet) might give some information relative to the interviews between Byron and Shelley. On her return from Italy, Mr. Murray seems to have thought of purchasing the copyright of a selection of Shelley's works, and communicated with Sir Timothy Shelley on the subject. The answer to his letter came from Mrs. Shelley herself. She wrote (13th Jan. 1827), "I write merely to say that the copyrights are mine, and that if you wish to make such a purchase, I should be happy to enter into a negotiation with you upon it." Nothing further seems to have been done about the use of Shelley's papers; but it opened up a communication between Murray and Mrs. Shelley on this and other subjects.

In the course of the following year (18th Feb. 1828) Mrs. Shelley, during her pressing necessities, applied to Mr. Murray for a loan of £100. Moore was willing to guarantee one half of the loan, but Murray advanced it himself. Moore wrote to him as follows:—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

"In the middle of my toilette, I write to say that I am quite delighted at what you have done. She (Mrs. Shelley)

has contributed very useful materials to our work, and has still some letters of Shelley to Lord B. which she may, I have no doubt, be prevailed upon to give. It is very hard that, while phlebotomising you so desperately myself, I should thus be an accomplice with others to draw blood from you."

Mrs. Shelley accepted with "many thanks," Mr. Murray's advance of £100, and at the same time endeavoured to enlist his interest on behalf of a novel—most probably 'Lodore'—which she had just completed.

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

February 19th, 1828.

With regard to my novel, I shall be much pleased if you will undertake its publication . . . Mr. Marshall mentioned to me that you asked whether I understood Italian and its patois, saying that you had a view in asking this. I lived nearly six years in Italy ; its language is perfectly familiar to me ; and I should not hesitate to undertake a work that required intimate acquaintance with it. I should be very glad if you would communicate your ideas to me on the subject, and happy to comply with your suggestions, so far as my abilities permit . . . I received Mr. Gifford's edition of 'Ford,' and Lord Byron's works, for which I beg sincerely to thank you.

Your obedient Servant,

MARY SHELLEY.

Mrs. Shelley continued to write to Mr. Murray for books for her novel ; more particularly for Leland's 'History of Ireland,' and 'Mémoires de Philip de Comines.' "I was sorry to hear from Mr. Marshall," she says in one of her letters, "that you had decided against the 'Promessi Sposi.'" She writes again at Christmas, enclosing a letter for Mr. Moore, "I am rather in haste, as it is an answer concerning the 'Life,' which I am delighted to hear is on

the point of appearing." Later in the year she writes to Mr. Murray:—

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

33 Somerset Street, Portman Square.

November 12th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to hear from Mr. Moore that you decline my Romance, because I would rather that you published it than any other person. I can assure you I feel all the kindness of your message to me through Mr. Moore. Do you remember speaking to me about a 'Life of the Empress Josephine,' 'Madame de Staël,' etc.? When I have got free from my present occupation, I will communicate with you on the subject, and I hope by some plan, either of my writing for your 'Family Library,' or in some other way, to liquidate my debt; or I must do it even in a more usual manner. I am aware of your kindness concerning it, but I could not consent that an act of civility on my part to Mr. Moore should be brought forward as cancelling my debt to you. Besides, it would make me break a vow I made, never to make money of my acquaintance with Lord Byron. His ghost would certainly come and taunt me if I did. This does not remove but rather enhance the value I have for your kind intention.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged,

MARY SHELLEY.

Fletcher, Byron's servant, had returned to England, and Moore requested that Murray should see him, for an account of Byron's illness and death had appeared in the *Westminster Review*, evidently obtained from Fletcher. Moore suggested that he should be "tipped." "I think," said Moore, "that £20 would be abundant for Fletcher. As to what his communications are *worth*, twenty pence would more than cover it, but I think it as well to buy up his stupid tongue."

An agreement was drawn up by the solicitors of Murray

and Moore with respect to the publication of the *Life*. Moore enters in his *Diary* (22nd Feb. 1828):—"At three to Murray's, to sign and seal our agreement. Present, the two solicitors, young Turner and Clark, and Lockhart, the witness. Dined with Murray in celebration of the event; company, Sir F. Freeling, Thomas Tooke, T. Campbell, James Smith, and some women."

Five days later, Mr. Moore went down to Sloperton Cottage, and "made his first regular start on '*Lord Byron's Life*.'"

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

March 30th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

You are hereby authorized to pay into the hands of Messrs. Longman and Co., on my account, three thousand pounds (according to the terms of the agreement signed and sealed between you and me on the 22nd of February last), obtaining, at the same time, from them a relinquishment of their claim to that amount on me.

Your obliged servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

On hearing from Messrs. Longman and Co. that the money had been paid, Moore again wrote to Murray:—

"The whole proceeding, I must say, is highly creditable to your liberality, and I only trust that the result may be all that you deserve."

While Moore was proceeding with his work—the advertisement of which had evidently excited much expectation and interest—he wrote to Murray:—

March 13th, 1828.

"A man has just written me a comical proposal, reminding me of the *sole* question some wiseacre put to Canova on visiting his workshop, viz. 'What he did with

his chippings?'—this gentleman having heard that you and I are so overstocked with materials of Lord Byron that we actually do not know what to do with them, offers to take the refuse off our hands at a guinea per line! What do you think of this for 'the trade?'"

Moore at first proceeded very slowly in writing out the 'Life,' but in order to satisfy Mr. Murray that he was conscientiously at work, he wrote to him:—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

August 18th, 1828.

"I am getting on rather slowly at present, as the chief weight of what *I* have to do falls on the earlier part; but so soon as I arrive at the correspondence with you and me, paste and scissors will get over the ground rapidly, and it will be difficult to keep it from being a very large volume."

November 7th, 1828.

"I have to run up to town in about eight or ten days—not for the purpose of printing immediately, but in order to have as much of my manuscript as I can copy out by that time calculated by your printer, so as to enable us to judge of the possible extent of our volume. It is my wish, with your permission, not to go to press till I get fairly over the *marriage*—as, after that period, there will be such an uninterrupted run of letters as will keep us from being too closely hunted by the devils, and leave me freer for the abundant correction I always make in printing. Though there is, of course, some up-hill work for me yet, I now know my way, and see clearly to the end of it. I am able to cover almost every inch of the ground with his own letters, which is the best footing Biography can have, and you'll see that we shall make (what poor Byron himself called Mildmay's 'Crim. Con. case') 'a very pretty story' of it."

In the midst of his labours, Moore's child, his only daughter, was hovering between life and death. "I am sure," he wrote to Murray, "you, as a father, will feel for me, when I tell you that (after all our anxieties and hopes)

the dreadful truth that there is but little chance of our dear child surviving, is beginning to force itself upon us." Moore was devoted to his little daughter Anastasia. One day she said to him, "Papa, you write much poetry, but you never write anything for me." He at once penned these few lines, which—so far as we know—have not yet been printed :—*

" Little May-Fly,
She seems in the sky,
The dew is on the Flower ;
The beautiful Bee
Hums round the tree,
And the Bird sings in the Bower.

" Little May-Fly
Both you and I
Should bless that God in Heaven,
By whom the Flower
The Bee and the Bower
For our delight were given."

The child rallied, and, indeed, began to show symptoms of amendment, which enabled Moore to run up town to see Murray on the subject of the Life. In Moore's diary occur the words :—"Dined at Murray's ; company, Sotheby, Chantrey, and the Lockharts." He returned to Sloper-ton, to see after his little invalid ; and informed Mr. Murray of the result :—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

February 15th, 1829.

"If our little girl's amendment should admit of her being removed to town, I think in about two or three weeks hence I shall take up my whole establishment and fix myself within reach of you somewhere, till our *opus magnum* is achieved . . . In looking over again his [Lord Byron's] letters to you from Italy, I am still more impressed

* Communicated in MS. by the Rev. J. B. Hughes, Staverton Vicarage.

with their value and interest. He was shooting his shafts far beyond Albemarle Street when he wrote these. But we shall be obliged to sacrifice most of his Venetian *Amourettes*—they were such wretched things in themselves, and he makes so boyishly much of them. One of my great objects, as you will see in reading me, is to keep my style down to as much simplicity as I am capable of; for nothing could be imagined more discordant than the mixture of any of our Asiatico-Hibernian eloquence with the simple English diction of Byron's letters."

Murray showed the early part of 'Byron's Life' to Lockhart, who replied to him at once:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

February 23rd, 1829.

"I can't wait till to-morrow to say that I think the beginning of 'Byron' quite perfect in every way—the style simple, and unaffected, as the materials are rich, and how sad. It will be Moore's greatest work—at least, next to the 'Melodies,' and will be a fortune to you. My wife says it is divine. By all means engrave the early miniature. Never was anything so drearily satisfactory to the imagination as the whole picture of the lame boy's start in life."

Moore was greatly touched by this letter. He wrote from Sloperton:—

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

"Lockhart's praise has given me great pleasure, and his wife's even still greater; but, after all, the merit is in my subject—in the man, not in me. He must be a sad bungler who would spoil such a story."

As the work advanced, Sir Walter Scott's opinion also was asked.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

September 29th, 1829.

"Sir Walter has read the first 120 pages of Moore's 'Life of Byron'; and he says they are charming, and not

a syllable *de trop*. He is now busy at a grand rummage among his papers, and has already found one of Lord Byron's letters which shall be at Mr. Moore's service forthwith. He expects to find more of them. This is curious, as being the first of 'Byron' to Scott."

Moore was not able to carry out his intention of immediately moving to London, for his child was still very ill.

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

March 7th, 1829.

"I begin to feel great confidence in our work ; and as soon as my head has got over the crisis of its present trial, I shall devote myself totally to the finishing of it. I thought I had felt my utmost about our poor child, but as the last moment approaches, I find it hard—*very* hard—to bear up."

Three days after, the child died, to the infinite sorrow of Moore and his wife, but his grief made him devote himself with all the more assiduity to his literary work.

In March he wrote to Murray, about Dr. Kennedy's 'Religious Conversations with Lord Byron ;' and in April, about the visit of Byron to Leigh Hunt in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and the passing of the Bill for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics.

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

Bowood, 17th April, 1829.

"You know Mitchell, I think, Aristophanes Mitchell. He was one of our party the day Lord Byron and I dined with Leigh Hunt in prison, and I wish you particularly to get from him all he recollects of that dinner *in quod*—above all, ask him whether Scott (the *shot* Scott) was not one of those who dropped in in the evening

"How peaceable you all are in town after this destructive Bill ! * I little thought I should ever live to see

* Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill.

the *end* of my politics—but so it is. The Duke has had the merit of exorcising the devil of rebellion out of me, and I am now (at your service) as loyal and well-behaved an author as you could desire. In this feeling, too, I rather think I am the representative of the great mass (or rather Mass-goers) of my countrymen. All we wanted was fair treatment, and God forgive you and your *Quarterly Reviewers* who so long grudged it to us.”

Murray's next request to Moore was that he should sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence for his portrait to place beside those of famous authors, which adorned his drawing-room. He had portraits of Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Irving, Campbell, Hallam, Lockhart, and Crabbe, among poets and literary men ; portraits of Sir John Franklin, Captain Parry, Captain Lyon, Sir John Richardson, Major Denham, Richard Landor, and Captain Clapperton, among the voyagers to the North Pole and discoverers in Africa. Moore replied that he was “quite overwhelmed” by the compliment, not thinking that “his head was worth the costly pencil of Sir Thomas.” “I must, however,” he added, “try and furbish it up into its least potato-look for the occasion.”

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

29th June, 1829.

“I was on the point of writing you a long business letter on the subject of ways and means, but may as well, as I have the opportunity, despatch it briefly here. Last night, on looking over my banker's book (‘a beggarly account’), I was startled by seeing that we are within a day or two of the resurrection of that awful bill—that ghost of specie which we have ‘doomed for a time to walk the earth’ before it returned to plague us, and which, without your assistance, it is wholly out of my power to lay. Now, what I want to know briefly is, whether, taking into consideration the unexpected delay that has occurred in our work, and the dependence which I had placed (vainly as

it now appears) on my power of bringing it to a conclusion about this time, so as to give me a claim upon the sum still remaining in your hands—whether, taking all this into your merciful consideration, you would think it too hard upon you, or too soft of you, to advance me forthwith the twelve months' bill, and let me raise the supplies on it."

Murray at once complied with Moore's request, laid the ghost of his bill, and enabled him to proceed in comfort with the work. Meanwhile he sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and dined with him at Murray's in company with other friends. In his Diary occur the words (19th November, 1829):—"Dined at Murray's; company, Sir J. Mackintosh (whom I was lucky enough to sit by), Sir T. Lawrence, Irving, Lockhart, the Somervilles, and Mr. Miller,* who has written well, it seems on law."

The first volume of 'Lord Byron's Life and Letters,' published on the 1st of January, 1830, was read with enthusiasm, and met with a very favourable reception. Moore says in his Diary, that "Lady Byron was highly pleased with the 'Life,'" but among the letters received by Mr. Murray, one of the most interesting was from Mrs. Shelley, to whom a presentation copy had been sent.

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

January 19th, 1830.

Except the occupation of one or two annoyances, I have done nothing but read, since I got 'Lord Byron's Life.' I have no pretensions to being a critic, yet I know infinitely well what pleases me. Not to mention the judicious arrangement and happy *tact* displayed by Mr. Moore, which distinguish the book, I must say a word concerning the style, which is elegant and forcible. I was particularly struck by the observations on Lord Byron's character

* John Miller, of Lincoln's Inn, a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly*.

before his departure to Greece, and on his return. There is strength and richness, as well as sweetness.

The great charm of the work to me, and it will have the same to you, is that the Lord Byron I find there is *our* Lord Byron—the fascinating, faulty, philosophical being—daring the world, docile to a private circle, impetuous and indolent, gloomy, and yet more gay than any other. I live with him again in these pages—getting reconciled (as I used in his lifetime) to those waywardnesses which annoyed me when he was away, through the delightful tone of his conversation and manners.

His own letters and journals mirror himself as he was, and are invaluable. There is something cruelly kind in this single volume. When will the next come? Impatient before, how tenfold more so am I now. Among its many ✓ other virtues, this book is accurate to a miracle. I have not stumbled on one mistake with regard either to time, place, or feeling.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient and obliged Servant,

MARY SHELLEY.

Moore hoped to be able to get something from the American publishers for his work. In his Diary he wrote:—

“Left some of the printed sheets with Irving to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I make but a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied.”

Mr. Irving's negotiations answered their purpose to a certain extent, and for the advance sheets of the two volumes of 'The Life of Byron,' Moore received £300, but the biography was shortly after reproduced in many forms by all manner of publishers.

The first part of 'Lord Byron's Life and Letters' was reprinted in New York and Paris, and smuggled copies

were sent to England for sale. Surreptitious copies were printed at Dublin and Glasgow, but advertisements inserted in the newspapers, cautioning any printer against printing the book, or any bookseller against selling it, put a stop to this theft.

We return for a moment to Moore's Diary, in which he says (1st March, 1830):—

“Dined with Murray. Meant to have joined the Lansdownes at the play to see Fanny Kemble, but had a note from Murray before dinner, to say: ‘For God’s sake do not go to Lord Lansdowne’s this evening; you live with him, and it can be of no consequence to him, but to me it will be thrusting a knife into my feelings.’ Company at Murray’s: James Smith, the Lockharts, Irving, &c., &c. Stayed there the whole evening, and sang—the first time for near two months—and was actually pleased with the sound of my own voice. A niece of Madame d’Arblay also sang some things with an Italian, and very prettily.”

Towards the end of the year Mr. Moore took up his residence for a time at Murray’s house, where he says he was received “most kindly.”

The preparation of the second volume proceeded more rapidly than the first, for Lord Byron’s letters to Murray and Moore during the later years of his life covered the whole period, and gave to the record an almost autobiographical character. It appeared in January 1831, and amongst many other readers of it Mrs. Somerville, to whom Mr. Murray sent a present of the book, was full of unstinted praise.

Mrs. Somerville to John Murray.

January 13th, 1831.

You have kindly afforded me a source of very great interest and pleasure in the perusal of the second volume of Moore’s ‘Life of Byron.’ In my opinion, it is very superior to the first; there is less repetition of the letters;

they are better written, abound more in criticism and observation, and make the reader better acquainted with Lord Byron's principles and character. His morality was certainly more suited to the meridian of Italy than England; but with all his faults there is a charm about him that excites the deepest interest and admiration. His letter to Lady Byron is more affecting and beautiful than anything I have read; it must ever be a subject of regret that it was not sent; it seems impossible that it should not have made a lasting impression, and might possibly have changed the destinies of both. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Murray and the young people,

Believe me, truly yours,

MARY SOMERVILLE.

There were, however, different views of the second volume, of which a few specimens are given:—

Colonel D'Aguilar to John Murray.

January 15th, 1831.

"I have sat up all the night, and devoured every line of it. As a whole it is beautiful, the genuine transcript of his mind and body. But there are passages in it on the score of discretion which can never be sufficiently regretted. I lament this the more because you know the pains I took to prevent it. . . . The minor and minute detail of those grosser irregularities, to which, for a time he abandoned himself in the rashness of despair, and when his mind was without an object, should never have been inserted. . . . I grieve over this beyond measure, because so little is wanting to make the book perfect. . . . I would apply to Mr. Moore what Johnson said of Gray, 'When he writes in this way it is vain to praise and useless to blame him.' "

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

"As to what you say of Byron's volume, no doubt there are *longueurs*, but really not many. The most teasing part is the blanks, which perplex without concealing. I also think that Moore went on a wrong principle, when, pub-

lishing *any* personality, he did not publish *all*. It is like a suppression of evidence. When such horrors are published of Sir S. Romilly, it would have been justice to his memory to show that, on the *slightest* provocation, Byron would treat his dearest friend in the same style. When his sneers against Lady Byron and her mother are recorded, it would lessen their effect if it were shown that he sneered at all man and womankind in turn; and that the friend of his choicest selection, or the mistress of his maddest love, were served no better, when the maggot (selfishness) bit, than his wife or his mother-in-law."

At another date, Mr. Croker, when returning Leigh Hunt's 'Tatler' to Mr. Murray, observed:—

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

January 21st, 1831.

DEAR MURRAY,

I return you the 'Tatler' that you lent me. I think Mr. Hunt makes more of Moore's letters than they deserve. I certainly wish Moore had not flattered him so much, but we should recollect that Moore and Mr. Hunt were at that day fellow labourers in a party, and as poor Gifford said, "politics, like misery, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." I really wonder that Hunt had nothing more piquant to produce; and as to the mention of Lord Moira, I see no insincerity in it, as politics over heated Moore's private friendship for Hunt, so it over cooled that for Lord Moira. Party is much the strongest passion of an Englishman's mind. Friendship, love, even avarice, give way before it. There is not one of us who does not tolerate partizans whom one would indignantly reject as ordinary acquaintances. So that, on the whole, I look with a very excusing eye on the flummery with which Moore thought fit to feed the vanity of the weekly critic. As to his present opinions of the man, I suppose they are the correct ones, but I know neither him nor his works, except 'Rimini.'

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

In the second volume of the *Life*, references were made to Mr. Gally Knight's 'Poems,' and 'Persian Tales.' Mr. Knight was dissatisfied with the allusions to his works, and wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Gally Knight to John Murray.

17th February, 1831.

"I have seen the second volume of Moore's 'Life of Byron,' and though it can be matter of surprise to no one to find himself the object of the spleen of the noble author, yet I confess I *am surprised* at seeing myself so gratuitously offered up as a victim to the public—especially as Lord Byron's opinions on the subject of my little poems in the second volume are the exact converse of what they were in the first—thereby demonstrating that whoever remained, ever so quietly and unaffectedly, the friend of Lady Byron, could not escape the malignity of her lord. What makes the pickings at my little poem in the second volume the more remarkable is that 'Ilderim' had been submitted to Lord Byron at his own request some time before it was published, and that he strongly exhorted me to let it appear. I have still in my possession a letter of Lord Byron's in which he desires me to put the work into your hands. *Au reste*, the second volume appears to me to be neither more nor less than 'Don Juan' in prose, and I cannot say how much I regret to see Lord Byron's amours so openly paraded before the public. It is an indecorous exhibition, and but too likely to do harm, for young men will admire *the whole* of the life, because it belonged to genius; and will imitate the only part of it with which mental superiority had nothing to do."

The appearance of the *Life* induced Captain Medwin to publish his "Conversations with Lord Byron," a work now chiefly remembered as having called forth from Murray who was attacked in it, a reply which, as a crushing refutation of personal charges, has seldom been surpassed.*

* Mr. Murray's answer to Medwin's fabrications is published in the Appendix to the 8vo. edition of 'Lord Byron's Poems.'

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

"I send you an ode which may form an addition to the proposed edition of my poems. I expected before this to have heard from you on this subject, but suppose that Captain Medwin and the *Quarterly* editorship have occupied your time tolerably fully. Did Lord Byron or the gallant Captain originate the mass of mendacity which the work contains? I conceive no work has been published in my day equally disgraceful to all concerned. I had some thoughts of requesting a contradiction of my being the author of the article on Shelley, as I could not now be supposed to deprecate his lordship's wrath, which I certainly in his lifetime should not have attempted to avert by disowning what he had no right to attribute to me. But you know that I have always avoided most scrupulously any criticism upon my brother contemporary poets; and for that reason only should I wish a disclaimer of the article in question to be made in my name."

We have seen how on two previous occasions Rogers had, at Murray's cost, exhibited great liberality to Crabbe, and, through Lord Byron's agency, to Godwin. Similar influences were at work in the case of Moore, when the question of payment for the Biography came to be settled. Moore wrote to his publisher on the subject, and his letter crossed that which Murray had already written, as follows :—

John Murray to Mr. Moore.

May 24th, 1831.

The *cross* letter, as you term it, did not reach me until this morning, and, from the manner in which the subject of it had been previously settled, I should not have thought it necessary to allude to it again, were it not for the interference of your "advising" friends.

This is not a solitary instance in which some of them have with morbid liberality evinced a kind disposition to give large sums of money to *their own friends*, to be paid by drafts, not upon their own bankers, but upon *mine*. Would these honorary patrons of men of letters enquire:

into facts, they would sometimes be startled into the meritorious selfishness of making the case their own; and then before they ventured to impugn the liberality of others, they would perhaps consider what, in similar circumstances, they would have done themselves. Had these warm-hearted friends made enquiries on the present occasion, they would have been informed that the copyright of the 'Life of Byron,' was purchased by the following sums, viz. :

	£
1. By discharging the author's bond to Messrs. Longman, with payment of interest thereon	3020
2. By two bills	1200
3. By Cash	100
4. By remitting what was due from America	300
	<u>£4620</u>
Interest on the above £3020 for twenty months before the first volume was published, not charged to author, but paid by publisher	250
	<u>£4870</u>
Besides contributing one half of the work myself by Lord Byron's letters to his publisher, valued at £2000.	
The printing of the work cost <i>bonâ fide</i>	4430
Copyright (as above)	4870
	<u>£9300</u>
Total receipt, even if the whole were sold	9000
	<u>£300</u>
Loss on the first edition to its illiberal proprietor	

As a mercantile speculation it is hardly to be thought of, and there has been such a hue and cry raised against certain parts of the work, that it is quite a *livre defendu* in some families; so that the entire sale of the work cannot be depended on.

Let your friends see this statement, and then decide upon the conduct of,

My dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN MURRAY.

This explanation must have satisfied Mr. Moore, for there was no further controversy about it. On the other

hand, an arrangement was made for an illustrated edition of Lord Byron's Life, and a correspondence took place as to the subjects of the illustrations. Amongst the usual number of reviews of the biography was one by Lockhart in the *Quarterly* (No. 87), which was very favourable; but an article, by Mr. Croker in No. 91, on another of Moore's works—the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald'—was of a very different character. Murray told Moore of the approaching appearance of the article in the next number, and Moore enters in his Diary, "Saw my 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald' announced as one of the articles in the *Quarterly*, to be abused of course; and this too immediately after my dinings and junketings with both author and publisher."

Mr. Moore to John Murray.

October 25th, 1831.

... I see that what I took for a joke of yours is true, and that you are *at* me in this number of the *Quarterly*. I have desired Power to send you back my copy when it comes, not liking to read it just now for reasons. In the meantime, here's some *good*-humoured doggerel for you:—

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

Editur et edit.

No ! Editors don't care a button,
 What false and faithless things they do ;
 They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
 And then, they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,
 Nay, met e'en Horace Twiss to please him :
 Yet Mister Barnes traduc'd my Book
 For which may his own devils seize him !

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
 Nor of his cakes consumed a particle ;
 And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
 Let fly at me, next week, an article !

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame, like Hogg and Packwood ;
A dose of black-strap then I got,
And after a still worse of Blackwood.

Alas ! and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart of the *Quarterly* ?
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
With pen, so very gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from your garret,—
Till, 'twixt the two, in doubt I be,
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret ?

Should you again see the Noble Scott before he goes,
remember me most affectionately to him.

Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Mr. Murray now found himself at liberty to proceed with
his cherished scheme of a complete edition of Lord Byron's
works.

John Murray to Mr. Moore.

February 28th, 1832.

When I commenced this complete edition of Byron's
works I was so out of heart by the loss upon the first
edition of the 'Life,' and by the simultaneous losses from
the failure of three booksellers very largely in my debt, that
I had little if any hopes of its success, and I felt myself
under the necessity of declining your kind offer to edit it,
because I did not think that I should have had it in my
power to offer you an adequate remuneration. But now
that the success of this speculation is established, if you
will do me the favour to do what you propose, I shall
have great satisfaction in giving you 500 guineas for your
labours.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Murray was desirous of adding to the new edition of the works of Byron Mrs. Shelley's notes on those passages in the author's career with which she was acquainted, and accordingly wrote to her making the proposal. Her reply was as follows:—

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

May 4th, 1832.

I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for the very agreeable presents you have made me and my friend. You are quite magnificent in your generosity, and nothing can be more welcome than your books.

I am afraid I shall scarcely meet all your wishes in the intended notes. The subject of Lord Byron's adventures is greatly exhausted; and, besides, the names of ladies are scarcely fair subjects for publication. However, I will do what I can. Of course you will take care that I am not brought forward or named, as you are aware how sedulously I try to keep in the background. By the bye, I must mention that early next month I leave town for some little time, so that I should be glad that Mr. Finden should see me during the course of this present one.

May I, without intruding on you, mention another subject? You apparently consider the closing of your 'Family Library' as conclusive, on the subject of my father's writing to you. Is this necessary? You are but too well aware of the evil days on which literature is fallen, and how difficult it is for a man, however gifted, whose existence depends on his pen, to make one engagement succeed another with sufficient speed to answer the calls of his situation. Nearly all our literati have found but one resource in this—which is in the ample scope afforded by periodicals. A kind of literary pride has prevented my father from mingling in these; and, never having published anything anonymously, he feels disinclined to enter on a, to him, new career.

I feel persuaded that he would render his proposed 'Lives of the Necromancers' a deeply interesting and valuable work. There is a life and energy in his writings which always exalts them above those of his contemporaries. If this subject, which seems to me a fortunate one,

does not please you, there are many others which would offer themselves, were he certain that you would accede to him and give him that encouragement which he has been accustomed hitherto to find. He had thought of the 'Lives of the English Philosophers.' I should certainly be glad that the publisher of Byron and Moore, and all the best writers, added the name of Godwin to the list ; and if upon consideration you find that your views do not oppose an engagement with him, you will perhaps invite him to further communication on the subject.

Excuse my pressing this point, which, after all, must be decided by the laws of expediency ; and, believe me,

Yours truly and obliged,

MARY SHELLEY.

Mr. Godwin afterwards addressed Mr. Murray on the same subject, but failed to induce him to publish the 'Lives of the Necromancers,' though they appeared several years afterwards. It was his last work, written at the age of 78, but it was not well received, principally because of its irreligious character, an objection which Murray, notwithstanding his kindly feeling for Godwin, could not get over. Mrs. Shelley afterwards wrote to Mr. Murray thanking him for his kindness to her father.

Mrs. Shelley to John Murray.

"I am so unhappy that Sir C. Manners Sutton has lost his election as Speaker. It is not that I am not a Whig. I suppose I am one ; but I think the Whigs have treated him most shabbily. They will never have such a Speaker again. I feel particularly kindly towards the Conservatives just now, as they have behaved with the greatest consideration towards my father, preserving him in his place, which was about to be abolished by the Whigs, and that in a manner as gracious as the deed. The Duke of Wellington, and above all the prince of our orators, Sir Robert Peel, deserve my gratitude, and have it."

It appears that, towards the end of his life, William Godwin was appointed yeoman-usher to the Exchequer, and by the emoluments of that office he was in his latter days relieved from absolute want. He died in 1836.

A few words remain to be added respecting the statue of Lord Byron, which had been so splendidly executed by Thorwaldsen at Rome. Mr. Hobhouse wrote to Murray. "Thorwaldsen offers the completed work for £1000, together with a bas-relief for the pedestal, suitable for the subject of the monument." This sculptor's offer was accepted, and the statue was forwarded from Rome to London. Murray then applied to the Dean of Westminster, on behalf of the subscribers, requesting to know "upon what terms the statue now completed could be placed in some suitable spot in Westminster Abbey." The Dean's answer was as follows :

The Dean of Westminster to John Murray.

Deanery, Westminster, December 17th, 1834.

DEAR SIR,

I have not had the opportunity, till this morning, of consulting with the Chapter on the subject of your note. When you formerly applied to me for leave to inter the remains of Lord Byron within this Abbey, I stated to you the principle on which, as Churchmen, we were compelled to decline the proposal. The erection of a monument in honour of his memory which you now desire is, in its proportion, subject to the same objection. I do indeed greatly wish for a figure by Thorwaldsen here ; but no taste ought to be indulged to the prejudice of a duty.

With my respectful compliments to the Committee, I beg you to believe me,

Yours truly,

JOHN IRELAND.

The statue was for some time laid up in a shed on a Thames wharf. An attempt was made in the House of

Commons to alter the decision of the Dean and Chapter, but it proved of no avail. "I would do my best," said Mr. Hobhouse, "to prevail upon Sir Robert Peel to use his influence with the Dean. It is a national disgrace that the statue should lie neglected in a carrier's warehouse, and it is so felt by men of all parties. I have had a formal application from Trinity College, Cambridge, for leave to place the monument in their great library, and it has been intimated to me that the French Government desire to have it for the Louvre." The result was that the subscribers, in order to retain the statue in England, forwarded it to Trinity College, Cambridge, whose noble library it now adorns.

The only memorial to Byron in London is the contemptible leaning bronze statue in Apsley House Gardens, nearly opposite the statue of Achilles. Its pedestal is a block of Parian marble, presented by the Greek Government as a national tribute to the memory of Byron.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI—THOMAS CARLYLE—SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

AFTER the calamitous affair of the *Representative*, Mr. Murray saw but little of the Disraeli family, but at the commencement of 1830, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli once more applied to him for an interview. Mr. Disraeli had, in the meanwhile, appeared as an author. He visited Germany in his eighteenth year, and on his return he proceeded to write the novel of 'Vivian Grey,' the first two volumes of which were published in 1826, and the third in the following year. The work was well received, and is now regarded as, in some measure, a prediction of his own future life. Mr. Murray, however, in whose mind the former episode was still fresh, was unwilling to accede to this request, and replied in the third person.

John Murray to Mr. B. Disraeli.

"Mr. Murray is obliged to decline at present any personal interview ; but if Mr. Benjamin Disraeli is disposed to confide his MS. to Mr. Murray as a man of business, Mr. Disraeli is assured that the proposal will be entertained in every respect with the strictest honour and impartiality."

Mr. B. Disraeli to John Murray.

Union Hotel, Cockspur Street, 1830.

The object of my interview with you is *purely literary*. It has always been my wish, if it ever were my fate to

write anything calculated to arrest public attention, that you should be the organ of introducing it to public notice. A letter I received this morning from my elected critic was the reason of my addressing myself to you.

I am sorry that Mr. Mitchell is out of town, because he is a person in whom you rightly have confidence; but from some observations he made to me the other day it is perhaps not to be regretted that he does not interfere in this business. As he has overrated some juvenile indiscretions of mine, I fear he is too friendly a critic.

I am thus explicit because I think that candour, for all reasons, is highly desirable. If you feel any inclination to pursue this affair, act as you like, and fix upon any critic you please. I have no objection to Mr. Lockhart, who is certainly an able one, and is, I believe, influenced by no undue partiality towards me.

At all events, this is an affair of no great importance—and whatever may be your determination, it will not change the feelings which, on my part, influenced this application. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

BENJ. DISRAELI.

P.S.—I think it proper to observe that I cannot crudely deliver my MS. to any one. I must have the honour of seeing you or your critic. I shall keep this negotiation open for a couple of days—that is, I shall wait for your answer till Tuesday morning, although, from particular circumstances, time is important to me.

Mr. Disraeli was about to make a prolonged journey abroad. Before he set out he again wrote to Mr. Murray :

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Bradenham, Berks, May 27th, 1830.

SIR,

I am unwilling to leave England, which I do on Saturday, without noticing your last communication, because I should regret very much if you were to misconceive the motives which actuated me in not complying with the suggestion

therein contained. I can assure you I leave in perfect confidence both in your "honour" and your "impartiality," for the first I have never doubted, and the second it is your interest to exercise.

The truth is, my friend and myself differed in the estimate of the MS. alluded to, and while I felt justified, from his opinion, in submitting it to your judgment, I felt it due to my own to explain verbally the contending views of the case, for reasons which must be obvious.

As you forced me to decide, I decided as I thought most prudently. The work is one which, I dare say, would neither disgrace you to publish, nor me to write ; but it is not the kind of production which should recommence our connection, or be introduced to the world by the publisher of Byron and Anastasius.

I am now about to leave England for an indefinite, perhaps a long period. When I return, if I do return, I trust it will be in my power for the *third time* to endeavour that you should be the means of submitting my works to the public. For this I shall be ever ready to make great sacrifices, and let me therefore hope that when I next offer my volumes to your examination, like the Sibylline books, their inspiration may at length be recognized.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

B. DISRAELI.

John Murray to Mr. Disraeli.

May 29th, 1830.

"Mr. Murray acknowledges the receipt of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's polite letter of the 27th. Mr. Murray will be ready at all times to receive any MS. which Mr. B. Disraeli may think proper to confide to him. Mr. Murray hopes the result of Mr. Disraeli's travels will complete the restoration of his health, and the gratification of his expectations."

Nearly two years passed before Mr. Disraeli returned to England from those travels in Spain, the Mediterranean and the Levant, which are so admirably described in his

'Home Letters,'* and which appear to have exercised so powerful an influence on his own character, and his subsequent career. Shortly after his return, he wrote to Mr. Murray :—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Bradenham House, Wycombe,
February 10th, 1832.

SIR,

I have at length completed a work which I wish to submit to your consideration. In so doing, I am influenced by the feelings I have already communicated to you.

If you retain the wish expressed in a note which I received at Athens in the autumn of 1830, I shall have the honour of forwarding the MS. to you. Believe me, Sir, whatever may be the result,

Very cordially yours,

BENJ. DISRAELI.

The MS. of the work was at once forwarded to Mr. Murray, who was, however, averse to publishing it without taking the advice of his friends. He first sent it to Mr. Lockhart, requesting him to read it and pronounce his opinion.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

March 3rd, 1832.

"I can't say what ought to be done with this book. To me, knowing whose it is, it is full of interest; but the affectations and absurdities are such that I can't but think they would disgust others more than the life and brilliancy of many of the descriptions would please them. You should send it to Milman without saying who is the author.—J. G. L."

* 'Home Letters,' written by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in 1830 and 1831. London, 1885.

The MS. was accordingly sent to Mr. Milman, but as he was very ill at the time, and could not read it himself, but transferred it to his wife, much delay occurred in its perusal. Meanwhile, Mr. Disraeli became very impatient about the publication, and again wrote:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

March 4th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wish that I could simplify our arrangements by a stroke by making you a present of 'The Psychological Romance'; but at present you must indeed take the will for the deed, although I hope the future will allow us to get on more swimmingly. That work has, in all probability, cost me more than I shall ever obtain by it, and indeed I may truly say that to write that work I have thrown to the winds all the obvious worldly prospects of life.

I am ready to make every possible sacrifice on my part to range myself under your colours. I will willingly give up the immediate and positive receipt of a large sum of money for the copyright, and by publishing the work anonymously renounce that certain sale which, as a successful, although I confess not very worthy author, I can command. But in quitting my present publisher, I incur, from the terms of our last agreement, a *virtual penalty*, which I have no means to pay excepting from the proceeds of my pen. Have you, therefore, any objection to advance me a sum on the anticipated profits of the edition, not exceeding two hundred pounds?

It grieves me much to appear exacting to you, but I frankly tell you the reason, and, as it will enable me to place myself at your disposal, I hope you will not consider me mercenary, when I am indeed influenced by the most sincere desire to meet your views.

If this modification of your arrangement will suit you, as I fervently trust it will, I shall be delighted to accede to your wishes. In that case let me know without loss of time, and pray let us meet to talk over minor points, as to the mode of publication, &c. I shall be at home all the morning; my time is very much occupied, and on Thursday

or Friday I must run down, for a day or two, to Wycombe to attend a public meeting.*

Fervently trusting that this arrangement will meet your wishes,

Believe me, yours,

BENJ. DISRAELI.

While the MS. was still in Mr. Milman's hands, Mr. Disraeli followed this up with another letter:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

35 Duke Street, St. James's.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very sensible that you have conducted yourself, with regard to my MS. in the most honourable, kind, and judicious manner; and I very much regret the result of your exertions, which neither of us deserve.

I can wait no longer. The delay is most injurious to me, and in every respect very annoying. I am therefore under the painful necessity of requesting you to require from your friend the return of my work without a moment's delay, but I shall not deny myself the gratification of thanking you for your kindness and subscribing myself, with regard,

Your faithful Servant,

BENJ. DISRAELI.

At length Mr. Milman's letter arrived, expressing his judgment on the work, which was much more satisfactory than that of Mr. Lockhart.

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

Reading, March 5th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been utterly inefficient for the last week, in a state of almost complete blindness; but am now, I trust,

* Mr. Disraeli was then a candidate, on the Radical side, for the Borough of Wycombe.

nearly restored. Mrs. Milman, however, has read to me the whole of the MS. It is a very remarkable production—very wild, very extravagant, very German, very powerful, very poetical. It will, I think, be much read—as far as one dare predict anything of the capricious taste of the day—much admired, and much abused. It is much more in the Macaulay than in the Croker line, and the former is evidently in the ascendant. Some passages will startle the rigidly orthodox; the phrenologists will be in rapture. I tell you all this, that you may judge for yourself. One thing insist upon, if you publish it—that the title be changed. The whole beauty, of the latter part especially, is its truth. It is a rapid volume of travels, a ‘Childe Harold’ in prose; therefore do not let it be called “a Romance” on any account. Let those who will, believe it to be a real history, and those who are not taken in, dispute whether it is truth or fiction. If it makes any sensation, this will add to its notoriety ‘A Psychological Auto-Biography’ would be too sesquipedalian a title; but ‘My Life Psychologically Related,’ or ‘The Psychology of my Life,’ or some such title, might be substituted.

H. H. MILMAN.

Before Mr. Milman’s communication had been received, another pressing letter arrived from Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with deep regret and some mortification that I appear to press you. It is of the highest importance to me that the ‘P. R.’ should appear without loss of time. I have an impending election in the country, which a single and not improbable event may precipitate. It is a great object with me, that my work should be published before that election.

Its rejection by you will only cause me sorrow. I have no desire that you should become its publisher, unless you conceive it may be the first of a series of works, which may support your name, and sustain your fortunes. There is no question of pecuniary matters between us; I leave all these with you, with illimitable trust.

Pray, pray, my dear Sir, do not let me repent the feelings

which impel me to seek this renewal of our connection. I entreat therefore your attention to this subject, and request that you will communicate your decision.

Believe me, as I have already said, that whatever that decision may be, I shall not the less consider myself,

Very cordially yours,

B. DISRAELI.

And again, in a subsequent letter, Mr. Disraeli said :—

“There is no work of fiction on whose character I could not decide in four-and-twenty hours, and your critic ought not to be less able than your author. Pray, therefore, to communicate without loss of time to your obedient faithful servant.

“B. D.”

On receiving Mr. Milman's approval, Mr. Murray immediately made up his mind to publish the work. He wrote to Mr. Disraeli :—

John Murray to Mr. Disraeli.

March 6th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your MS. has this moment been returned to me, accompanied by a commendation which enables me to say that I should be proud of being its publisher. But in these times I am obliged to refrain from speculation, and I cannot offer any sum for it that is likely to be equal to its probable value.

I would, however, if it so please you, print at my expense an edition of 1200 or 1500 copies, and give you half the profits; and after the sale of this edition, the copyright shall be entirely your own; so that if the work prove as successful as I anticipate, you will ensure all the advantages of it without incurring any risque.

If this proposal should not suit you, I beg to add that I shall, for the handsome offer of your work in the first instance, still remain,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

Some further correspondence took place as to the title of the work. "What do you think," said Mr. Disraeli, "of the 'Psychological Memoir'? I hesitate between this and 'Narrative,' but discard 'History' or 'Biography.' On survey, I conceive the MS. will make four Byronic tomes, according to the pattern you were kind enough to show me." The work was at length published in 4 vols., foolscap 8vo., with the title of 'Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Biography.'

Before the appearance of the work, Mr. Disraeli wrote to Mr. Murray as follows:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Bradenham House, May 6th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

From the notice of "C. F." in the *Literary Gazette*, which I received this morning, I imagine that Jerdan has either bribed the printer, or purloined some sheets. It is evident that he has only seen the last volume. It is unnecessary for me to observe that such premature notice, written in such complete ignorance of the work, can do no good. I think that he should be reprimanded, and his petty larceny arrested. I shall be in town on Tuesday.

Yours,

B. D.

The work, when it appeared in 1833, excited considerable sensation, and was very popular at the time of its publication. It is now included in the uniform edition of Lord Beaconsfield's works.

During his travels in the East, Mr. Disraeli was attended by Lord Byron's faithful gondolier, who had accompanied his master to Missolonghi, and remained with him till his death.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Duke Street, July 5th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

I have just returned to town, and will call in Albemarle Street as soon as I can. Tita, Lord Byron's faithful servant, and who was also my travelling companion in the East, called upon me this morning. I thought you might wish to see one so intimately connected with the lost bard, and who is himself one of the most deserving creatures in the world.

Yours faithfully,

B. DISRAELI.

At the same time that Mr. Disraeli was engaged on his novel, he was busy with another, but this time a political work entitled 'England and France: a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania,' dedicated to Lord Grey. The first letter on the subject—after Mr. Murray had agreed to publish the work—appears to have been the following, from Bradenham, Monday night, but without the date:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

DEAR SIR,

By to-morrow's coach, at your desire, I send you one-half of the volume, which, however, is not in the finished state I could have wished. I have materials for any length, but it is desirable to get out without a moment's loss of time. It has been suggested to publish a volume periodically, and let this come out as No. 1; so as to establish a journal of general foreign politics, for which there are ample means of first-rate information. I have not been able even to revise what is sent, but it will sufficiently indicate the work.

I am to meet a personage on Thursday evening in town, and read over the whole to him. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the MS. should be returned to you on Thursday morning, and I will call in Albemarle Street the

moment of my arrival, which will be about four o'clock. If in time, acknowledge the receipt by return of post.

The remaining portion of the volume consists of several more dramatic scenes in Paris, a view of the character and career of L. P.* a most curious chapter on the conduct of the Diplomats, and a general view of the state of Europe at the moment of publication. Pray be cautious, and above all let me depend upon your having the MS. on Thursday, otherwise, as Liston says in 'Love, Law and Physic,' "*we shall get all shot.*"

B. D.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray,

Friday, 11 o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,

I much regret that I missed you yesterday, but I called upon you the instant I arrived. I very much wish to talk over the 'Gallomania,' and will come on to you, if it be really impossible for you to pay me a visit. I have so much at this moment on my hands, that I should esteem such an incident, not only an honour, but a convenience.

B. D.

There seems to have been a difference of opinion between the author and the publisher respecting the title of the book :—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

DEAR SIR,

I have a great respect for your judgment, especially on the subject of titles, as I have shown in another instance, one which I shall ever regret. In the present, I shall be happy to receive from you any suggestion, but I can offer none. To me the *Gallomania* (or *mania* for what is French) appears to be one of the most felicitous titles ever devised. It is comprehensive, it is explicit, it is poignant and intelligible, as I should suppose, to learned and unlearned. The word *Anglomania* is one of the commonest on the other side of the channel, is repeated daily in almost

* Louis Philippe.

every newspaper ; has been the title of one or two works ; and of the best farce in the French language. It is here also common and intelligible.

There is no objection to erasing the epithet "New," if you think it loads the title.

Yours truly,
B. D.

The three following letters were written on the same day :—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Duke Street, March 30th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

I am going to dine with Baron D'Haussez, Baron de Haber, *et hoc genus*, to-day, and must report progress, otherwise they will think I am trifling with them. Have you determined on a title? What think you of 'A Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania,' and advertise, dedicated to Lord Grey. Pray decide. You are aware I have not yet received a proof. Affairs look awkward in France. Beware lest we are a day after the fair, and only annalists instead of prophets.

Your very faithful Servant,

B. DISRAELI.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

March 30th.

DEAR SIR,

I think it does very well, and I hope you are also satisfied. I shall send you the rest of the MS. to-morrow morning. There is a very remarkable chapter on Louis Philippe which is at present with Baron D'Haussez ; and this is the reason I have not forwarded it to you. I keep the advertisement to show them.

B. D.

MY DEAR SIR,

In further answer to your note received this evening, I think it proper to observe that I entirely agree with you that I "am bound to make as few alterations as possible,"

coming as they do from such a quarter ; and I have acted throughout in such a spirit. All alterations and omissions of consequence are in this first sheet, and I have retained in the others many things of which I do not approve, merely on account of my respect for the source from whence they are derived.

While you remind me of what I observed to your son, let me also remind you of the condition with which my permission was accompanied, viz.: that everything was to be submitted to my approval, and subject to my satisfaction. On this condition I have placed the proofs in the hands of several persons not less distinguished than your friend,* and superior even in rank and recent office. Their papers are on my table, and I shall be happy to show them to you, I will mention one: the chapter on Belgium was originally written by the Plenipotentiary of the King of Holland to the Conference, Baron Van Zuylen. Scarcely a line of the original composition remains, although a very able one, because it did not accord with the main design of the book.

With regard to the omission, pp. 12, 13, I acknowledge its felicity ; but it is totally at variance with every other notice of M. de Talleyrand in the work, and entirely dissonant with the elaborate mention of him in the last chapter. When the reviser introduced this pungent remark, he had never even read the work he was revising.

With regard to the authorship of this work, I should never be ashamed of being considered the author. I should be *proud to be* ; but I am not. It is written by Legion, but I am one of them, and I bear the responsibility. If it be supposed to be written by a Frenchman, all its good effects must be marred, as it seeks to command attention and interest by its purely British spirit.

I have no desire to thrust my acquaintance on your critic. More than once, I have had an opportunity to form that acquaintance, and more than once I have declined it, but I am ready to bear the *brunt of explanation*, if you desire me.

It is quite impossible that anything adverse to the general measure of Reform can issue from my pen or from anything to which I contribute. Within these four months

* Mr. Croker, with Mr. B. Disraeli's knowledge, revised the proofs.

I have declined being returned for a Tory borough, and almost within these four hours, to mention slight affairs, I have refused to inscribe myself a member of "The Conservative Club." I cannot believe that you will place your critic's feelings for a few erased passages against my permanent interest.

But in fact these have nothing to do with the question. To convenience you, I have no objection to wash my hands of the whole business, and put you in direct communication with my coadjutors. I can assure you that it is from no regard for my situation that Reform was omitted, but because they are of opinion that its notice would be unwise and injurious. For myself, I am ready to do anything that you can desire, except entirely change my position in life.

I will see your critic, if you please, or you can give up the publication and be reimbursed, which shall make no difference in our other affairs. All I ask in this and all other affairs, are candour and decision.

The present business is most pressing. At present I am writing a chapter on Poland from intelligence just received, and it will be ready for the printer to-morrow morning, as I shall finish it before I retire. I await your answer with anxiety.

Yours truly,

B. D.

Mr. Disraeli was evidently intent upon the immediate publication of his work. On the following day he wrote again to Mr. Murray:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

March 31st, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

We shall have an opportunity of submitting the work to Count Orloff to-morrow morning, in case you can let me have a set of the proofs to-night, I mean as far as we have gone. I do not like to send mine, which are covered with corrections.

Yours truly,

B. D.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

Monday morning, 9 o'clock [April 2].

DEAR SIR,

Since I had the honour of addressing you the note of last night, I have seen the Baron. Our interview was intended to have been a final one, and it was therefore absolutely necessary that I should apprise him of all that had happened, of course concealing the name of your friend. The Baron says that the insertion of the obnoxious passages is fatal to all his combinations; that he has devoted two months of the most valuable time to this affair, and that he must hold me personally responsible for the immediate fulfilment of my agreement, viz.: to ensure its publication when finished.

We dine at the same house to-day, and I have pledged myself to give him a categorical reply at that time, and to ensure its publication by some mode or other.

Under these principal circumstances, my dear sir, I can only state that the work must be published at once, and with the omission of all passages hostile to Reform; and that if you are unwilling to introduce it in that way, I request from your friendliness such assistance as you can afford me about the printer, &c., to occasion its immediate publication in some other quarter.

After what took place between myself and my coadjutor last night, I really can have for him only one answer or one alternative, and as I wish to give him the first, and ever avoid the second, I look forward with confidence to your answer.

B. D.

Mr. Disraeli next desires to have a set of the proofs to put into the hands of the Duke of Wellington:—

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

April 6th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just received a note, that if I can get a set of clean proofs by Sunday, they will be put in the Duke's hands preliminary to the debate. I thought you would like to know this. Do you think it impossible? Let this be between us. I am sorry to give you all this trouble, but I

know your zeal, and the interest you take in these affairs. I myself will never keep the printer, and engage when the proofs are sent me to prepare them for the press within an hour.

Yours,

B. D.

Mr. Disraeli to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very glad to receive the copy. I think that one should be sent to the editor of the *Times* as quickly as possible; that at least he should not be anticipated in the receipt, even if in the *notice*, by a Sunday paper. But I leave all this to your better judgment. You will send copies to Duke Street as soon as you have them.

B. D.

After the article in the *Times* had appeared, Baron de Haber, a mysterious German gentleman of Jewish extraction, who had taken part in the production of 'Gallomania,' wrote to Mr. Murray:—

Baron de Haber to John Murray.

2 Mai, 1832.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,

J'espère que vous serez content de l'article de *Times* sur la 'Gallomania.' C'est un grand pas de fait. Il serait utile que le *Standard* et le *Morning Post* le copie en entière, avec des observations dans son sens. C'est à vous, mon cher Monsieur Murray, de soigner cet objet. J'ai infiniment regretté de ne m'être pas trouvé chez moi hier, lorsque vous êtes venu me voir, avec l'aimable Mr. Lockhart.

Tout à vous,

DE H.

Baron de Haber to John Murray.

Vendredi.

MON CHER MONSIEUR MURRAY,

Vous désirez dans l'intérêt de l'ouvrage faire mentionner dans le *Standard* que le *Times* d'aujourd'hui paroît

être assez d'accord avec l'auteur de la 'Gallomania' sur M. Thiers, espérant que de jour en jour il reviendra aux idées de cet auteur.

Il seroit aussi convenable de dire que la *prophétie* dans la lettre à *My Lord Grey* étoit assez juste : Allusion—"In less than a month we shall no doubt hear of their *warm* reception in the Provinces, and of some gratifying, perhaps startling, demonstrations of national gratitude." Voyez, mon cher Monsieur, comme depuis 8 jours ces pauvres Députés qui ont voté pour le Ministre sont traités.

Si vous êtes à la maison ce soir, dites-le-moi, je désire vous parler. Dînez-vous chez-vous ?

Votre dévoué,

DE H.

The following announcement was published by Mr. Disraeli in reply to certain criticisms of his work :—

"I cannot allow myself to omit certain observations of my able critic without remarking that those omissions are occasioned by no insensibility to their acuteness.

"Circumstances of paramount necessity render it quite impossible that anything can proceed from my pen hostile to the general question of *Reform*.

"Independent however of all personal considerations, and viewing the question of Reform for a moment in the light in which my critic evidently speculates, I would humbly suggest that the cause which he advocates would perhaps be more united in the present pages by being passed over *in silence*. It is important that this work should be a work not of *party* but of national interest, and I am induced to believe that a large class in this country, who think themselves bound to support the present administration from a superficial sympathy with their domestic measures, have long viewed their foreign policy with distrust and alarm.

"If the public are at length convinced that Foreign Policy, instead of being an abstract and isolated division of the national interests, is in fact the basis of our empire and present order, and that this basis shakes under the unskilful government of the Cabinet, the public may be induced to withdraw their confidence from that Cabinet altogether.

"With this exception, I have adopted all the additions

and alterations that I have yet had the pleasure of seeing without reserve, and I seize this opportunity of expressing my sense of their justness and their value.

"The Author of 'Gallomania.'" *

The next person whom we shall introduce to the reader was one who had but little in common with Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, except that, like him, he had at that time won but little of that world-wide renown which he was afterwards to achieve. This "writer of books," as he described himself, was no other than Thomas Carlyle, who, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. Murray, had translated Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' written the 'Life of Schiller,' and several articles in the Reviews; but was not yet known as a literary man of mark. He was living among the bleak, bare moors of Dumfriesshire at Craigenputtock, where he was consoled at times by visits from Jeffrey and Emerson, and by letters from Goethe, where he wrote that strange and rhapsodical book 'Sartor Resartus,' containing a considerable portion of his own experience. After the MS. was nearly finished, he wrapt it in a piece of paper, put it in his pocket, and started for Dumfries, on his way to London.

Jeffrey, then Lord Advocate, recommended Carlyle to try Murray, because, "in spite of its radicalism, he would be the better publisher." Jeffrey wrote to Mr. Murray on the subject, without mentioning Carlyle's name:—

Lord Jeffrey to John Murray.

May 1st, 1831.

"Lord Jeffrey understands that the earlier chapters of this work (which is the production of a friend of his) were

* Several references are made to 'Contarini Fleming' and 'Gallomania' in 'Lord Beaconsfield's Letters to his Sister,' published in 1887.

shown some months ago to Mr. Murray (or his reader), and were formally judged of; though, from its incomplete state, no proposal for its publication could then be entertained. What is now sent completes it; the earlier chapters being now under the final perusal of the author.

"Lord Jeffrey, who thinks highly of the author's abilities, ventures to beg Mr. Murray to look at the MS. now left with him, and to give him, as soon as possible, his opinion as to its probable success on publication; and also to say whether he is willing to undertake it, and on what terms."

Carlyle, who was himself at the time in London, called upon Mr. Murray, and left with him a portion of the manuscript, and an outline of the proposed volume.

Mr. Carlyle to John Murray.

6 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square,
Wednesday, August 10th, 1831.

DEAR SIR,

I here send you the MS. concerning which I have, for the present, only to repeat my urgent request that no time may be lost in deciding on it. At latest, next Wednesday I shall wait upon you, to see what further, or whether anything further is to be done.

In the meanwhile, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, that the whole business is strictly confidential; the rather, as I wish to publish anonymously.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Be so kind as write, by the bearer, these two words, "MS. received."

When Carlyle called a second time Murray was not at home, but he found that the parcel containing the MS. had not been opened. He again wrote to the publisher on the following Friday:—

Mr. Carlyle to John Murray.

DEAR SIR,

As I am naturally very anxious to have this little business that lies between us off my hands—and, perhaps, a few minutes' conversation would suffice to settle it all—I will again request, in case I should be so unlucky as to miss you in Albemarle Street, that you would have the goodness to appoint me a short meeting at any, the earliest, hour that suits your convenience.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

This was followed up by a letter from Lord Jeffrey :—

Lord Jeffrey to John Murray.

Sunday, August 28th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

Will you favour me with a few minutes' conversation, any morning of this week (the early part of it, if possible), on the subject of my friend Carlyle's projected publication. I have looked a little into the MS. and can tell you something about it.

Believe me, always, very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

The interview between Lord Jeffrey and Murray led to an offer for the MS.

Mr. Carlyle to John Murray.

Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,

I have seen the Lord Advocate [Jeffrey], who informs me that you are willing to print an edition of 750 copies of my MS., at your own cost, on the principle of what is called "half profits;" the copyright of the book after that to belong to myself.

I came down at present to say that, being very anxious to have you as a publisher, and to see my book put forth soon, I am ready to accede to these terms; and I should

like much to meet you, or hear from you, at your earliest convenience, that the business might be actually put in motion. I much incline to think, in contrasting the character of my little speculation with the character of the times, that *now* (even in these months, say in November) were the best season for emitting it. Hoping soon to see all this pleasantly settled,

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mr. Murray was willing to undertake the risk of publishing 750 copies, and thus to allow the author to exhibit his literary wares to the public. Even if the whole edition had sold, the pecuniary results to both author and publisher would have been comparatively trifling, but as the copyright was to remain in the author's possession, and he would have been able to make a much better bargain with the future editions, the terms may be considered very liberal, having regard to the exceptional nature of the work. Mr. Carlyle, however, who did not know the usual custom of publishers, had in the meantime taken away his MS. and offered it to other publishers in London, evidently to try whether he could not get a better bid for his book. Even Lord Jeffrey thought it "was too much of the nature of a rhapsody, to command success or respectful attention." The publishers thought the same. Carlyle took the MS. to Fraser of Regent Street, who offered to publish it if Carlyle would *give him* a sum not exceeding £150 sterling. He had already been to Longmans & Co., offering them his 'German Literary History,' but they declined to publish the work, and he now offered them his 'Sartor Resartus,' with a similar result. He also tried Colburn and Bentley, but without success. When Murray, then at Ramsgate, heard that Carlyle had been offering his book to other publishers, he wrote to him :—

John Murray to Mr. Carlyle.

September 17th, 1831.

DEAR SIR,

Your conversation with me respecting the publication of your MS. led me to infer that you had given me the preference, and certainly not that you had already submitted it to the greatest publishers in London, who had declined to engage in it. Under these circumstances it will be necessary for me also to get it read by some literary friend, before I can, in justice to myself, engage in the printing of it.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Murray, accordingly, on his return to London, submitted the MS. to one of his literary advisers, probably Lockhart, whose reply was not very satisfactory. He thought it might be a translation. The work displayed, here and there, some felicity of thought and expression, with considerable fancy and knowledge, but whether or not it would take with the public seemed doubtful. Mr. Murray thought it better, in the circumstances, to return the MS. to Mr. Carlyle, and he wrote to him accordingly. Carlyle answered as follows :—

Mr. Carlyle to John Murray.

September 19th, 1831.

SIR,

I am this moment favoured with your note of the 17th, and beg to say, in reply,—

First.—That your idea, derived from conversation with me, of my giving you the preference to all other Publishers, was perfectly correct. I had heard you described as a man of honour, frankness, and even generosity, and knew you to have the best and widest connexions ; on which grounds, I might well say, and can still well say, that a transaction with you would please me better than a similar one with any other member of the Trade.

Secondly.—That your information, of my having submitted my MS. to the greatest publishers in London, if you mean that, after coming out of your hands, it lay two days in those of Messrs. Longman and Rees, and was from them delivered over to the Lord Advocate, is also perfectly correct: if you mean anything else, incorrect.

Thirdly.—That if you wish the Bargain, which I had understood myself to have made with you, unmade, you have only to cause your Printer, who is now working on my MS., to return the same, without damage or delay, and consider the business as finished.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

As Mr. Carlyle was unwilling to entertain the idea of taking his manuscript home with him, and none of the other publishers would accept it, he urgently requested Mr. Murray again to examine it, and come to some further decision. "While I, with great readiness," he said, "admit your views, and shall cheerfully release you from all engagement, or shadow of engagement, with me in regard to it: the rather, as it seems reasonable for me to expect some higher remuneration for a work that has cost me so much effort, were it once fairly examined, such remuneration as was talked of between *us* can, I believe, at all times be procured." He then proposed "a quite new negotiation, if you incline to enter on such;" and requested his decision. "If not, pray have the goodness to cause my papers to be returned with the least possible delay." The MS. was at once returned; and Carlyle acknowledged its receipt:—

Mr. Carlyle to John Murray.

October 6th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received the MS., with your note and your friend's criticism, and I find it all safe and right. In conclusion, allow me to thank you for your punctuality and courtesy

in this part of the business ; and to join cordially in the hope you express that, in some fitter case, a closer relation may arise between us.

I remain, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

T. CARLYLE.

Mr. Carlyle returned to Craigenputtock with his manuscript in his pocket ; very much annoyed and disgusted by the treatment of the London publishers. Shortly after his arrival at home, he wrote to Mr. Macvey Napier, then editor of the *Edinburgh Review* :—

“ All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publishing of my poor book, which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose ; so the MS., like an unhappy ghost, still lingers on the wrong side of Styx : the Charon of Albemarle Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*, so it leaped ashore again. Better days are coming, and new trials will end more happily.”

A little later (6th Feb. 1832) he said :—

“ I have given up the notion of hawking my little manuscript book about any further. For a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day. The book-selling trade seems on the edge of dissolution ; the force of puffing can go no further ; yet bankruptcy clamours at every door : sad fate ! to serve the Devil, and get no wages even from him ! The poor bookseller Guild, I often predict to myself, will ere long be found unfit for the strange part it now plays in our European World ; and give place to new and higher arrangements, of which the coming shadows are already becoming visible.”

The ‘Sartor Resartus’ was not, however, lost. Two years after Carlyle’s visit to London, it came out, bit by bit, in *Fraser’s Magazine*. Through the influence of Emerson, it was issued, as a book, at Boston, in the United States, and Carlyle got some money for his production. It was eventually published in England, and, strange to say,

has had the largest sale in the 'People's Edition of Carlyle's Works.' Carlyle, himself, created the taste to appreciate 'Sartor Resartus.'

It is a striking contrast to pass from Carlyle the recluse, with all his Scottish keenness for driving a bargain, to the lively and spirited man of the world, Captain F. B. Head, who was not addicted to haggling over a price. His first book had proved a success, and had given him that encouragement which to a man of versatile and ready wit is an irresistible incentive to further literary efforts. Some authors, like Hope, with his 'Anastasius,' and Beckford, with his 'Vathek,' stop with their first novel, and never write another; but Head went on writing, because he felt compelled to write. He was, indeed, at home on most subjects: from Rapid Rides across the Pampas, to Stokers and Pokers on a Railway; from Mining to Waterloo;* from the Red Man to the Printer's Devil; from Steam to Electricity and the Post Office; from governing Paupers to governing a Province. He was a man full of humour and of immense vitality. Once he wrote to Mr. Murray:—"I dined yesterday with Lord Clarendon, and drank one pint of wine; but I must have eaten a part of the Devil's hind leg, for such a night as I passed it is impossible to tell you—as it was, I could not leave home to-day until 2; but when I called, you had just gone out. I will be with you to-morrow at 12 precisely."

When one of his books was passing through the press, Clowes, the printer, wrote to Murray:—"Major Head is here, with his dressing gown on, and will not leave before all is ready for press, which will not, I think, be the case before 6 in the morning." To save time he had gone

* Captain Head had been engaged in the Campaign of 1815, but was not present at the battle of Waterloo.

down prepared to spend the night in the office, while the printers were at work.

Before he had completed his 'Life of Bruce,' he proposed to visit Ireland, to observe the condition of the people. He asked Murray to give him 200 guineas for his MS., without reference to its size, and 100 guineas for his expenses. With these conditions Murray at once complied. His object in going to Ireland will be best explained by his own letter :—

Captain Head, R.E., to John Murray.

"It is little use my repeating to you what I said about Ireland ; for I believe we fully agree that the Irish philosophers have sent us their speculations, the Irish members have advocated their own interests, the common people have sent us and still send us an Irish howl of mutiny and discontent, though England—and we may almost say Europe—has been occupied by a religious controversy (Irish emancipation) which has but just been settled ; yet we have been reckoning, as it were, without our host ; we have been arguing in the dark : for I do maintain that we have not *seen* Ireland, and that we have no book which, *veluti in speculum*, reflects a picture sufficiently correct to inform us of the real state of 'that undiscovered country' from which statesmen, orators, heroes, &c., have occasionally fallen upon Old England, like the stones which are said to arrive here from unknown regions in the moon . . . The rich man's house in Ireland, I believe, will be open to me ; the poor man's hut is open to us all ; and out of these two dwellings I would try to steal a moral."

Captain, now Major Head, started for Ireland in 1830 ; but he had scarcely reached Cork ere he was recalled to England, at once, upon business. It was not until twenty years had passed that he was able to accomplish his observations and inquiry into the state of Ireland.

In 1832, he proposed a fresh subject to Mr. Murray—no other than the humorous sketches entitled 'Bubbles

from the Brunnen of Nassau.' After a conversation with Mr. Murray, he sent him the following note :—

Major Head to John Murray.

Sutton, May 31st, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

I send you, only for your own private perusal, almost all the Notes I have by me, which are written out. I have a very few more, but they are in hieroglyphics, which you would find it impossible to decipher. Whether or not these notes are likely to suit the appetite of the great, big, chuckle-headed public, you are best able to determine ; but I think I may say that your own domestic circle would not condemn them. It is of no use talking to you about terms, until I hear from you.

Yours, very sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

A few months passed before Major Head had written out his hieroglyphics ; and when he had finished, and had an interview with Murray, he wrote to him again :—

Major Head to John Murray.

Sutton, October 9th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

Although you agreed this morning to the proposal I made to you, yet, lest I should unintentionally have proposed to you more than I can perform, I think it better more deliberately to explain to you what it is I have to publish.

I have been living at Langenschwalbach and at Schlangenbad, two very celebrated bathing places in the mountainous Duchy of Nassau. The former place alone was visited this season by about two thousand people of rank or respectability ; and the place is, I assure you, known all over Germany, although even its name has probably never yet reached your ears. I was in these mountains about three months, and not having a single book to read, I was obliged to occupy my time in endeavouring to make one.

For this purpose, instead of writing to my friends, I described whatever I saw (which I thought would interest the general reader) to an imaginary correspondent; and, instead of dispatching these letters, I kept them in my portfolio. My observations are neither deep nor learned: but they describe the homely manners and habits which I witnessed; and to show you how low they descend, I enclose you, as a specimen, the rough copy of the letter which describes the pigs of Langenschwalbach.

These letters, together with the sketches of the battle of Waterloo, my travelling from Rome with a nun, &c., which you read before I left England, I would embody in a volume which would be as large, or nearly so, as my 'Rough Notes.' *

If it would suit you to publish this volume, or, in other words, to purchase the MS., I should require for it the sum of two hundred guineas; and the only favour I have to ask of you is, to return me the enclosed letter with your answer, with as little delay as possible; for, as the hunting is about to begin, I do not wish to exist in the piebald capacity of half-huntsman half author; or, in other words, to be half a stag hunter and half a bookseller's hack.

Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

Mr. Murray at once agreed to Major Head's proposals. The MS. was sent to press, and the book was published anonymously in 1833.

On the appearance of a new edition of this book, he wrote to Murray:—

Major Head to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was very glad to hear, the other day, that you are going to blow another edition of your 'Bubbles.' Your son, however, told me that you were thinking of leaving out the pictures. *Our* friend, Miss Burges, whose per-

* 'Rough Notes of some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas.'
(See p. 253.)

formances they are, does not at all like the divorce. She seems to think it is as cruel as the separation of man and wife in the new workhouses ; and that as the letterpress and pictures were joined together in holy matrimony at your altar ; and as they have "climbed the hill together," she thinks they ought "to sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo."

The mention of workhouses in the preceding letter is an allusion to a subject in which Major Head took a deep interest, and in the course of the following year he was appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Poor Laws. He was stationed in Kent, and wrote to Murray from Sittingbourne as to the working of the Poor Law. He said :—

Major Head to John Murray.

December 31st, 1834.

"I am getting on here, in my new trade, very prosperously. Yesterday I had a separate interview with the overseers of sixteen parishes ; and *every one* of them, in reply to my questions, confessed that the pauper in their parishes is not only infinitely better fed than any independent labourer, but that he is much better fed than many of the ratepayers who subscribe to fatten him ! In fact, both the independent labourer and small ratepayer have pauperism *above* instead of below them. Under such a system, of course, every sensible labourer feels that he ought to be a pauper ; and, as he is *entitled* to a reward for every child he has, of course he fiddles while his Rome is burning. Such a system would never be credited by beings of any reflection at all ; but the old squire, red in the face, sits grunting in his chair, and wondering why his Poor Rates increase.

"I have just come from the island of Sheppey, and if you should ever feel an itch (before you leave Albemarle Street for ever) to know what's done in hell, allow me to advise you to do, as I have done, spend three days at Sheerness. The town is six feet below the level of the sea ; and if the ocean had any feelings of morality, it would upset the mud wall, and smother the whole apparatus of love and gin which is beneath it."

One of the results of his appointment as Poor Law Commissioner was that, at the request of Mr. Murray and Mr. Lockhart, he wrote an article in No. 106 of the *Quarterly Review* on the crowning abuses of the existing system. But he warned Mr. Murray about the proposed article :—

Major Head to John Murray.

January 20th, 1835.

“I do not know whether I should have time to write the article, but if I had, I *do* think I could write a very short article about philanthropy (for one is tired of the words ‘Poor Laws’) which should be *new* and *true*. The only thing is, would it suit, do you think, the *Q. R.*? I know you to be a very liberal-minded man, and so, to a very high degree, is Mr. Lockhart; but I am sensible you have difficulty in pleasing as well as in instructing your readers, and that you don’t wish to offend them. One thing, as your friend, I can tell you, which is, that the Poor Law Bill is as sure to beat the Press as your mind would be to open an oyster; and therefore, as your friend, I would say, join and lead the winners. However, of this, judge for yourself.”

When Murray told him of the insertion of the article in the *Quarterly*, Head wrote (30 April, 1835) :—

“I am pleased to hear that our pauper bairn is beginning to run alone. You know we agreed together in your little den, that we would try and produce an article that should make the London ladies read, and reading, scratch; by your account, it seems they are doing both.”

The interest aroused by the ‘Bubbles’ induced Mr. Murray to spend his summer holiday in 1835 in following in the footsteps of the “Old Man,” and paying a visit to the German watering-places which Head had so humorously described. In the middle of July he asked the Major for some information on the subject, and received the following reply :—

Major Head to John Murray.

July 20th, 1835.

"I should like to have spent an evening with you, before you set out for your visit to Langenschwalbach; but it is impossible; I have not a moment. My boys are there, as also my sister. I believe the waters will tinker you up in a most extraordinary manner, if you will but be sensible about them. Mind, go and hear the Jews perform their service on the Friday evening, and think of me when they begin to halloo. Go and hear the great, big, tall, lusty, pale Protestant minister preach. Search out the Schwein-General, and if his pigs' bellies are tucked up—think of me. Watch old Dr. Fenner as he stalks up and down the promenade, and you will see what attitudes he will throw himself into. Observe the German ladies eating salad, and, when we meet, tell me if they don't do it just like cows eating cabbage. Try (and let me know) if they don't say Ya! Ya! to everything. Buy some cherries of the women you will see sitting under the eaves of the 'Goldene Kette'—eat some while you are drinking the mineral waters, and observe whether they don't make you run home at a canter."

Leaving Mrs. Murray for a time at Schwalbach, Mr. Murray made a short excursion in order to be present at the great meeting of the German Association of Naturalists at Bonn, whence he wrote to his wife.

John Murray to Mrs. Murray.

Bonn, Aug., 1835.

I arrived here at 3 o'clock yesterday, having passed through the most beautiful parts of the Rhine land. A passenger came on board at Coblenz who spoke English well, and told me about the Bonn meeting—very agreeable. Just as we were preparing to quit the boat he came and said: "Are you Mr. John Murray?" "Yes." "Well, you were very kind to a relation of mine, Mr. Nebel, who gave you a letter of introduction to me at Coblenz, which you never delivered; he has since returned, and is now at

Bonn. Upon enquiry I found that you had sent your courier to cash one of your drafts upon me. Well, if I can render you any service at Bonn, where I am going until Friday, I shall be most happy." So he saw to my luggage, and we went together to a new inn, H. de Treves.

I was much amused with my first experience of a public dinner in Germany—their toasts, &c. The ladies stayed the whole time, and drank plentifully of champagne; one of them was pointed out as having taken no less than fourteen glasses! I sat near Mr. Nebel at dinner, who is very anxious to show me attention. This morning, after breakfast, I accompanied Torrie* to the General Meeting, where there were 500 gentlemen, and probably as many ladies, who had a kind of orchestra set apart for them behind the men. Every one has a number given him, and a chair with a corresponding number, so there was no disorder. As the meeting to-day was only for the receipt of communications in German, as soon as I had satisfied my eyes I came home to write. Mr. Hersser, Mr. and Mrs. Lyell, &c., were there. Mrs. Buckland is with the Professor, and is the only lady who is to accompany the expedition to-morrow, it being on their route to some other place. Torrie has just been here, and says that the party will consist of fifty gentlemen, chiefly geologists, who are to set out at 6 to-morrow in caravans for a certain distance, and are then to proceed in lighter carriages. Those who carry hammers are to walk. We sleep to-morrow at Ahrweiler; the next day, Sunday, proceed to the gardens of some prince, who gives a dinner to the whole party, and we return in the evening to Bonn. I am now going with Torrie to dine with the same party as yesterday, but at 1 o'clock instead of 2, to give us more time to make out an excursion afterwards to a beautiful little watering-place, of which a tower is seen on the Rhine opposite Drachenfels, called (oh for mine book!) Godesberg.

P.S.—Provokingly the dinner hour has been changed to 2, and I now write a P.S. in a saloon appropriated to the exhibition of Mr. Nebel's drawings.

P.P.S.—Buckland has just risen to speak; applause from the assembled Society of 300 Germans.

* A Scottish friend of Murray's son.

Mr. Murray remained at the water-drinking village for the usual time, and returned home all the better for the change. On hearing of his arrival, Head wrote to him:—

Major Head to John Murray.

November 19th, 1835. .

MY DEAR SIR,

Welcome back to England! A piece of our roast beef, with a bottle of good strong wine at one's elbow, is after all as good as German veal, six days old, and sour Rhein-wine.—Isn't it? I hear you were glad to leave Langenschwalbach. It is tiresome to be drinking water all day long for six weeks; but, my dear friend, it strengthens the stomach, and makes it hold more, which is a great blessing!

They tell me you have actually managed to bring home in triumph the Schwein-General's pig-whip!* You shall hear me smack it some day in Albemarle Street, and if I live to attend your funeral, I will ask your son (instead of a sermon) to crack it twenty or thirty times over your grave. It would frighten the worms away from you for months. You ought immediately to invite to dinner all the literary men in London, on *purpose* to let 'em hear me crack that whip. None of your *Quarterly Review* writers can hit like it—their subjects want its handle—their arguments its weight—their satire its iron lash—their wit its point. Give me but that whip, I say, and let them choose any subject they like, and I will lick 'em and drive 'em before me like a herd of swine. It could conquer every man in London, and most seriously do I congratulate you on the possession of this Herculean tool.

Yours ever,

F. B. H.

P.S.—I shall have finished with this county in about a month.

While busy with his duties as Poor Law Commissioner in Kent, Head received a summons at midnight from Lord

* This whip is still in the possession of Mr. Murray.

Glenelg, then Colonial Minister, requiring his immediate attendance in London. On his arrival, he waited on the minister, who thereupon offered him the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, which he reluctantly accepted. There was at that time much dissatisfaction in Canada, and differences occurred between the Lieutenant-Governor (then Sir John Colborne) and the Colonial Secretary as to the measures which ought to be adopted for allaying the turmoil. Major Head had already made his mark in England, and it was thought that, with his shrewdness, common sense, and knowledge of men and their ways, he might be able to quench the growing embers of discontent. The following are the letters from Major Head,—who was created a Baronet in 1837,—to Mr. Murray during his stay in Upper Canada.

Major Head to John Murray.

Toronto, April 27th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am playing a game here, in which I am king, and all the rest of the cards knaves; and yet I believe I have at last managed to trump them, but it is hard work. I wish I was a bookseller in Albemarle Street, and you here. I have seen much since I left you, and if I had but time to mix up my soap and water, I think I could blow you some bubbles as big as balloons. But I am restless and itching for want of my family.

I send you a copy of my speech on proroguing this Provincial Legislature. It is, as you will perceive, rather a lengthy one, but when once I managed to open my mouth, like Balaam's ass, it came out quite easy. I wish you could get it inserted in the London newspapers, as it will explain in England the difficulties I have had to contend with.

This is a fine country, if we could but get it quiet, in which I have really nearly succeeded by upsetting the radicals. It is a fine place for emigrants, for men coming

out here have everything to gain. The more children one has here, the better, and if you want more, come here.

Toronto, June 22nd, 1836.

I am now in the midst of my elections, and I may truly say the Canadians are intensely watching the conflict. Both parties are desperate, because they know they are each fighting for life or death. I believe we shall lick the radicals, and if so, the victory will be a permanent one. . . . The fact is, the battle I am fighting here is the cause of old England, and I want to stir people up at home to their interests, which they have sadly neglected.

I often think of you, and wish you were here. Dear me, what a deal of wine I would give you.

Toronto, August 20th, 1836.

I have just returned from a tour or voyage on Lake Huron. . . . I had a special meeting of the Indians at the great Manalouli Island. I had some important business to transact with them, and we had a grand council. They appointed their best orator to reply to me. The fellow's name was Segonal (the Black-bird), and he was celebrated for having often on grand public occasions spoken without once stopping, from Sunrise to Sunset. Is not this being what's called "a powerful speaker?" I often thought of you, and wished I could have produced you. The Indians never saw a book; never heard of a bookseller; and would have worshipped you as the Cacique of that tribe.

God bless you!

F. B. HEAD.

Government House, Toronto,

October 12th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your handwriting always gives me pleasure, for it is like touching the finger of an old friend. I am much obliged to you for all the information you have given me. I am going on here quite quietly, and can assure you the struggle is completely over. The people are loyal (and to tell the *real* truth), more so than in England; but a few Radicals had been allowed to deceive them. With these fellows I

found it necessary to have the same sort of row-royal that the new police, on its first formation, had with the London pickpockets. I managed to lick them, and, having once turned tail, they will never stand again.

Our success in this province made Papineau desperate, and I always prophesied that he would break, and not bend. He has done so, and, in my opinion, the game is completely up. All that is necessary here is, not to be afraid to tell the people the truth, for you can't conceive with what avidity they feed upon it. I have just been over the whole province. On entering each township a number of people generally met me on horseback, as a guard of honour; but before we reached the principal towns they were generally an hour, and sometimes two hours behind me, and you cannot conceive how the Radicals have been upset by being totally unable to keep up with me. I have gained more popularity by riding fast over their own corduroy roads, and their own rickety bridges, than if I had preached to them on Political Economy for a year. Depend upon it, that the British Constitution has nothing to fear from the Canadas, and it is my opinion that we shall support rather than undermine it. There is nothing to fear from the example of the United States. We will show them the road yet.

Yours in haste, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

Notwithstanding the confident hope expressed in these letters, Head's difficulties in Upper Canada were not "completely over," as he stated to Murray, but were only about to begin. Both Upper and Lower Canada were in a state of extreme political excitement. The Assembly of the Lower Province, under the leadership of Papineau, stopped the supplies for the payment of official salaries in 1833, and the Assembly of the Upper Province followed their example in 1836. Lower Canada, the population of which was mainly French, required that the Legislative Council should be made elective; while Upper Canada the inhabitants of which were English, required that the

Executive Council should be made responsible to the Assembly. The Government at home, at the instance of Lord John Russell, opposed the Canadians, and treated their requests in a despotic manner. The Canadians were roused by this treatment; a meeting of the six counties was held at St. Charles, Lower Canada, to protest against the threats of the English Parliament to annihilate the fundamental laws of the colony, whereupon the Lower Canadians proceeded to take up arms, and a rebellion broke out.

The Earl of Gosford having resigned his position as Governor-General, and gone home, was superseded by Sir John Colborne as Military Governor. Sir Francis Head sent him all the troops under his command, and trusted entirely to the militia, and the loyalty of the majority of the people, for the defence of his own province. His conduct has been called Quixotic, but in this instance it was successful. The rebellion in Lower Canada was soon suppressed, but in December 1837, an unsuccessful attempt was made to seize the city of Toronto, Upper Canada. Shortly after, on the 29th of December, Colonel Macnab attacked and defeated the rebels on Navy Island, on the River Niagara; after which he seized the steamer *Caroline*, which had been engaged in carrying supplies of arms and ammunition across the river into Upper Canada, set her on fire, and sent her down the river and over the falls. The last letter received by Mr. Murray from Sir Francis Head, while in Canada, was as follows:—

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

January 26th, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I send you an early copy of the printed documents, with my letter to the Ministers at Washington, respecting the

burning of the *Caroline*, which, in flames, went over the Cataract of Niagara. I hope soon to see you.

F. B. HEAD.

In fact, Head's reign was over. He did not agree with the Ministers at home, nor they with him, and accordingly, towards the end of 1837, he resigned his office of Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and made all haste to return to London. The Earl of Durham was immediately after appointed Governor-General and High Commissioner for the adjustment of the affairs of the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada. Sir Francis Head had still a word, or rather many words, to say for himself respecting his government of Upper Canada, and before his return to England he requested that his 'Vindication' might be sent to the *Times*. It was accordingly forwarded with a note from Murray to the Editor, Mr. Barnes, with whom he was personally acquainted:—

Mr. Barnes to John Murray.

February 1st, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received both your letters. The interest of the past proceedings in Upper Canada is quite merged in that of more recent occurrences; so that the accompanying statement would at this moment hardly find a reader. Head, with all his talent, decision, and courage, is very conceited and injudicious. The admission to which you refer is perfectly absurd, and, as you say, completely contradicted by the whole tenor of the letter. Head seems a man born to get into scrapes and to get out of them again; but however amusing the spectacle of his active ingenuity in repairing his own blunders may be to others, the process cannot be very advantageous to his own reputation or welfare. He has, however, so many fine qualities, that it is a duty to stand by him as long as possible.

Yours very truly,

T. BARNES.

There was considerable discussion in Parliament respecting the mal-administration of Canada, Mr. Roebuck being heard at the bar of the House of Lords against the Canadian Bill, in one of his most eloquent speeches. In the same year (1838) Sir Francis Head published his 'Narrative'—followed by a supplementary chapter—in defence of his Canadian administration. When requesting Mr. Murray to send his 'Vindication' to the *Times*, he wrote as follows:—

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

Holland House, June 3rd, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I look upon you as one of perhaps the most faithful friends I possess, and I therefore feel I cannot do better than follow your advice and thank you for it. I will not therefore trouble the *Times* to produce my letters, but thank Mr. Barnes for his civility.

Yours sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

The *Quarterly* was always open to Sir Francis, whose quickness, versatility, and keenness of observation were never at a loss for a good subject. An entirely new one was now suggested to him—that of Roads and Railroads. He wrote to Mr. Murray:—

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

Barford, Warwick,

September 9th, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I enclose you two letters I have received from Colonel Burgoyne (who belongs to the Corps of Royal Engineers, and who for many years has been Head Commissioner for the expenditure of the grant for public works in Ireland), by which you will see that he and Mr. Drummond (who is Under Secretary for Ireland) wish me to review their

report on railroads . . . If I were to attempt it, I should throw aside, for the sake of science, all my own angry feelings towards the Government, and endeavour to give an impartial judgment on an important subject.

God bless you, my dear Sir. I hope you often walk about Pope's Villa, cracking my pig-whip ; and that you have not altogether forgotten,

My dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

F. B. HEAD.

The result was an article for the *Quarterly* (No. 125), entitled 'Locomotion by Steam, or Railroads for Ireland.' While the article was in progress, he wrote to Mr. Murray for a quantity of books :—

Sir F. B. Head to John Murray.

"I am getting on with my article. The last quarter of a hundredweight of books you sent me I have not yet opened, for as my head is about as full of the subject as it will hold, I thought, instead of bursting the boiler, I had better get through my journey with the steam I had. As soon as I have finished it, I will overhaul what you have been good enough to send me ; and I can then add or subtract as I may see reason."

He continued to have his head full of Canada, and sent Mr. Murray many letters about Lord Durham while he remained Governor-General. An article appeared in the next number of the *Quarterly*, No. 126, on Head's Narrative and Lord Durham's Report.

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

Atherton, January 4th, 1839.

"I thought I had skinned poor Lord Durham, but I find you have peppered and grilled him. He really is a fallen angel, or rather he has no more feathers in his wings than a young rook. It is well, however, that he is safe at home with us, for he would have done irreparable mischief had he remained at Quebec."

He followed this up by another article in the *Quarterly*, No. 128, entitled 'British Policy—a Strange Story.' In the succeeding numbers of the *Review* he wrote articles on two entirely different subjects—'The Printer's Devil,' and the 'Red Man in Canada and North America'—the last a review of Catlin's work.

The subject of Sir Francis's administration in Canada again came up in the House of Commons. He wrote to Murray :—

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

February 7th, 1839.

DEAR SIR,

I have just received private intimation that my despatches will be called for immediately, and obtained *vi et armis*. Send for Clowes and get ready. "Lay on Macduff, and curst be he who first cries hold, enough!"

F. B. H.

Head's 'Narrative of his Administration in Upper Canada,' went through three editions in the course of the year. "I was glad," he said, "to hear the child's voice crying in the *Times* this morning. The extract was the very best that could be given to create an appetite."

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

March 5th, 1839.

"You say you cannot account for the *Times* being so lukewarm. I can. It has never forgiven me (and it never will) the article I wrote on 'English Charity.' Whenever the *Times* has been forced to oppose me it has done so with its usual talent and power; but depend upon it that my Poor Law Memorandum *manet alta mente repostum*. What is most extraordinary is the article in my favour which lately appeared in the *Globe*. That paper, after defending me, says that my 'Narrative' will be a 'useful appendix to Lord Durham's Report'—a butcher's knife sticking in a pig's throat might just as much be called 'a useful appendix.'"

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

Atherton, April 1st, 1839.

I cannot help thanking you for having sent us such a shower of *Quarterly Reviews*. My Hens are quite delighted at the review of my 'Narrative,' and chuckle with great pride. Although I cannot presume to crow on the occasion, yet I may tell you that I feel deeply gratified at the view that has been taken of my services. It will render me a service at a moment I require it. It is certainly not only kindly but very ably done.* It not only hits the Ministers very hard, but it tickles them so, that it will, I think, make them laugh out of the wrong sides of their mouths, while the public will laugh at them out of the other. I think of coming to London to-morrow, if so, you will see me.

Yours in haste,

Very sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

* The article in No. 126, entitled 'Colonial Government--Head's Narrative--Lord Durham's Report,' was written by Croker.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VARIOUS AUTHORS' CORRESPONDENCE—LOCKHART AND CROKER—JOHN DOUGLAS COOK—SAMUEL WARREN—SOUTHEY'S PENSION—CHARLES LYELL.

IT would be tedious and unprofitable to give a mere list of the works offered to Mr. Murray even by authors of recognised repute, save in cases where the negotiation was attended by some special incident or correspondence which might appear worthy of record. The burst of inspiration which had marked the commencement of the present century had all but died out, and the public demand for poetry, as well as the quality of the supply, had waned. From this time forward we find Mr. Murray making it his rule to refuse all original works of this kind, and when Henry Taylor offered him his 'Philip van Artevelde,' the drama by which he established his reputation, Mr. Murray, mindful of the ill-success of 'Isaac Comnenus,' declined the proposal. In the department of fiction, too, the quality of the MSS. submitted was so disproportionate to the quantity, that few of them found favour in Albemarle Street. Mr. G. P. R. James, historian and novelist, had some correspondence with Mr. Murray, and on one occasion described his method of composition, though he did not succeed in getting any of his books accepted :

Mr. G. P. R. James to John Murray.

"I have said that I write very rapidly, and when I tell you that this often amounts to twenty-four pages in four or five hours, you may perhaps think that such speed is

incompatible with care ; but I can assure you I find by experience that when my pen moves thus fluently—before the ideas that flash across my mind have time to escape—the sheets may want correction afterwards—but in point of spirit and interest they are always far more to my satisfaction than when I proceed slowly.”

Mrs. Sarah Austin’s literary career, including her dealings with Mr. Murray, have been so well described by her grand-daughter in the ‘Lives of Three Englishwomen,’ that it would be superfluous to do more than mention her name here.

Among a host of letters from more or less distinguished authors, we insert the following as forming an interesting link between Mr. Murray’s generation and that of his father :—

Professor Leslie to John Murray.

Edinburgh, November 19th, 1830.

I was very sorry not to have the pleasure of seeing you when you visited this place last autumn. I was then in Fife, where I should have been most happy to receive a visit from you ; and indeed had I known you were to stay so long in Edinburgh, I should have crossed the water to meet you.

I lately purchased a small but beautiful property on the reef of Largo Bay, and have been labouring earnestly in improving and decorating it. Things are succeeding to my wishes : but then I have laid out a great deal of money, which I must endeavour to replace by literary exertion. Nothing seems to answer now but the cheap popular volumes. I have therefore been projecting two or three of that nature which I am confident would answer ; and I prefer applying to yourself, not only as a liberal and spirited publisher, but as the son of an old friend for whose memory I cherish a tender regard. What I would propose in the first place is a ‘History of Natural Philosophy, or General Physical Science.’ I could make it interesting, and at once amusing and instructive. But then I shall expect a handsome premium. I would exert all my

various talents only on high terms, and would despise all mediocrity either of execution or reward. Be so good as consider this proposition maturely, and let me know your decision, as I am ready to set about the task immediately, and can execute it here more easily than in the country.

There is another matter that I have to mention at the express desire of some members of the Bannatyne Club. You reserved the right of bringing out an edition of Sir James Melville's 'Memoirs.' Only 80 copies were printed, and the later members are anxious to have the work. They think that an octavo edition would sell readily and come out with great effect under your name.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN LESLIE.

The years 1830-32 were a time of great perplexity to the conductors of the *Quarterly Review*. Reform was in the air, and party spirit ran high. The Duke of Wellington's action in regard to Roman Catholic Emancipation was looked upon as a surrender, and the consequent disquiet of some sections of his followers rendered it very difficult for the editor of the Tory organ to choose and pursue an unbiassed line of policy. Mr. Murray wrote to William Blackwood, with whom he was in regular correspondence :

John Murray to Mr. W. Blackwood.

December 20th, 1830.

"Most extraordinary changes have taken place here, all arising from the Duke's rash and impolitic conduct respecting the Catholic question (which Moore said had made him cease to be a rebel), and his unstatesmanlike speech at the opening of Parliament. Where the rolling stone will stop God only knows. I was with Southey this morning, when he told me that as he rose from his knee at the last levee, who should be the first man to embrace him but the Lord High Chancellor of England! Lord Brougham is writing and circulating all sorts of trash to quiet the people; proving to them that they get much more by machinery than without it."

January 31st, 1831.

"Well, we shall have precious work when we come to the question of Reform. It will almost to a certainty turn the Whigs out; but what the consequences may be is, I think, subject for the most alarming apprehensions. I dined on Monday last at Lord Henley's (Peel's brother-in-law), where I met Mr. Dawson and Sir Edward Sugden; and on Saturday last I dined in company with the whole of her Majesty's present Ministers; I being almost the only unofficial man at table. It was really a most splendid banquet and scene altogether, all in full dress costume, even the Lord Chancellor!"

The unsettlement of men's minds during the Reform Bill period exercised a detrimental influence on the *Quarterly*, which began to fall off in circulation. Lockhart even thought that Mr. Murray should reduce his honorarium to himself.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Chiefswood, September 16th, 1831.

"The present number is as strong a number as you ever put forth . . . but in consequence of the bad times, and the declining sale of the *Review* during the Reform Bill agitation, you may find it necessary to lower the scale of remuneration to editor as well as author, and I am quite willing to abide by your decision in the matter. When another fortnight is past and gone, we shall begin to have some notion of the probable future of public affairs, which must, of course, as we all feel, have great influence over private resources and arrangements. Thank God! *this* country is quiet. There has not been such a harvest in every way for ten years, and the heart of the husbandman singeth aloud for joy."

Croker also sympathized with Murray, and wrote:—

Mr. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

Kensington Palace, March 26th, 1831.

DEAR MURRAY,

I return you a cheque for fifty guineas, which I suppose you meant for the article in the *Q. R.* on 'The French

Revolution.' If so, it is much too large a sum, and I could only look upon it as a kind of retaining fee, and not as a remuneration. Now, I want no retainer, for I am willing to help now and then, as opportunities may arise; and therefore you must forgive my *insisting* on your cutting down the said cheque to the ordinary size; for instance, what any of the authors (except Southey) of the other articles have received. This I leave to your *honour*, and when you have done so, pray carry the reduced amount to my credit with you, for I fear I must be in your debt.

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

Even in these times, however, encouragement was not wanting, and the following letter from Mr. Philip Pusey, M.P., the brother of the late Canon of Christ Church, and a contributor to the *Quarterly*, is an example of the more sanguine communications which reached Mr. Murray:—

Mr. Philip Pusey, M.P., to John Murray.

February 8th, 1832.

"You need not say you have not quitted the field. The last number of the *Quarterly* is praised even by Radicals. Things look better than they did. If they go well, we shall owe you much. If not, you and Lockhart will have rivalled 'The Retreat of the Ten Thousand.'"

Mr. Murray did not consent to reduce the salary of the editor, nor the payment for contributions of the authors; but on the contrary, resolved to increase them. When he paid for the articles, which appeared in the *Quarterly* for March 1834, Lockhart answered:—"Many thanks or your cheques: that for the article on Southey's 'Doctor' makes one ashamed." And again, he wrote:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

November 20th, 1834.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I have to thank you in my own name, and for all others concerned, for your very handsome cheques. It gives me great pleasure to hear good accounts of the Number, and I sincerely hope you are not *too liberal*, which I often fear you are.

One result of the Reform Bill was the final retirement of Mr. Croker from official life. His active mind, however, could not remain at rest, and he turned with redoubled energy to literary work, promising to devote his pen exclusively to the *Quarterly*, though he seldom, if ever, from this time forward wrote an article on current politics. Mr. Lockhart wrote to Murray that he should press Croker to review the Duke of Wellington's 'Despatches.' Croker immediately answered the appeal, and reviewed the 'Despatches' admirably in No. 102. When sending an article for the April number, he wrote to Murray from his country house at Molesey, that he had written thirty-two pages in four hours. In 1836, in which year five numbers of the *Review* appeared, Croker wrote ten articles, including three on 'French subjects,' and five on books of the season. From the commencement of the *Review* to April 1835, he had written no fewer than 99 articles in the first 100 numbers; some of them were brief, but others were most elaborate. After he had finished his review of Dr. Keith on the 'Prophecies,' he wrote:—

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

January 16th, 1835.

"I like it as well as anything I ever did. It seems to me a clear exposure of one of the most extraordinary frauds ever attempted, and the latter part is, to me at least, an

original view of Mr. Hume's 'Essay on Miracles' . . . If you could borrow for me Bishop Sherlock on 'The Use and Abuse of Prophecy' I should be obliged to you. If all your slaves give you as much trouble as I do, you may envy a West India planter."

January 19th, 1835.

"You remember telling me that some one (I suppose Dr. Milman) had put you on your guard about the comparatively *modern* date of the architecture at Petra. Is it not wonderful that that adverse point should have led to the discovery by *me* (if I am not deceived) of another most marked accomplishment of prophecy? for, though I did not give much weight to the objection, as the answer was obvious, still it seemed to require some explanation; and lo! while I was looking through the 'Prophecies,' I lighted upon Malachi i. 4, which positively predicts the subsequent more modern *re-building*, and I have made use of it accordingly. As this is *quite new*, I should like, when you read this article, to know how it strikes you. I know not how to believe that it should be left for *me* to discover so remarkable a corroboration of the original prophecy and the newly-discovered facts."

March 12th, 1835.

DEAR MURRAY,

I send, as you were so good as to desire me to do, a list—as well as I could make it out—of my articles in the *Q. R.*, being exactly as I reckon, 99 in the first hundred numbers. There are now, I believe, 115, which will make about four volumes of *my works*, and certainly the most valuable part of that respectable collection, if ever such a collection be made; for I have been so long dawdling about it, that I am grown more indifferent than ever. Your offer to give me the missing, or rather wanted, articles has revived my spirit of authorship.

I am going to cut up 'The Georgian Era' * for you—rare game; but I know not what else to do. If 'Robespierre' does not arrive in time, I think I shall try 'Mira-beau'—but what else? There seems a dearth of matter.

Yours ever, J. W. CROKER.

* Memoirs of the most eminent persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the accession of George I. to the demise of George IV. Reviewed in *Q. R.*, April 1835.

Not infrequently Mr. Murray was made the medium of communication between Mr. Lockhart and his somewhat wilful contributor Mr. Croker, as when the editor writes: "My dear Murray—I shall study the last revise of the last article and send my humble suggestions to you by-and-by, that Mr. Croker may have them in the evening;" or, "I have received a very thankful letter from Monkland and a short self-lauding one from J. W. C.;" or, again, when Mr. Croker writes: "My dear Murray—Pray forgive me, I am very sorry to give trouble and make expense, but our friends POSITIVELY INSIST that I shall not give up the Thompson episode, and I am forced to submit; I send you, therefore, the sheet to be revised and have this added—if the press be not broken up, there will be little delay."

In January 1835, we find Mr. Murray writing to Lockhart: "I had written to Mr. Croker as you desired, but upon consideration it appeared to me, that it would be so much more appropriate if done by the editor that I have not sent my letter. You can have nothing to say but that you were so much struck with the pamphlet on the first perusal that you had written a letter to me to be forwarded to the author." In spite of this wise resolve, however, Mr. Murray did address a letter at the close of the same month to Mr. Croker, endeavouring to pacify him, and to persuade him to co-operate in producing a worthy political article "at a time when the expectation of a political article is stronger and more eager than ever I remember it to have been, and therefore to publish without one would be a shattering disappointment; but to publish with a political article which ran counter to the views of the Conservative leaders would prove very injurious to them, and to the *Quarterly* as the organ of the party, so I trust and entreat, upon public grounds, that you will fulfil what I am sure

you must feel to be a duty." But Mr. Croker still remained obdurate, as we find from Murray's letter to Lockhart on February 11th, 1835: "My dear Lockhart,—As nothing has been done, said or conceived on my part that can possibly tend to alter or interfere with my arrangements with Mr. Croker respecting his connection with *Q. R.*, I trust that they will be allowed to continue unmolested; but as my interference has, however, unintentionally given offence, I beg that you will do me the favour to assure Mr. Croker that he shall not in future be troubled with any observations of mine upon the articles which he may do me the favour of contributing to the *Review*."

The two following letters, the second of which was called forth by the death of Mrs. Lockhart, must, however, be added, to show that the disagreement between the two men was, after all, but superficial, and as proving the genuine kindness of heart of Mr. Croker:—

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker to Mr. Lockhart.

Molesey Grove,

Sunday, January 31st, 1836.

MY DEAR LOCKHART,

I am very glad for your sake and for that of the *Review* that you have had this explanation with Murray. You know that I have always attended to—I might almost say invariably followed—his opinions, for two reasons—because he is a sensible man, and because he is master of his own publication, and therefore has a right to be heard in matters so deeply concerning his interests. I therefore did not object to his interference, but to the *tone* of it, which was, to my feelings, intolerable. I acknowledge fully Murray's *sovereignty* over the *Review*, but 'tis a constitutional sovereignty, and must be exercised through his *ministers*. He has a perfect right to change them as he thinks proper, but not to dictate to them what they shall think or say, and, above all, not to do so offensively.

As to my resuming my stated service, that is a matter which is, I admit, possible under the explanation you have had, but I should like, before I reply definitely to that proposition, to have a few minutes' conversation with you. The late arrangement seemed to me to have two defects, which, at first sight, might appear contradictory. The work was too much, and the pay too great; and to tell you the truth, it was because I fancied that I saw, in all Murray's communications, that he was of the same opinion, that I was resolved to terminate an engagement which, under such a suspicion, was not endurable.

I wish you and Mrs. Lockhart would come here on *Wednesday* to dine and sleep, and meet the Bishop of Exeter and Mrs. Phillpotts, who come here for that day on their way to town. You and Mrs. Lockhart could stay a day or two longer, and we could talk over our late *emeute* and future settlement.

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

Molesey Grove,

Wednesday, May 24th, 1837.

DEAR MURRAY,

This is a terrible blow for us all—to me, somehow, 'tis like Walter Scott dying again; but then, poor Lockhart, and the dear motherless children!!!

Is there anything that I or Mrs. Croker could do to alleviate this distress? Would they like to come here? They should find, *after Monday*, solitude and sympathy, and such opportunity for the diversion of sad thoughts as the country affords. I do not write to Lockhart; but as you will no doubt have some communication with him, say anything on our part that you think timely or likely to be acceptable, and offer from me to *do anything* that I can to relieve him from the troubles of business—though I know well that generally “the *troubles* of business” are God's most bountiful mercies on such occasions. Prayer and business are the only consolations.

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

Mr. Murray was frequently invited to obtain situations for young men in London. It was through his influence with Sir Francis Freeling, with whom he was very intimate, ✓ that Mrs. Trollope obtained for her son Anthony a clerkship at the Post Office. She writes from Bruges to Mr. Murray (20th January, 1835) expressing her thanks to him and the Freelings, and adds, "he leaves the office at five, and would like to be employed as corrector of the press, or in some other occupation of the kind." She deplored the loss of her boy, but says, "I can never forget that the last weeks of his life here were rendered as comfortable as they could be, by your *premature* payment."*

Among other recommendations of young men, Murray received one in 1836, from an old friend, the Duke of Gordon, in favour of a countryman named John Douglas Cook, who came up to London, a raw Scotchman, to seek his fortune. Murray gave him a kind reception, and to aid him in the quest of literary employment placed in his hand such work as he had at his disposal. Finding out that Cook possessed real abilities, he invited him to his home and showed other kindnesses to one who had arrived in London with few other friends. More than this, Murray introduced him to Lord Mahon—for whom he executed some literary work—and to Mr. Barnes, the editor of the *Times*. Cook was employed by Mr. Walter as his election agent in Nottingham, where he made the acquaintance of Lord Lincoln, by whom he was sent on official business into Cornwall. Having been engaged for some years on the staff of the *Times*, he was selected by Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Cardwell to assist in the *Morning Chronicle*, from which he was finally transferred to the editorship of the *Saturday Review*. He acquired a share in that paper, and died a man of wealth.

* For her work on 'Belgium and Western Germany.'

Mr. Crabbe, the poet, died on the 3rd of February, 1832; and his son, in communicating the event to Mr. Murray, stated that his father had left an eighth volume of poetry, and gave the contents of the work, adding, "my father has always spoken of you as having acted in the most friendly manner with regard to his literary transactions." He also desired to know whether Mr. Murray would be disposed to publish the posthumous works, and on what terms. Mr. Murray replied by informing him of the loss which he had sustained by publishing Crabbe's Poems. He had given £3000 for the copyright, and spent a considerable sum on the illustrations, but in the end his total loss had been about £2500. He sold the greater part of the remainder to Mr. Tegg, for one-third of what the poems and illustrations had cost him. Nevertheless he was willing to publish the life and posthumous poems under the direction of Mr. Lockhart, and offered 500 guineas for the work, but Mr. Crabbe preferred a division of profits. Mr. Murray then offered him the whole profit on the first edition of 5000 copies, taking his chance on the sale of future editions, when two-thirds of the profits were to be given to Mr. Crabbe.

Mr. Murray circulated the work, when published, to the reviewers and his friends. Praises came from all quarters, but it is unnecessary to quote them. He sent one to Dr. Paris, the well-known physician and author of 'Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest,' who replied from Brighton:—

Dr. Paris to John Murray.

MY DEAR MR. MURRAY,

In order to convince you that I am not only living, but actually picking up my crumbs and becoming saucy,

I send you an early acknowledgment of your present, received through the hands of Mr. Horace Smith :—

“ If Paris you would please, a gift appropriate proffer,
The *Apple*, not a *Crab*, the classic sure would offer ;
And yet with points of taste, I will not stop to grapple,
But wish your *Crabbe* may prove as golden as my *Apple*.”

In a previous chapter we have mentioned the anxiety of Dr. Paris that he should not be publicly announced as the author of ‘Philosophy in Sport,’ lest it should injure him in his profession. A curious instance of this same professional jealousy is that of Samuel Warren, the author of the ‘Diary of a late Physician.’ Warren had originally studied medicine at Edinburgh, but was by profession a barrister. When the work appeared some of the medical journals made a severe attack upon it for betraying the secrets of the profession, under the belief that it was the actual reminiscences of a doctor and not a work of fiction.

To judge from the following letter, the work was detrimental to Mr. Warren’s prospects at the Bar.

Mr. Warren to John Murray.

April 20th, 1835.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to forward to you the enclosed volume, the very first that is published, and to express a hope that it may not unpleasantly remind you of a person who experienced much gratification in meeting you at Mr. Brockedon’s.

Permit me to add that on the success of this book depend almost entirely my professional prospects, which have *suffered severely* through the connection of my name with ‘The Diary of a late Physician’; a circumstance which has set afloat the notion that I am not a practical lawyer. I wish I could show those who think thus how heavily they wrong me. The effect of it is that though I am one of the most laborious members of the profession, I sit from morning to night at my chambers neglected. May I hope that, if you should think it worth while to cast your eye over these pages, they may satisfy you that I do not deserve such treatment?

I think you will find that this book is one calculated for *general readers*; and it is certainly the only one extant that exhibits a complete picture of the present state of the English Bar, the qualifications required in those who seek to become members of it, and the nature of legal studies.

If, in short, I may, without presumption, hope for a favourable notice of it in the *Quarterly*—and I trust your kindness will forgive the anxiety with which I mention such a thing—I shall consider myself ever under the very greatest obligation to you.

I intended to write a note to Mr. Lockhart, but as I have not the honour of any personal acquaintance with him, I have chosen rather to throw myself entirely on your good nature.

I am, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

SAMUEL WARREN.

The volume enclosed by Mr. Warren was his popular and practical introduction to Law Studies; and an excellent review of the work, by Mr. W. Smith, appeared in No. 112 of the *Quarterly*.

Southey, who had been returned Member of Parliament for Downton (before the Reform Bill passed), but refused the honour, had written, between 1808 and 1838, ninety-four articles for the *Quarterly*; the last was upon his friend Thomas Telford, the engineer, who left him a legacy. When about 55 years old, his only certain source of income was from his pension, from which he received £145, and from his laureateship, which was £90. But the larger portion of these sums went in payment for his life insurance, so that not more than £100 could be calculated on as available. His works were not always profitable. In one year he only received £26 for twenty-one of his books, published by Longman. Murray gave him £1000 for the copyright of the 'Peninsular War;' but his 'Book of the Church' and his 'Vindiciæ' produced nothing.

Southey's chief means of support was the payments

(generally £100 for each article) which he received for his contributions to the *Quarterly*; but while recognising this, as he could not fail to do, as well as Murray's general kindness towards him, he allows a constant vein of discontent to show itself even in his acknowledgment of favours received.

We give a few extracts, taken almost at random, from his very voluminous letters to Murray.

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

October 7th, 1818.

"Your pay is very liberal, and the price which I receive for my writings is by no means a matter of indifference to me, but it can make no difference in the manner of my writing. The same diligence, the same desire, and the same power (whatever that may be) were brought to the task when you paid me ten guineas per sheet, as when you raised it to £100 per piece. This last is a great price, and it is very convenient to me to receive it, but I will tell you with that frankness which you have always found in my correspondence and conversation, that I must suspect my time might be more profitably employed (as I am sure it might be more worthily) than in writing for your journal even at that price."

March 3rd, 1823.

"I thank you for your letter, and return the receipt, reminding you that our agreement is for guineas, as the letter containing your offer shows. You have dealt fairly and uprightly with me, as I was confident you would do, and as I have deserved to be treated."

"I am going tooth and nail to the 'Peninsular War,' and shall undertake nothing serious until it is completed. On the score of my procrastination in this and other things, you have shown a forbearance which I have always felt as a kindness, and as evincing much more of gentlemanly feeling than of what is too commonly the spirit of business."

1828.

"The sale of books is grievously diminished within the last six or eight years: I speak feelingly. To have any

success, a book must be new—a single season antiquates it ; it must have come from a fashionable name (nobility is now turned to a marketable account in this way) ; or it must be personal, if not slanderous ; but if slanderous, then best of all."

It was said of Southey, that literature had been to him a mine of wealth. Charles Lamb said, "Southey has made a fortune by book drudgery." But it was really very different.

"Writing for a livelihood," said Southey—"a livelihood is all that I have gained ; for, having something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything . . . Happily, while my faculties last, I shall never be in want of employment. Just now (29th September, 1835), two presses are calling upon me, a third longing for me, and a fourth at which I cast longing eyes myself. The two which, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cry Give ! Give ! are employed upon Cowper and the Admirals ; the third is asking for the new edition of 'Wesley ;' and the quantity of a good *Quarterly* article must be written before that can be satisfied."

In 1835 Southey received a pension of £300 from the Government of Sir Robert Peel. He was offered a Baronetcy at the same time, but he declined it, as his circumstances did not permit him to accept the honour.

Mr. Southey to John Murray.

June 17th, 1835.

"What Sir Robert Peel has done for me will enable me, when my present engagements are completed, to employ the remainder of my life upon those works for which inclination, peculiar circumstances, and long preparation, have best qualified me. They are, 'The History of Portugal,' 'The History of the Monastic Orders,' and 'The History of English Literature,' from the time when Wharton breaks off. The possibility of accomplishing three such works at my age could not be dreamt of, if I had not made very

considerable progress with one, and no little, though not in such regular order, with the others."

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie recollects the conversation at a meeting between Southey and Wordsworth:—

"We spoke," he says, "of American reprints of English works; and Wordsworth said it was wonderful what an interest they took in our literature: 'it was like the yearning of a child for its parents;' while Southey remarked, with a smile, 'Rather the yearning of a robber for his booty.' They reprint English works because it pays them better than to buy native copyrights; and until men are paid, and paid well for writing, depend upon it that writing well must be an exception rather than the rule. . . . Wordsworth could scarcely believe that of a three volume work, published here at a guinea and a half, the reprint was usually sold at New York for two shillings—in later days the price has been as low as sixpence, the great sale making a fraction of profit worth looking for. Wordsworth expressed a strong desire to obtain an American reprint of any of Southey's works; but Southey appeared quite indifferent. 'I should be glad to see them,' said he, 'if the rogues would only give me a little of what the work of my brains may yield to them.'"

While Mr. Charles Lyell was in Paris, superintending the translation of his 'Principles of Geology,' he wrote:

Mr. Charles Lyell to John Murray.

September 30th, 1830.

"The work is to be translated by M. Prevost, and he has been waiting on the king with an address from the Geological Society of Paris; since which he has been dining with his Majesty as a savant, in the uniform of a bold dragoon of the National Guards. All this, as you may well suppose, has not assisted the translation. Indeed, you can scarcely imagine a more thorough stagnation than that of the business of authors and publishers, and booksellers of works on Natural History and Physical Science in this city, of whom there are so many. I was in the medical quarter yesterday, and the booksellers told me

they were reduced at last to stick up *political* brochures in their windows. The scientifics having at last a government to which they are not ashamed to turn courtiers, are become thorough-paced place-hunters, and they complain that they must go at 5 o'clock in order to get an audience at 10,—so crowded are the ante-chambers of every minister with suitors . . . I trust the public mind on the British side of the channel is not half so much absorbed in political affairs ; if so, the success of my book must be small. In the meantime, I am well satisfied with the reception it has met with among the geologists here, some of whom have studied it already more closely than Prevost, notwithstanding his start. I am determined to spare neither time nor money to make the second volume good. To this end, finding that Deshayes is living from day to day on what he earns by writing for Encyclopædias, &c., I have taken him off this work, and advanced a sum to get from him the full results of his magnificent collection of fossil remains, and of his extensive zoological knowledge. His own book on the subject, in consequence of his pecuniary difficulties, will not appear in less than eighteen months. Although I expend this on my *own account* (and it will cost me three months' pay of his valuable time), I have been obliged to make use of your name, and to represent to him that you had at my request agreed that he should receive so much from you for zoological assistance given to me. He would not have been a stipendiary of mine, but has of course no objection to become a joint workman with me for the public."

A curious testimony to the pains which Mr. Lyell bestowed on the working out of his theories is afforded by an extract from a letter of Mr. Murray to his son, then travelling on the Continent :

John Murray to John Murray, junior.

September 16th, 1833.

"Mr. Lyell called this morning, having returned last night. He has been quite astonished at the far advanced state of geological knowledge which he found in Germany, vastly beyond France and England, and he said he was astonished

at his own deficiency. He was induced to study the German language and intends to visit Germany for many succeeding years. He has given up his King's College Professorship, nor will he lecture again at the Institution. He was chiefly in Bavaria, where men of science are stimulated by the munificent endowments of the government."

Mr. Roderick I. Murchison was also busy with his geological works. He wrote to Mr. Murray, from Hereford (24th July, 1834), saying that he was preparing his *opus magnum* on the geology of the country of the Silures, and requesting that the work should be announced :—

"I have been leaving," he said, "no stone unturned to render my Transition History, or a Tale of a very ancient Family, as perfect as the evidence will admit. First, I had Professor Sedgwick four weeks in my little carriage, and we have climbed 'many a hill together;' and as he has absconded—having first fully approved of all my doings—Mrs. Murchison has taken his place, and we are now moving from the Uske to the Vale of Radnor."

A few years later, when Mr. Murchison had returned from his famous expedition to Russia and the Ural Mountains, Lockhart, who was a personal friend of the distinguished geologist, wrote of him :—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Milton Lockhart,

Sept. 28th, 1840.

MY DEAR MURRAY

Murchison has come back grander by far than ever from his Russian travels. I fancy he must now take rank as Grand Duke. He sported in a military cap two little geological hammers in silver crosswise, so as to represent *an order*, and was everywhere treated, he says, *en prince*, and he sent the Czar a superb copy of 'My System' with a valedictory autograph, expressing his approbation of the Muscovite empire in general, and its Siberian strata in particular, which I strongly suspect was designed to be

recompensed in some splendid shape by that amiable brother potentate. Murchison, however, seems to have amassed much curious and interesting information about Russia and the Russians, and I have encouraged him to draw out his journal in his own way with the view of letting me work its contents into an article in Venables' little volume, including of course copious extracts from "the MS. diary of a distinguished friend."

Your very sincere and faithful

J. G. L.

Sir Alexander Burnes had published in 1834 his 'Travels into Bokhara,' giving an account of his wonderful journey of exploration on the N.W. Frontier of India. In 1835 he returned to India for the last time, and his account of the recently instituted Overland Route will be read with interest in these days when the journey from London to Bombay can be performed within a fortnight.

Sir A. Burnes to John Murray.

On the Nile,

March 30th, 1835.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

It is only four weeks this very day since I took leave of you in Albemarle Street, and here I am within a couple of hours' sail of Grand Cairo, and in sight of those stupendous monuments of folly, the Pyramids of Egypt, which, as my favourite author Gibbon has it, "still stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile, after an hundred generations and the leaves of autumn have dropped into the grave." I cannot believe myself so far distant from the saloons of London, but the moment I reached Alexandria the line of demarcation was too apparent, the transition from civilization to barbarism was instantaneous, and we received before quitting the steamer the astounding intelligence that 15,000 human beings had died of plague within the last three months, and that 129 had perished on the preceding day in the isolated town of Alexandria. My fellow-passengers and myself tumbled

our boxes into a boat and set off for Cairo without holding communication with a human being, and hitherto our journey has been most prosperous. A couple of days more will transport us across the Isthmus, and we shall in all probability reach India within fifty days of quitting the Land's End. What locomotion! before I have done with it I shall begin to doubt my existence; as it is, I do take these towering masses, which they all tell me are the Pyramids, for those beautiful lithographs which I was looking at with Mrs. Murray on your table a month since, but then I have since spanned a goodly portion of the world, and, as you expressed some interest in my wanderings, I have resolved to fill this sheet by telling you what you and your friends may expect who are resolved on profiting by this new steam communication with India and what you may do in three months. . . .

Having thus landed in Egypt in twenty-two days, a month, or rather six weeks, may be spent in visiting Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, and by availing myself of the packet after the next it would be quite possible to be in London in three months!! One author—I forget his name—gives his book the name of 'Dates and Distances, showing what may be done,' &c. in a certain time. He does not outdo this, which ought to tempt some of the thousand and one tourists who wish to write a "book for next season," and sigh for immortality as authors.

The *Quarterly* is lying before me, and, strange enough, I have been reperusing the very article which treats of Mahommed Ali in that able essay regarding the encroachment of Russia.* The Journal from which the quotations are made regarding the state and government of Egypt prove the writer to have been an accurate and an acute observer, but I do think that he has been too severe on the Pasha. To be sure he is a wholesale merchant and a wholesale oppressor, but compare him with his predecessors in this land of bondsmen, and then judge. From the very spot where I first beheld the Pyramids, Mahommed Ali has begun to dig an enormous aqueduct into which he is *to turn the Nile* after having bridged a new channel! the bridge is to be so constructed that he may inundate any part above the delta, and the river itself will be passed out

* 'England, France, Russia, and Turkey,' by Sir John MacNeill.

of its channel by an embankment which is to be formed by boats filled with stones and sunk across it!! Is this the work of a barbarian? Can a work so useful, though he may force the peasants to perform it, be called anything but a national undertaking, and whence are the supplies to be derived by Mahommed Ali but from his "faithful Commons?" But I must be done: Cairo is in sight, the boatmen are singing a song of delight, in the music not such, however, as attended Cleopatra in her galley, nor enough to make me charmed into a forgetfulness of all your many attentions to me. With the best regards to Mrs. Murray and your family, and particular remembrances to your son—Ever believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ALEX. BURNES.

P.S.—I go to the Pyramids to-morrow morning, and start in the evening for the Red Sea: quick work,—but not too quick—for 190 people died here (Cairo) yesterday of the plague.

A. B.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LITERARY LADIES—FANNY KEMBLE (MRS. BUTLER)
—MRS. SOMERVILLE—MRS. NORTON.

ABOUT this time Frances Ann Kemble—better known as Fanny Kemble—daughter of Charles Kemble, the actor, became one of Mr. Murray's regular correspondents. She was introduced to him in 1830, a few months after her first appearance on the stage as Juliet, when only eighteen years old. When only seventeen she wrote 'Francis the First,' a vigorous historic drama, full of delineation of character. After her appearance on the stage she proposed to publish this, her first effort in literature. The circumstances under which the drama was published are related by herself.*

"I was indebted to Sir John Macdonald's assistance, most kindly exercised in my behalf, for the happiness of giving my youngest brother his commission in the army which Sir John enabled me to purchase in his own regiment; and I was indebted to the great liberality of Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher, for the means of thus providing for my brother Henry. The generous price (remuneration I dare not call it) which he gave me for my play of 'Francis the First' obtained for me my brother's commission."

Before making a definite offer for the purchase of the

* 'Records of a Girlhood,' 3 vols. 1879, ii. 100.

copyright, Mr. Murray communicated with Mr. Milman, an attached friend of the author, who replied—

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

“I am much obliged by your account of Fanny Kemble in ‘*Bianca*’ [in his own ‘*Tragedy of Fazio*’]. Your description has so awakened our curiosity, that Mrs. Milman and myself cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of coming up to town to see the performance. I have written to Mr. C. Kemble about places for Monday, and shall regulate my motions by his answer.”

On returning the MS. of Miss Kemble’s drama, which had been sent down to Reading for his perusal, Mr. Milman observed to Murray:—

“I have made some marginal remarks in pencil which may be of use to her. I adhere to my favourable opinion. The minor poems are very unequal, one or two good; but I should not recommend publication. Let the ‘*Tragedy*’ stand by itself. . . . You would, I am sure, be inclined to stretch a point in favour of one so distinguished and deserving. But, in my opinion, there is no need of any such consideration. The play, for a girl of her age, is a most extraordinary performance. It is full of life, character and vigour. Without the very high vein of poetry of Joanna Baillie, she has much more *dramatic* talent. The only fault is that there is stuff enough for two or three tragedies. It is in fact constructed on the plan of the historical plays of Shakespeare, and in some of these there is a second, and even a third interest.”

Mr. Murray thereupon offered Mr. Charles Kemble 400 guineas for the copyright of the drama (Miss Kemble being then under age), and added in his letter:

“Neither Mr. Milman nor Mr. Lockhart would advise the publication of the smaller poems at this time; for, although exceedingly good, they would not increase the reputation of the author of the tragedy.”

The following letters are from Miss Kemble to Mr. Murray :—

Miss Kemble to John Murray.

March 7th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I return you my manuscript for your final sentence. I have read, and so far as my opinion warranted, have followed Mr. Milman's improvements. I have nothing further to say, except *avisez-vous*. To derive profit from that which has already bestowed pleasure is, of course, desirable if possible ; but if my work is worthless to others it has been worth too many happy hours to me for me to complain if it produces nothing else.

March 9th, 1831.

"My father has communicated to me your obliging note, and has left me to answer it by assuring you that I am perfectly satisfied with your offer, which I very gladly accept. I have but one favour more to ask of you, which is, whenever you publish my play to allow me to add a dedication to it. I wish very much to devote my first attempt to my mother," &c.

May 8th, 1831.

I have heard something about your thinking a preface desirable. If it be necessary I will myself write it ; but I should be sorry to trouble the public with reasons, hopes, fears, &c., which too often produce the very weariness they deprecate. Besides, I have no desire of entertaining the world at large with my private motives for publishing my play, or pleading as an exemption from criticism the early age at which it was written. If people are amused and interested by a work they need no reason for being so, and if not no reason can to them atone for dulness and disappointment. With many thanks,

Yours truly obliged,

FRANCES ANN KEMBLE.

The play was published and received with great favour by the reading public ; not less than ten editions having

been issued within a few years. Mr. Murray sent a copy to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, then residing at Hampstead, and received the following reply :—

Mrs. Baillie to John Murray.

March 16th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you very heartily for your great courtesy in sending me a copy of Miss Kemble's tragedy. I have read it very eagerly and found it a very extraordinary work, written with much force and ability, containing many traits of real genius. It well deserves the success which I see by to-day's papers it has met with, and I doubt not it will continue to enjoy the favour of the public. If you have an opportunity I should be very much obliged to you to convey my congratulations to the young authoress on this brilliant beginning of her career as a dramatic writer. I beg again to offer you my best thanks, and remain, dear Sir,

Your truly obliged and obedient Servant,

J. BAILLIE.

Miss Kemble was exceedingly pleased when she heard that Mr. Murray was willing to publish her brother John's works, the translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem of 'Beowulf,' and shortly after, his well-known 'History of the Anglo-Saxons.'

"The works," she said, "are of a nature which cannot give either a quick or considerable return; but the offer, like all Mr. Murray's dealings with me, is very kind and liberal, for a publisher is not easily found, any more than readers, for such materials." "The article in the *Quarterly*," she again said, "on my 'Francis the First,'* more than satisfied me, for it made me out a great deal cleverer than ever I thought I was, or ever, I am afraid, I shall be."

After appearing at the principal British theatres, she went to America in 1832, and, while in that country, was married to Mr. Pierce Butler, a Southern planter and

* *Quarterly*, No. 93, written by Mr. Milman.

proprietor. Her pen was not idle, and during her sojourn in the States she began her Journal of her residence in America, the first portion of which she sent to Mr. Murray, who, writing on the 16th of August, 1834, urgently requested that the work might be published in London a few days before it appeared in America, in order that she might secure the copyright, in which case he offered 400 guineas for it. But so much interest had been excited in America about the forthcoming work, that some of the sheets were abstracted from the printing office in Philadelphia and sent to the newspapers—the editors of which attacked the author most furiously.

Mrs. Butler to John Murray.

Philadelphia, February 8th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I despatched to you some time ago the whole of the first volume of my 'Journal,' and received the other day from you an acknowledgment of sixteen sheets. I don't know quite what to make of this, but where so wide a distance intervenes chances and delays are things of course, and should be taken patiently. Some portion of the book has been *stolen* from the printing office of my publisher here, and the wrath of the natives is excited to such a pitch against me that I can only promise the second volume *if I live*. The papers here have opened like a pack of hounds (as they are) upon the matter, and I have had some thoughts of forwarding a few of the paragraphs to you, for your special edification. Indeed, I think a string of these elegant specimens of criticism wouldn't do amiss, just like the commendatory notices from such and such reviews at the beginning of my book. It may want a puff, you know, and I assure you this would be a new one. I fear I shall not see dear England again this year—perhaps never again. I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, very truly,
FANNY BUTLER

(or, as they write me here, Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble Butler).

The next letter was from her husband to Mr. Murray, enclosing the 'Journal,' printed as far as p. 136 in the second volume, and requesting that certain alterations should be made in the first volume, offering to pay the expenses of reprinting.

Mr. Pierce Butler to John Murray.

I also send, an assignment of the copyright to the Rev. Mr. Harness, an old and much valued friend of my wife's. The 'Journal' will be completed in about 60 pages more. . . . The public and the publishers here are very anxious for its appearance. A few proof sheets having been stolen from the printing office, found their way into the hands of some newspaper editor who, as a matter of course, instantly published them. As there were one or two remarks not very laudatory of the manners of the natives, their ire was raised at once to an extraordinary pitch; and taking it for granted that the whole book is to be abusive, they, the newspaper critics, have lavished their abuse in no small degree. This is rather comical, inasmuch as they are criticising what they have not read. However, they are determined to be beforehand. All this will turn out to the advantage of the publishers, for my countrymen never think of buying a book written about the country unless it abuses it. Indeed, unless a book contains a certain quantity of censure—the more the better—it would not pay for the printing, no matter how great its merit as a book might be.

Yours very respectfully,

PIERCE BUTLER.

The next letter was from Fanny Butler herself.

Mrs. Butler to John Murray.

Philadelphia, May, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I send you by our faithful and trustworthy friend (Maywood), an entire copy of my book, and also a second copy of the preface I wish published with it. The gentleman

who has taken charge of them for me is very desirous of knowing you. He is a countryman of your own, and as far as I know, an exceedingly "decent body." Pray receive him for my sake and like him for his own. You can't think how sorry I am that I didn't accept your positive offer of 400 guineas for my book. I thought it a shabby one to be sure, but I've a great notion it will not fetch sixpence, and that'll be shocking, won't it. Pray tell me if it don't.

Yours very truly,

FANNY BUTLER.

The 'Journal' was published in 1835, but was not very well received, either in England or America. Mr. Croker wrote a review of it in the *Quarterly* (No. 107), beginning, "This is a work of very extraordinary talent, but, both in its conception and execution, of exceeding bad taste." The *Athenæum* described Mrs. Butler as "the authoress of this very lamentable journal," and questioned whether the Chancellor should not have granted an injunction to restrain its publication. In America the 'Journal' was reviewed by Mr. A. H. Everett in the *North American Review*, with more indulgence than it had received at home; though the Rev. Sydney Smith praised it. While the sheets were passing through the press, Mr. Murray sent a copy of them to his friend Lady Dacre.

Lady Dacre to John Murray.

May 27th, 1835.

Thousands of thanks, dear Mr. Murray, for allowing us to read those sheets of the wonderful Fanny's 'Journal' in their rough state. I cannot tell you the entertainment they have proved to Lord Dacre, and how strongly they interest me, who have always been a greater enthusiast about her than he has. The depth of thought, the vigour of writing, the high tone of poetry in her descriptions, the absolute reality of all she portrays, make her work enchanting and piquant in the extreme. One sees her *own*

self, with her peculiarities, her great qualities and her faults, in every page. That little nostril tucking up more than its fellow is before me in all the sarcastic flings and droll passages. I hear her deep melodious voice in her descriptions of the sea, with her particular pronunciation of the first vowel. Oh, that I may really ever hear it again! We have not heard *her* side of the story—she cannot be so wrong towards her parents; as in all quarrels *both* are to blame, depend upon it; and there are two violent tempers among them we are pretty well assured of. In short, I cannot give up my Fanny. Her extraordinary powers of mind enthrall me too forcibly.

I am a little amused by her *leaving in* all her breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, goings to bed and gettings up, *puttings out* of her dresses for acting, and recording every stitch she sets in that nightcap (which must be the most richly embroidered in the world); while she gives us so many stars for passages omitted, where sometimes one's curiosity is excited. I want to know which of her Mr. ——'s is Mr. Butler. I think it must be the sender of nosegays. The vigorous style shows the advantage of having studied the older authors as she has done. I wish she would not "progress." How I hate that word as a verb. A few more American expressions I would fain change for the honest English she delights in. But I am chatting as if I were sitting in your own library.

Yours truly,

B. DACRE.

A copy of the work was also sent to Sir Francis B. Head, who pronounced a very characteristic opinion of it.

Sir F. B. Head to John Murray.

July 2nd, 1835.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I have not had time to finish Fanny Kemble's book, but I have seen enough of it to feel that she has been most unkindly and unjustly treated by the reviewers. I have no time, but if I had I know of no subject I would more willingly undertake than her vindication. People say she is vulgar! So was Eve, for she scratched whatever part of

her itched, and did a hundred things we should call vulgar. But the fact is, everything is vulgar now-a-days. It is vulgar in London to eat cheese or pease with a knife. It is vulgar to say you are hungry or thirsty, that you perspire, even when it is supposed that you do nothing. Poor Fanny Kemble has fallen a victim to this tyranny. Her book is full of cleverness, talent, simple-heartedness, nature and nakedness. Her style is a little rough spot, but did you ever know a woman who was without one? I have no patience with the way she has been treated.

Mrs. Butler's next letter to Mr. Murray referred to the "disobliging review of her book in the *Quarterly*," and after praising the admirable work of M. de Beaumont on America, she proceeded :

Mrs. Butler to John Murray.

Philadelphia, August 3rd, 1835.

'Tis a queer people and country, I can tell you. They fell into a phrenzy at Mrs. Trollope, because she said they put their feet over their heads (which is true), and with me because I said they eschewed finger-glasses (which is also true), and yet they are quite charmed with M. de Beaumont's work, which says that commercial and conjugal contracts are held in like slight respect, and that the violation of either the one or the other does not prevent a man's retaining his footing in society, and being held worthy of all trust, respect, and consideration (which is also true). You appear to be, just now, in a strange chaotic state in England ; and as for the good folks here they are going on in the strangest way in the world ; mobs in every part of the country, burning, tarring and feathering, hanging *ad libitum*, without judge, jury, or other warrant than their own sovereign pleasure. The Slave question is becoming one of extreme excitement. The Northern folks push the emancipation plans with all the zeal of people who have nothing to lose by their philanthropy, and the Southerners hold fast by their slippery property like so many tigers. The miserable blacks are restricted every day within narrower bounds of freedom, and the result of all is clear enough to my perception ; the abuse is growing

to its end, but it will not be done away with quietly. There will, I fear, be a season of awful retribution before right is done to these unfortunate wretches. Our property lies principally in Georgia. If we are ruined I think I will return to England and take up my old trade, if O'Connell has no objection.

Yours very truly,

FANNY BUTLER.

Mrs. Butler to John Murray.

Near Philadelphia, March 26th, 1836.

I am much obliged to you for the intelligence respecting that "excellent piece of work," my book. Mr. Butler desires me to tell you, with his best compliments, that he will *forewarn* you when he means to reap the wages of iniquity. And now, permit *me* to tell you that to lithograph a challenge is not an American custom. They are determined and desperate duellers, and universally the most reckless of any people, not savages, in the world. But Mr. Willis, I beg you to believe, is by no means a sample of either a good or a bad American. I have never heard him mentioned in this country but with unfavourable comments, and I should almost be sorry that you fancied he was a pattern Yankee. What is to befall him I can't think, for surely Captain Marryat is not a man to be trifled with; he don't write as if he were. How much I like his books, and how much I should like to know him! A friend of mine is about to publish a journal of his stay in England. I think it will be rather better than your friend, Mr. Slidell's, and I will send it to you.

Yours truly obliged,

FANNY BUTLER.

Mr. Murray frequently consulted Lady Callcott about books, and her natural shrewdness rendered her a very useful critic. About Fanny Kemble's 'Journal' she wrote:

Lady Callcott to John Murray.

Let me thank you for Mrs. Butler: very clever, very romantic, some excellent feelings, but (may I say) not as

womanly as I could have liked. A little too much of the tone of one living chiefly with men—the green-room, in short. I have read a volume and a half.

* * * * *

Mrs. Butler's 'Journal' appears to me to improve as she goes on. The things to be objected to appear more seldom, and her criticisms on her own art and what is connected with it are so good that I should like to see them separated and much enlarged. She is a clever, and moreover a shrewd observer; and setting apart the intentional descriptions, there are traits throughout that mark a strong and fine hand.

Mrs. Somerville was a lady of extraordinary accomplishments, but in a department very remote from that of Mrs. Butler. Her early life, eccentric education, and marvellous aptitude for mathematics have already been recorded in her biography, and need not be repeated in these pages. Her first book, 'The Mechanism of the Heavens,' founded on the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace, was undertaken by the advice of Mr. Brougham, and was at first intended for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but being found too voluminous, it was afterwards published independently. The MS. was submitted to Mr. Herschell, who pronounced it a book for posterity, and above the class for whose instruction it had been intended by Mr. Brougham. It was then offered by Dr. Somerville to Mr. Murray, in August 1830. The opinion of Mr. Herschell was enclosed as to the merits of the work. Mr. Murray, though there was but little prospect of a large demand for a work so purely scientific by an, as yet, unknown author, wrote;—

John Murray to Dr. Somerville.

August 2nd, 1830.

"As Mr. Brougham has said that he can ensure the sale of 1500 copies (which I confess I cannot refrain from

doubting) I will, if you please, print one edition consisting of 1500 copies, at my own cost and risque, and in case of their selling will give the author two-thirds of the profits ; and after the sale of this 1500 copies, the copyright shall be the sole property of the author, to dispose of in any way hereafter that may appear best for her advantage. By this proposal, I mean to try the success of the work at my own expense, merely for the author's future benefit, without occasioning her any previous risk or expense. I give you full liberty to communicate this letter to Mr. Brougham, and if, after trying other publishers, you do not obtain a more satisfactory arrangement, you will find me still ready to fulfil what I have above proposed."

No publisher, however, was likely to exceed or even to equal the proposed terms, and accordingly Mrs. Somerville's first work, 'The Mechanism of the Heavens,' was published by Mr. Murray in 1831, and proved the forerunner of many admirable works by the same authoress. Mrs. Somerville shared in Mr. Murray's opinion that 1500 copies could not be so readily disposed of as Mr. Brougham had imagined, and accordingly the first edition consisted of only 750 copies. The work, however, received admirable reviews from the scientific critics, and was soon entirely disposed of.

Mr. Murray, in rendering Dr. Somerville an account of the sales of the work (21st March, 1833), wrote :—

"I do not intend to diminish the profit by taking any portion of it myself ; for I am overpaid by the honour of being the publisher of the work of so extraordinary a person. I have therefore only charged a commission on the actual long paid expenses for interest and bad debts."

Mrs. Somerville herself was in Paris at the time ; but on learning the results of the publication, she wrote to Mr. Murray as follows :—

Mrs. Somerville to John Murray.

Paris, April 2nd, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I consider the very unpromising nature of my work, and the small probability there was of success, I am more and more sensible of what I owe to your kindness and liberality, and beg you will accept of my sincere thanks for all you have done in this affair. I am quite surprised at the number of copies that have been sold, and I must add very much pleased, for independently of myself, I should have been truly grieved had you been a loser by having generously undertaken what appeared so hopeless. I am happy to find you have ventured on my new attempt,* and trust it will be more popular. I have done all I can to make it so, and shall be glad of any advice you may give on the subject.

We have spent the winter most agreeably, and are much delighted with Paris and the attention we have met with.

Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Mr. Murray's next letter to Mrs. Somerville, on her return to London, contained a request that she would sit to Mr. Phillips, R.A., for her portrait. She answered:—

Mrs. Somerville to John Murray.

February 4th, 1834.

I cannot on such an occasion deny myself the pleasure of expressing to you how much I am gratified by the compliment, and I can with truth assure you that no one can feel it more strongly than,

Your sincere friend,

MARY SOMERVILLE.

* 'On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences.'

Mrs. Somerville's next letter was written from Italy, whither she went in 1841-42; after alluding to family affairs, she proceeds:—

Mrs. Somerville to John Murray.

Rome, April 3rd, 1842.

"There have been comparatively few strangers here this season, so the gaiety has been less than usual, but we always have a kind welcome and good society in the Italian houses. The Romans no longer look upon us as strangers, and we like them very much; both men and women have less information and less education than the English, but they have natural talents to fit them for anything, and when better times come, Italy will stand high among the nations. Even now, I could name some that would be remarkable in any country; they have great merit; but there is a deplorable want of books at Rome, at least books of modern date—divinity and classics plenty, but as for science or geography they are little beyond the dark ages. You will be horrified when I tell you that I mean to inflict a book on you (if you will have anything to do with it) on Physical Geography; and truly, had I depended on the public libraries here, it would not have gone beyond the time of Marco Polo. But, fortunately, I have had private sources chiefly from Englishmen settled here, and also when at Florence I had the use of the Grand Duke's library, and made ample extracts; so I trust my pages will not be very much behind the present times. I have tried to make it more of a readable book than geographical works generally are, but of all that you are the best judge, so I hope you will tell me when you see it whether you think it likely to succeed. The first part only is ready for the press, and the rest will be forthcoming should you think it worth while. . . . Don't suppose that you are to be let off with *one* volume; you shall have two, if not three, if it does not alarm you too much."

The work on physical geography appeared in 1848, and went through many editions. It may be added that Mrs. Somerville lived to complete and publish her 'Molecular

and Microscopic Science' at the age of 80—long after the death of her first literary patron and publisher.

Another of Mr. Murray's correspondents, differing in the nature of her accomplishments both from Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Somerville, was Mrs. Norton. As early as 1834 she proposed that he should publish for her 'The Maiden's Dream.'

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

Aug. 2nd, 1834.

SIR,

When my poem, 'The Undying One,' was first written, it was offered to you with a very over-rated idea of what it was worth, in many respects.

You refused to publish it, and favoured me at the time with some criticisms on the style and subject, which I have always remembered, though the temptation to publish it, at the time, was very strong, and I therefore agreed with Mr. Colburn, who made your refusal a plea for fulfilling only *one half* of his original agreement.

I have now another, a shorter poem by me, called 'The Maiden's Dream.' I have taken pains with it, and have avoided, as far as I could, all the faults imputed to my first attempt. My *wish* is to print it with fugitive pieces, in one vol., *and sell the MS. for* £100; but I would willingly give the manuscript *without* the last-mentioned condition, if you would undertake the publication. I saw that you had printed Lady Emmeline Wortley's poems: for many years you have been the encourager and supporter of poetical talent; and as I am still as eager (though I hope more humble than when I set out), I hope you do not mean to make me the exception to your rule.

If you would see me on this subject to-morrow, before five, and would name the hour most convenient, Mr. Norton would accompany me to Albemarle Street. I mention to-morrow, because it is one of Mr. Norton's very few leisure days, and if that is inconvenient I shall hope to be able to fix another.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

CAROLINE NORTON.

The offer was not accepted, nor was that of 'The Undying One,' in 1835, though Mr. Murray gave the author some good advice. She was not baffled by his refusal, but went on writing poetry, and at the end of September 1836, proposed to Mr. Murray that he should publish for her a little poem, entitled 'A Voice from the Factories'—the subject having been brought into prominent notice by the pamphlets and speeches of Lord Ashley. Mr. Murray accepted her proposal.

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

Hampton Court Palace,
October 7th, 1836

"I thank you for the promptitude with which you have replied to me, nor do I wish to express any disappointment at the terms on which you propose to print my little poem ; having long since found out how very common the degree of literary talent is, of which I used to be so vain, and therefore no longer looking on either verse or prose as a heap of uncoined gold. . . . There is, I believe, no question but that I might publish my brief effort perhaps in one sense more advantageously among the set of publishers who do not even ask to *see* a book, but pay you for it because it is yours ; but it is a wish—a *vanity* of mine—to be published by *you*. You know it is, for this is the third time I have endeavoured to appear under your auspices. I have sometimes thought that friends of yours who are not friends of mine have thwarted me in this particular. . . . You ought to encourage me, for you never gave any advice more faithfully followed than that which you offered when I was ambitious you should publish my 'Undying One ;' viz. : not to attempt strained and unnatural subjects. My 'Voice from the Factories' is in the style you bid me adhere to ; and I will still hope that you will take me under your charge."

John Murray to the Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton.

Abbot's Langley, Oct. 8th, 1836.

Thanks, my dear Madam, for your beautiful, and kindly confidential letter. Had I not previously determined to

fulfil, in every respect, your wishes as regards the publication of the poem, I must have been sufficiently convinced by the reasons which you have adduced (and so happily illustrated) of the necessity for its immediate appearance.

I will therefore leave this place for Albemarle Street on Tuesday, and, hoping to find the MS. on my arrival, I will instantly send it to the printer, and I can now venture to assure you that it shall be announced and published in strict conformity with the desire of its author.

I beg you to believe that I am, dear Madam,

Your faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

16, Green Street, Oct. 19th, 1836.

DEAR SIR,

Owing to my absence from Hampton Court, I have only received the proofs *this evening*, and return them to you: hoping that you will kindly hasten the printing, in the form decided upon, as I wish to see it completed before I leave town for Dorsetshire.

I trust dining with Adam Blair* did not make you "*catch a dislike to me*," as poor Douglas Kinnaird once told me *he* did, after he had dined with some "*friends of his* who were not friends of mine." He was very cross, and when I tried to coax him out of it, he said: "*the fact is I caught cold last night where I dined; there was such a draft of air; and I also caught a dislike to you*, there was so much abuse and fault-finding."

Praying that you may be kept from such sickness,

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

C. E. NORTON.

The 'Voice from the Factories' was published in the following November. The authoress was greatly pleased with the style and appearance of the volume. "Send three copies to me at 16 Green Street, a copy each to Lords

* Mr. Lockhart.

Holland and Lansdowne, and to Lord Ashley, not as from *me*, but merely inscribed by you 'By desire of the Author.' "

A second edition was speedily called for, to which Mrs. Norton added several of her earlier poems.

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

"I am fond of the poem, and if you would allow me to reprint it, you would do me a great service; for I am in many troubles and difficulties from which I look to my pen to extricate me, as the soldier trusts to his sword to cut his way through. . . . I wish to make my volume as complete as possible, hoping under your guidance henceforward to forsake Poetry for Prose. You know you hinted to me that the door of your *Review* would open to me if I thought I could write for it."

The next letter from Mrs. Norton to Mr. Murray was on a very different subject; it is without date, but it was probably written about the beginning of 1837.

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

24 Bolton Street, Monday.

DEAR SIR,

You have been very kind in sending me books. I send you a very interesting one, in *my* opinion, though I fear not one of general interest. It is a Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the subject of the Infant Custody Bill; and in the course of which (in answer to a direct and most bitter personal attack made on me by Mr. J. Kemble) the facts of my case are briefly given.

I hope you will read the letter and let me know your opinion upon it. Mr. Kemble's attack *wrung from me* a contradiction last summer, which first appeared in the *Examiner* (signed with my name), and afterwards was copied into other papers. It is so easy to crush a woman, especially one whose reputation has been already slandered, that I do not think his triumph is very great, in having created a prejudice by inventing a gross false-

hood; attributing to me that which I never wrote, and then abusing me in very foul and gross language as the author. I might in the same way assert that the Bishop of London wrote Little's Poems, and that he was *therefore* a disgrace to the Bench of Bishops.

Dear Sir, I do not suppose this "Letter" will be of sufficient consequence to be reviewed in the *Quarterly*, but the *subject* of the letter will perhaps be noticed, as it is one of the questions to be mooted this session. I entreat of you, if such shall be the case, to use your influence to prevent my name (which has grown to be only the watchword of insult and cruel abuse) from being any more alluded to. Let those who dislike me be satisfied in the assurance that I have suffered and *do* suffer as much I believe as my worst foes could wish. I have one poor boast, and that is, that my *foes* are *all among strangers*; it is reserved for those who never knew me personally, who perhaps never saw me in their lives, to erect themselves into judges of my character and motives, to *invent* an *imaginary Mrs. Norton*, something between a barn actress and a Mary Woolstonecraft; and to hunt her down with unceasing perseverance; while the reality of this shadow is perhaps lying ill and broken-hearted, as I was at the time when Mr. Kemble wrote against me, vainly endeavouring through the mediation of those who *do* know me, to arrange a quarrel I never sought, and which took place under circumstances the very reverse of those supposed by "the world." I have trespassed on your indulgence with a very long note: pray excuse it and

Believe me, yours truly obliged,

CAROLINE NORTON.

When Mr. Murray's fine edition of the poems of Lord Byron appeared in 1837, he forwarded a copy of 'Don Juan' to Mrs. Norton. Her answer was as follows:

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

November 4th, 1837.

DEAR SIR,

I have received 'Don Juan' and the October *Quarterly*. . . . In thanking you for the two volumes of Byron

belonging to the present beautiful edition, I must tell you that I had never read 'Don Juan, *through* before, which very few women of my age in England could say,—and which I do not mind owning, since it adds greatly to the pleasure with which I perused the poem. I am afraid, in spite of the beauty, the wit, and the originality of the work, I think, with the Guiccioli—"Mi rincorse solo che Don Giovanni non resti al inferno." It is a book which no *woman* will ever like, whether for the reasons given by the author, or on other accounts, I will not dispute. To me the effect is like hearing some sweet and touching melody familiar to me as having been sung by a lost friend and companion, suddenly struck up in quick time with all the words parodied.

I am in town for a short time, occupied with lawyers and law—as usual. I used to boast of my partiality for the Bar as a profession, but I begin to think it would be pleasanter to follow a marching regiment than to see the seamy side of this intellectual trade.

Who has sprung up as *Mrs. Norton* in Bentley's *Miscellany*! It is pretty cool of the lady taking the name and title of *my husband's wife*; and I do not much like the mistake, as I have been too ill to write for those to whom I was bound by the bond of *hire*.

Yours ever,

CAROLINE NORTON.

Bolton Street, March 4th, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

Thanks for Lord Jocelyn's book,* which, just now that we are all gaping for Chinese information, is very acceptable; and especially to me, who am too ill to go out and gossip with the rest of the world, and depend on the "dumb oracles" I find in type. Blessed be he who invented letters,—Cadmus, as I was early taught! Blessed be he who invented printing, whose name at this moment I forget! Blessed be all engravers, printers, designers, lithographers, *facsimile* copiers, and makers of steel plates! Blessed, even beyond these, be all publishers, especially

* 'Six Months in China.' By Lord Jocelyn, late Military Secretary to the Chinese Expedition.

those who send me new books! Blessed be authors and authoresses!—but in a minor degree—a sort of beggarly blessing, such as mocked poor Esau for one, having sold his birthright. Blessed be the stitchers of pamphlets, for they are read sooner than bound books! Blessed be he* who lately wrote ‘Cecil’ (though it be but a novel), for it beguiled me through a weary night, and made me forget I had a pain in my side. I cease the Kyrie of blessings, for fear you should add, “blessed be he who first thought of *note paper*, to confine women’s correspondence within bounds.”

Mrs. Norton wrote the following friendly greeting to Mr. Murray in the English Bijou Almanack for 1842:

“John Murray! Dare I call thee JOHN?
 Yes: for who calls thee Mister Murray?
 The first familiar name’s the one
 Which puts us authors in a flurry:
 The first familiar name is that
 Long linked with memories bright and pleasant;
 With hours of intellectual chat
 O’er claret, venison, grouse, and pheasant;
 And all the sunshine, clouds, and blame
 Which hang round Byron’s chequered story,
 Whom THY discernment led to Fame
 When fools denied the wreath of glory!”

In September 1840, there appeared an article in the *Quarterly*, by H. Nelson Coleridge, on Modern English Poetesses. Mrs. Norton’s name headed a long list of authors criticised; her works were highly praised and she herself was styled “the Byron of modern poetesses.” Lady Emmeline Wortley and an anonymous authoress “V,” were handled in after a somewhat severe and sarcastic fashion.

The different writers were likened to various flowers. “Mrs. Norton to the Rose, or, if she prefers it, to the ‘Love-lies-a-bleeding.’ Miss Barrett must be Greek Valerian.

* Mrs. Gore was the authoress of ‘Cecil.’

Lady Emmeline is a Magnolia Grandiflora, and a Crocus too. V. is a Violet, with her leaves heart-shaped," and so on.

On receipt of the number, Mrs. Norton wrote :

The Hon^{ble}. Mrs. Norton to John Murray.

24 Bolton Street, October 31st, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

I ought to have thanked you from Ventnor, instead of waiting till my return to town, for your kindness in sending me an early copy of the *Quarterly*, containing all that comfortable flattery respecting 'The Dream.' I assure you I felt almost ashamed at seeing my name "first on the list called over"; but very grateful for the indulgent spirit in which the article was written, and would be glad to know to *which* of your Slaves of the Lamp I stand indebted. I was conscious of the *egoism* of the volume when I saw, collected into that form, the many scattered occasional pieces, added to the principal poem. I hope to do better yet, and will carefully avoid any faults that have been pointed out.

As to V., you have of course been made aware that she is since engaged to be married, to Mr. C——, a very handsome, agreeable, well-informed clergyman (as I hear).* Now as she is forty, nothing shall persuade me that the proposal and the marriage are not the result of the Review; all the single ladies noticed in that article should instantly think of changing their names, retaining merely the *floral name* allotted to them in the *Quarterly*. I half wish I could change mine (especially since Mrs. Erskine Norton has ingeniously taken to playing at being *me* to all the publishers), but I dare say I should not change it to my satisfaction at this time of day; though I want ten years of "V." and "V." is very little, and very lame, and has not (as I am credibly informed) nearly such a straight nose as I have.

Her poetry is wonderful; I hardly believed it *was* a woman's at first.

If the author of the article *knew* Lady E. Wortley he

* The lady in question wrote to Mr. Lockhart: "Two things have happened to me in one day which I never dreamed of. My Poems have been reviewed in the *Quarterly*, and I have received a proposal of marriage."

would be too much in love with her to be able to laugh at her. She is the truest, simplest woman that ever was *bit* by romance; but you are an infidel, and don't believe in women, because your Byron wrote some clever lines against the sex—yet how was so profligate a man to know *good* women?

Not that I defend my lady's high-flown language and "starry sublimities" at all times; but she is so gentle and earnest and *real*, that I felt a little unhappy when I read the review. Poisoned daggers are a joke to being laughed at in the *Quarterly*!

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly obliged,

CAROLINE NORTON.

The discovery of the North-West Passage was an enterprise which half a century ago continued to excite great interest, and in 1829 Captain James Ross started on his second expedition to Baffin's Bay, for which he subsequently obtained the honour of knighthood. In 1833 Mr. Murray wrote to his son:—

John Murray to John Murray, junior.

October 22nd, 1833.

"Captain Ross and his crew are all arrived, with the exception of three men who died. When in the utmost distress for provisions they fell in with the wreck of Captain Parry's cast-off vessel the *Fury*, and in it they found all the provisions preserved by the ice. They are all in London: the instant I heard of their arrival at Hull I went and applied to my useful friend Nutland* at the Admiralty, who I found was intimate both with Ross and his nephew. He called upon him the moment of their arrival, and obtained a promise to give me the publication of their 'Journal.' We have got to settle terms. I have not yet seen them, but left cards yesterday. I have received a very kind letter from Mr. Barrow, who has undertaken to get a confirmation of the promise."

* The head messenger at the Admiralty.

In 1836, Sir John Franklin was appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land, and on his departure from London, Mr. Murray made a present of some books to Lady Franklin and her daughter.

Lady Franklin to John Murray.

August 26th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nothing can be kinder than your valuable present to my little girl, and I promise you that it will ensure, as you desire (though it was not necessary for this purpose), our most friendly remembrance of the giver. I will only add that the choice you have made could not have suited me better had it been of my own selection, and that some of the books you have sent for Eleanor are precisely those which I should have purchased for her had I been aware of their being in print. You are well aware, I am sure, that my husband values your friendship, and can never be so far from home as not to hope that he will live in your remembrance; and I beg you to believe that these sentiments are also very sincerely those of your obliged friend,

JANE FRANKLIN.

Sir John Franklin to John Murray.

MY DEAR MR. MURRAY,

I know not how to thank you as I ought for your very kind and valuable remembrances sent to Lady Franklin and my child. We take them with us, and shall be often reminded, by the perusal and sight of these books, of your friendship and regard. Lady Franklin would have written her own acknowledgment of your kindness if she had not been quite overpowered by the preparations for our voyage, and with the prospect of separating for so long a time from her father and family. She feels deeply the mark of kindness you have shown, and begs me to express her best thanks to you, with every good wish and kind regards to Mrs. Murray and your family. You may rely on my bearing in mind your recommendations of the gentleman you have mentioned in V[an] D[iemen's] Land.

I have placed your note with others that will receive my best attention and consideration after my arrival. Believe me, my dear Sir, with every kind regard and good wish for all your family,

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN FRANKLIN.

P.S.—If you should hear any news that would be interesting to us in a strange and distant land, I should be obliged by hearing it from you, or perhaps your son would allow me to ask the favour of an occasional communication from him. My letters will be forwarded by the Colonial Office. Kind regards to your son.

Mr. Murray offered Mr. Scrope Davies a copy of the new and illustrated edition of his old friend and companion Byron's works. Mr. Davies was in Paris at the time, but was about to proceed to Dunkirk to take up his residence there.

Mr. Scrope Davies to John Murray.

May 17th, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nimrod* informs me that it is your wish and intention to present me with a copy of Byron's works. I need not remark how much flattered I am by this mark of your recollection of one who has been so long and so entirely secluded from the world. The pleasure I feel too is not a little enhanced by hearing that, like the Thane of Cawdor, you are a "prosperous gentleman," and I pray that good fortune may long attend you and yours. You deserve it; your conduct towards Byron when, in the autumn of 1816, I put the third canto of 'Childe Harold' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon' into your hands, was noble, as your previous conduct during his difficulties was beyond all praise. Does he still look down with a temperate scorn on the dissecting-table of your Inquisition Chamber? Of him and many others I have some notices which I much wish you to see. They are original, and I think interesting, nor am I willing that they should die with me. There was

* Mr. C. Apperly, author of the 'Turf, the Chase, and the Road.'

scarcely a man of any celebrity during my time that I had not the good fortune some time or other to meet. With some of these beings of a finer mould I was on terms of friendship, with many familiar, and more or less acquainted with nearly all. Barring the 'Bubbles' (which I read because you recommended it to Nimrod) and Washington Irving's works, I know but little of modern publications, and that little causes no regret at not knowing more. I was seduced into reading Washington Irving by accidentally stumbling on his 'Stout Gentleman.' The Lady Morgans, Bulwers and Trollopes of the day, have no charms for me. What is good in them is a *réchauffé* from others—what is their own is bad. "C'est un bonheur pour la plupart des écrivains d'aujourd'hui d'avoir la mémoire, comme c'est un malheur pour leur lecteurs." Swift says it is a great art in writing to know when to leave off, as I am sure it is to know what to leave out—to sink the offal, as the carcase butchers say. But these writers give you the offal and sink the carcase. As you desire me to mention where you may send this splendid present of yours, I beg that it may be deposited at 47, Great Ormond Street, the mansion of my good and esteemed friend Mr. John Hibbert; and if I can be of any service to you on any occasion and in any way, you may command me. I shall quit Paris in a few days for my little residence at Dunkirk, where I intend to pass the summer. Should you visit this part of the world it would afford me much pleasure to see you, chez M. Crepin, Rue de l'Eglise, Dunkirk. Believe me,

Yours most truly,

SCROPE DAVIES.

A copy of the same work was sent to Sir Robert Peel, and gave occasion for the following correspondence:

John Murray to the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel.

Albemarle Street, April 17th, 1837.

DEAR SIR,

As the invaluable instructions which you addressed to the students of the University of Glasgow have as completely associated your name with the literature of this

country, as your political conduct has with its greatest statesmen, I trust that I shall be pardoned for having inscribed to you (without soliciting permission) the present edition of the works of one of our greatest poets, "your own school- and form-fellow," *Byron*.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHN MURRAY.

The Right Hon. Sir R. Peel to John Murray.

Whitehall, April 18th, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much flattered by the compliment which you have paid to me in dedicating to me a beautiful edition of the works of my distinguished "school- and form-fellow."

I was the next boy to Lord Byron at Harrow for three or four years, and was always on very friendly terms with him, though not living in particular intimacy out of school.

I do not recollect ever having a single angry word with him, or that there ever was any the slightest jealousy or coldness between us.

It is a gratification to me to have my name associated with his in the manner in which you have placed it in friendly connection; and I do not believe, if he could have foreseen, when we were boys together at school, this continuance of a sort of amicable relation between us after his death, the idea would have been otherwise than pleasing to him.

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

In the same year the Countess Guiccioli was in London, and received much kindness from Mr. Murray. After her return to Rome, she wrote to him a long letter, acknowledging the beautifully-bound volume of the landscape and portrait illustrations of Lord Byron's works. She complained however of Brockedon's portrait of herself.

Countess Guiccioli to John Murray.

"It is not resembling, and to tell you the truth, my dear Mr. Murray, I wish it was so; not on account of the ugliness of features (which is also remarkable), but particularly for having this portrait an expression of *stupidity*, and for its being *molto antipatico*, as we say in our language. But perhaps it is not the fault of the painter, but of the original, and I am sorry for that. What is certain is that towards such a creature nobody may feel inclined to be indulgent; and if she has faults and errors to be pardoned for, she will never be so on account of her *antipatia*! But pray don't say that to Mr. Brockedon."

Mr. Murray continued to exercise his hospitality, and was especially fond of making up a party to meet any foreigner of distinction who came to him with letters of introduction. Amongst others was Count Cavour, who visited London as a youth of twenty-one, not yet entered on public life. He was introduced by William Brockedon, who had made his acquaintance on one of his Alpine journeys, while Cavour was a military cadet and a semi-prisoner in an Alpine fortress. On the eve of his departure he wrote to Mr. Murray, acknowledging his "gratitude for all your kindness to me and my friend during our stay in London. Certainly, if I could freely dispose of my time, one of the principal reasons for remaining in this great metropolis should be the desire of cultivating your very valuable friendship."

De Beaumont and De Tocqueville were entertained on their return from America, with many distinguished persons. Theodore Hook, in one of his letters to Mr. Murray, says:—

"My project of coming to you is, I regret to say, put an end to by the fog of which I am the victim. I shall sigh and lament me in vain for all the brilliancy, wit and wisdom of which your hospitable house will be the

*

receptacle—as I say to all my friends. Perhaps you will ask me again when the spring comes.”

Theodore Hook came to Murray's dinners again and again. He was the soul of wit and humour, sparkling in repartee, and genial in manner and conversation. On one occasion, he met at Murray's the Scottish lawyer and wit Lord Robertson, familiarly known as Lord Peter, judge of the Supreme Court of Session, Edinburgh, who had the reputation of being one of the wittiest men of his time. The heroes of the North and South were well matched. Lockhart backed Lord Peter, and Monckton Milnes King Theodore. Jerdan gives an account of the fair set down fight and keen encounter.

“During dinner,” he says, “the conversation was lively and sparkling, and Hook's wonderful ready wit carried all before it. He was in high feather, inexhaustible and inextinguishable. It seemed as if the Scotchman had a very poor chance, and would be what the jockey's term ‘nowhere.’ But Mr. Lockhart was an able tactician, and knew better. He suffered Hook to expend some of his brilliant fire, and after the cloth was removed brought out his man. He gave us at due intervals a Gaelic sermon without a syllable of the Erse language, and an Italian operatic scene without a word of Italian, and postprandial speech after speech of military, political, and other characters, to which bursts of laughter did homage for their racy performance and extraordinary ingenuity. The imitative speeches were certainly inimitable in matter and manner; and the identity of the meaningless sounds, with the tongues in which they purported to be delivered, was so perfect that it was scarcely possible to fancy that they were not *bonâ fide* exhibitions of text and discourse, and recitation and song in the Gaelic and Italian. Stimulated by this most amusing display, Hook was primed in superb trim to answer the calls for various improvising interludes, and never afforded more entertaining proofs of his marvellous talent in his astonishing natural gift. Flash upon flash burst upon every man at the table, his own backers

were glorified in a superb vein of satirical ridicule, nor did the Scotch artist and his Scotch supporter escape Scot-free from the scoffing criticism of the pseudo-provoked flagellator. It was truly a day to be marked with a white stone. I shall never spend the like again.”*

Mr. Planché, in his ‘Recollections,’ gives an amusing account of one of these literary reunions; this time, however, at the house of Horace Twiss. Murray, James Smith (of the ‘Rejected Addresses’), and others, remained in the dining-room until it became very late, for Hook was giving some of his extempore songs. Being pressed for another, he proposed that the subject should be on John Murray but the publisher opposed Hook most vehemently, and chased him round the table to stop the song. Planché only remembered the beginning of the recitative:—

“My friend, John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should
be able.

He’s an excellent hand at supper, and not a bad hand at lunch,
But the devil of John Murray is, he never will pass the punch!”

Tom Moore was a frequent diner at Murray’s. He writes in his *Diary* (December 1833):—

“Dined, Fielding and myself, at Murray’s; company, the Lockharts, Sir Charles and Lady Bell, Phillips the artist and his wife, Turner the artist, and Henry Ellis.” At a later date, he writes: “Am getting into scrapes about dinners. Company at Murray’s, Lord Mahon, Sir Francis Head and his daughter, Lockhart, &c. In the evening, Miss Head sang, and very prettily; I was of course called into play, and sang a good deal. Much surprised to find Sir Francis Head such a mild and gentle person, and so little of the ‘Bubbles of the Brunnen’ in either his look or manner. Murray sends by me to Bessie a copy of the beautiful edition of ‘Childe Harold’ he has just published.”

* ‘Autobiography of William Jerdan,’ iii. 17-20.

Mr. Murray was in the habit of residing out of town during the summer. Wimbledon was his favourite place, from a very early period, but in 1833 he took a cottage on Hampstead Heath. After an attack of his old enemy, the rheumatism, Mr. Murray went to Leamington in 1837, for the benefit of consulting Dr. Jephson, the famous physician. He wrote to his son (3rd November, 1837):—

“Whether I am destined to leave my bones at this place I know not, but certainly I have had sharper and more frequent illness in a small space of time than I ever remember.”

Notwithstanding his illness, he remained at Cheltenham, and afterwards at Leamington, for some time, constantly communicating with his son in Albemarle Street about works in course of publication, and about the articles in the *Quarterly*. His directions were most minute and particular. Regarding his dinner parties as an institution, he requested his son to invite Mr. Appleton, the American bookseller (who was then in London) to dinner, and he named certain persons whom he wished to be included in the various entertainments: the Longmans, Charles Knight, Foss, Brockedon, Macculloch, Finden, and Dickinson; as well as Milman, Croker, Lockhart, Murchison, Palgrave, Westmacott, Wilkie, Head, and others.

Dr. Robinson was a distinguished American Biblical scholar who had been making a series of journeys through Palestine, which, as described by Professor Carl Ritter of Berlin, “opened the second great era of our knowledge of the Promised Land.” He called upon Mr. Murray in October, 1840, for the purpose of publishing through him his *Travels in Palestine*. Mr. Murray at once agreed to undertake the work, and it appeared in the course of the following year. Dr. Robinson and his wife were agreeably

entertained by Mr. Murray, and on their arrival in New York Dr. Robinson wrote :—

Dr. Robinson to John Murray.

November 2nd, 1840.

“Dr. and Mrs. Robinson would express to Mr. Murray their deep and grateful sense of his kindness and liberality as manifested in the many interesting and beautiful volumes with which he has enriched their library. Mr. Murray can perhaps hardly estimate the peculiar feeling with which, after having from childhood devoured the productions of his press in foreign lands, we have now found ourselves introduced to his acquaintance and to his house, where so many of the most brilliant minds of English literature have been wont to congregate. This is perhaps a pleasure which none but one of English descent, born in other lands, can feel in its full strength.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCROPE—HALLAM—MR. GLADSTONE—FOWELL BUXTON—
LORD MAHON—SIR R. PEEL—CARLYLE, ETC.

IT has already been mentioned that Mr. Murray found it necessary to abandon the publication of original poetry, and in 1838-9 he transferred all his novels and romances to other publishers, including—Hope's 'Anastasius,' Morier's 'Hajji Baba,' Disraeli's 'Contarini Fleming,' Lady Dacre's 'Recollections of a Chaperon,' and about fifty other works of a similar character. From this time forward Mr. Murray confined himself to the publication of voyages and travels, biographies of distinguished individuals, works of science and art, and general literature, and the manuscripts continued to flow in upon him from nearly all parts of the world.

We have already had to record instances of authors protesting against the amount paid to them as being too large, rare as such incidents are in the history of book-selling. In 1837 Sir J. Barrow had nearly finished the 'Life of Admiral Lord Howe,' and offered the work to Mr. Murray. "You must tell me," he said, "what you can afford to give. Whatever it be, let me have it when published, as I shall have several calls upon me early next year." In reply, Murray offered 300 guineas for the work. Barrow's answer came at once :—

Mr. Barrow to John Murray.

August 4th, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot accept your offer of 300 guineas. It is more than the value I had set upon my labours, and I don't see why you should pay me more than that. You must give me £250 when the last sheet is printed off, and some twelve or fifteen copies to those who have aided me; and if, at the end of twelve months, you should find that you can afford the other odd fifty, you may then give it me. If not, there is no harm done, to me at least.

Yours ever faithfully,

JOHN BARROW.

The work, when published, was well received. A copy was sent to Southey, who praised it. "From such a man," said Barrow to Murray, "as the author of the 'Life of Lord Nelson,' such praise is worth having. I hope he will review it in the *Quarterly*,* and Basil Hall in the *Edinburgh*, and Smyth, of Bedford, in the *United Service Journal*." Barrow followed the 'Life of Howe' with 'A Memoir of the Life of George, Lord Anson,' the celebrated circumnavigator of the globe. Murray gave 200 guineas for the work, which was published in 1839, and, like its predecessor, was very favourably noticed, but, strange to say, neither book sold sufficiently to defray the cost.

Mr. Croker was another of Mr. Murray's contributors who refused, as we have already seen, what he considered excessive payments. Throughout his long and voluminous correspondence with his publisher his letters on this subject are, without exception, of the same character. In 1832 Mr. Croker pressed Mr. Murray to send him his long outstanding account, received the following reply:—

* This he did in June 1838.

John Murray to the Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker.

September 22nd, 1832.

"I heard yesterday with great regret that you are again suffering with your old complaint in the head ; this is the more provoking, as it is out of the usual course of nature for disease to attack the strongest part. I trust, however, that it will soon subside.

"At length I send your long demanded account ; it is ancient of date, and there must be numerous errors of omission and insertion, but, taken as a whole, I can venture to say that the mistakes are not in my own favour. According to this statement there appears a balance due to me of £482 16s. 2d. ; on the other hand, I find myself indebted to you for sundry invaluable (really to me) contributions to the *Quarterly* in the sum of £450, which I propose to swell into the above stated sum of £482 16s. 2d., and so, by enclosing a receipt for the same, to close a long-standing account by a short settlement.

"Should this arrangement be perfectly agreeable to you we will start afresh, and keep accounts with more brevity and less incorrectness.

"Next week I will send you a statement of the sales of the 'Geography and Stories,' and with it a draft in favour of my dear Miss Nony.* Then, if you will be so very kind as to implement (as the Scotch say) your intention of occupying your leisure hours by contributing an average during the year of four sheets to each number of the *Quarterly Review*, you will find at your bankers one hundred and fifty pounds on the publication of each part."

Six years later he wrote to Mr. Murray, from West Molesey, respecting some articles for the *Quarterly* :—

Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker to John Murray.

December 11th, 1838.

DEAR MURRAY,

Coutts' second receipt I must return, and a cheque for the amount. I guess, from some figures which I see on the back of it, that your usual liberality thinks itself indebted

* Mr. Croker's adopted daughter, afterwards married to Sir George Barrow.

to me for some extra contributions in the last four numbers. I confess that I am very much pleased to find that you are pleased with my articles ; but I cannot acquiesce in your punctilious admeasurement, and still less in your liberal standard of extra value. In truth, I feel that I am already extravagantly remunerated, and nothing would induce me to abide by such a scale, but that you and Lockhart both tell me that you find *practically* that you can afford it, and that it answers your purpose. But as to any *increase*, under pretexts however kind and flattering, you must allow me to reject it decidedly, once and for all ; and if you feel any extra satisfaction, enter it to my credit in your *memory*, to counterbalance some occasion when I may happen not to be so successful.

Yours ever,

J. W. CROKER.

Mr. Murray agreed to publish Mr. William Scrope's 'Noble Art of Deerstalking,' with a narrative of a few days' sport in the Forests of Athol, illustrated by Edwin Landseer. Mr. Scrope was the father-in-law of G. Poulett Scrope, M.P., so well known for his interesting work on the 'Volcanic Region of Auvergne.' Mr. Scrope thus intimates to Murray the origin of the work :—

Mr. Wm. Scrope to John Murray.

Cockerington Hall, South Lincolnshire ;
October 27th, 1837.

In reference to the conversation I had the pleasure of holding with you in London, I beg to say that I have written as much upon deerstalking as I think will make a good-sized volume. I have little to do but the *limæ labor*. I have been tolerably successful in preserving some interesting stories and legends from the Highlands, as well as various other matters analogous to my subject. Mr. Skene is still at work for me, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has employed a Highland schoolmaster to cater for anecdotes. I have also received a short account of the principal forests in Scotland from the proprietors themselves, and expect the remainder.

I very much fear that our friend Landseer has such numerous engagements that it will be impossible to bring him "to time." If this should unfortunately be the case, perhaps it would be best to publish the small volume first. He may then illustrate in a larger size if the book should answer; and, if he should be so inclined, I have many clever etchings of deerstalking given me and executed by my friend Sir Robert Frankland, which would answer well enough. Landseer, I know, assisted him, and I dare say he would permit them to be reduced and inserted in my pages. I speak only of this in case Landseer should feel himself unable to meet his engagement. I wish you could have an early meeting with him.

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Stewart Rose writes me word that his infirmities are so increased that he is unfit for anything, either in body or mind.

I have this day received from Mr. Fox Maule an account of an attack which a stag made upon his carriage at Taymouth. One of the horses was killed by it.

Yours, my dear Sir, faithfully,

WILLIAM SCROPE.

P.S.—I have somewhere a humorous letter of Sir Walter Scott, which he wrote to me upon my sending him a haunch of forest venison. I am in hopes to lay my hand on it for publication.

The work was published in 1838, and soon went through three editions. Mr. Scrope, in acknowledging the amount sent to him by Mr. Murray for the first edition, wrote:—

Mr. Wm. Scrope to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

I called to thank you for the draft you sent me for £121 odd, which is a very prosperous account, especially considering that nearly the whole expenses of the edition are paid. So, thank you for your good offices, and for the celebrity of your name as publisher.

Yours always very truly,

W. SCROPE.

In another communication from Mr. Scrope to Mr. Murray, after the publication of the second edition, he wrote as follows:—

Mr. Wm. Scrope to John Murray.

August, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am but just returned from Chorley Wood, and hasten to acknowledge the draft you have been so good as to send me for £650 4s. 3d., which seems a large profit, much larger than I expected or deserved. I have not yet looked at the account, but I am sure, from the face of it, that you have acted with the liberality which everybody gives you credit for, and I beg leave to thank you for the zeal and kindness with which you have put forward my *firstborn*, and do attribute its success mainly to the respectability and good offices of its godfather and its nurse, both of which you may be said to be. Nay more, the *Deer* babe was born in your sheets.

Very truly yours,

W. SCROPE.

P.S.—Poulett Thomson goes out as Governor-General to Canada. I believe he refused the offer of Chancellor of the Exchequer on account of ill health.

Allan Cunningham had now brought his series of 'Biographies of Artists and Sculptors' to a close. He was a constant correspondent of Murray's with whom he was a great favourite because of his spirit and independence.

Mr. Allan Cunningham to John Murray.

April, 1837.

Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, O John Murray? Thou art foremost of the honourable and the generous of the ancient tribe of publishers; yet verily thou art a sloth in motion, a snail in correspondence, and the most dilatory of all Conservatives. Enoch was thy ancestor, for he took twenty-seven years to answer his first love-letter; that

Irish horse was thy relative, who had to be awakened with a stick or a stone ; one of the Seven Sleepers had his roost high in the tree of thy genealogy, and thou art more than cousin to that drowsiest of all diplomatists, Lord Glenelg, who has slept through the noisiest administration since the first parliament of Babel. Still your cry is, Leave me, leave me to repose. To repose I shall assuredly leave you, if you will but say *Yes* or *No* to the communication which I made to you some month or so ago.

Yours always,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

This most probably related to a collection of Allan Cunningham's 'Songs and Poetry,' which Mr. Murray did not publish. Their correspondence nevertheless continued as cordial as ever during the remaining years of Allan Cunningham's life. He died a few years later (in 1842) at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, and he left directions that only six persons were to be invited to attend his funeral, and amongst these were Mr. Murray and Mr. Lockhart.

Mr. Hallam's work on the 'Literary History of Europe,' concerning which he had written to Mr. Murray, "I may say, without great presumption, considering my age, literary experience, and leisure, as well as industry, that there are not many persons in England able to execute it so well as myself," was published in the spring of 1836, and a review of it appeared in the *Quarterly*. Hallam himself said of the work :—

"I have very confident hopes that this will be thought the best that I have written, and that its circulation will be adequate ; but I am aware that books, like other things, move the slower for their size."

When Southey reviewed the 'Constitutional History of England,' the author was offended by his strictures ; but

when the review of the 'Literary History' appeared, he thought that the work was overpraised.

Mr. Hallam to John Murray.

Feb. 24th, 1837.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I have not impudence enough to read the article on my book in the *Quarterly* you have been good enough to send me, without blushing, much less to think I deserve it. I suppose friend Milman is the author. The worst is, that so high praise is apt to set the public against a book. However, I may well be satisfied, and I hope at your sale it will tell to some purpose.

Truly yours,

HENRY HALLAM.

At a later date, in August 1837, Hallam wrote to Murray:—

"I beg you will desire your prime minister to send me down the last *Edinburgh Review*, as I want to read Macaulay's article. Palgrave's work, which you refused, seems likely to do well."

The article by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh* was on Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' and was much higher in its praise of the work than Southey's review had been in the *Quarterly*.

"It often," said Macaulay, "rises to an eloquence, not florid or impassioned, but high, grave, and sober, such as would have become a State paper, or a judgment delivered by a great magistrate, a Somers or a D'Aguesseau . . . on a general survey, we do not scruple to pronounce the 'Constitutional History' the most impartial book that we ever read."

Mr. Milman, author of the review of Hallam's *Literature* in the *Quarterly*, was then occupied with his 'History of Christianity,' and by way of a holiday was making a tour in the western districts of South England.

The Rev. H. H. Milman to John Murray.

Lynton, Aug. 8th, 1837.

“Here we are in the loveliest spot in England. We shall stay about a week, and then go to Ilfracombe. We have been at Combe Florey at Sydney Smith’s; even if your antiquated *Q.* reviewer were to see him in the most beautiful parsonage in England amidst his parishioners, he would believe his *nolo episcopari*, and feel whatever compunctions reviewers may feel.”*

Even Lockhart seems to have feared that Milman might quit the *Quarterly* at any moment. A few years later the editor wrote to Mr. Murray:—

“I have brought Milman’s paper into a safe shape without displeasing him. He would leave the *Q. R.* on any slight provocation.”

But Milman held by the *Review*, and never quitted it to the end of his career.

In July 1838 Mr. W. E. Gladstone, then Tory member of Parliament for Newark-upon-Trent, wrote to Mr. Murray from 6 Carlton Gardens, informing him “that he has written and thinks of publishing some papers on the subject of the relationship of the ‘Church and the State,’ which would probably fill a moderate octavo volume,” and that he would be glad to know if Mr. Murray would be inclined to see them. Mr. Murray saw the papers, and on the 9th of August he agreed with Mr. Gladstone to publish 750 or 1000 copies of the work on ‘Church and State,’ on half profits, the copyright to remain with the author after the first edition was sold. The work was immediately sent to press, and proofs were sent to Mr. Gladstone, about to

* It is possible that this allusion may refer to the article on Sydney Smith’s Accession sermon, written by Croker 1837–38.

embark for Holland. A note was received by Mr. Murray from the author (August 17, 1838):—

“I write a line from Rotterdam to say that sea-sickness prevented my correcting the proofs on the passage.”

This was Mr. Gladstone's first appearance in the character of an author, and the work proved remarkably successful, four editions being called for in the course of three years. It was reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh* for April 1839, and in the *Quarterly* by the Rev. W. Sewell in December. ‘Church Principles,’ published in 1840, did not meet with equal success. Two years later we find a reference to the same subject.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone to John Murray.

13 Carlton House Terrace, April 6th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the new number of the *Quarterly*. As yet I have only read a part of the article on the Church of England, which seems to be by a known hand, and to be full of very valuable research: I hope next to turn to Lord Mahon's ‘Joan of Arc.’

Amidst the pressure of more urgent affairs, I have held no consultation with you regarding my books and the sale or no sale of them. As to the third edition of the ‘State in its Relations,’ I should think the remaining copies had better be got rid of in whatever summary or ignominious mode you may deem best. They must be dead beyond recall. As to the others, I do not know whether the season of the year has at all revived the demand; and would suggest to you whether it would be well to advertise them a little. I do not think they find their way much into the second-hand shops.

With regard to the fourth edition, I do not know whether it would be well to procure any review or notice of it, and I am not a fair judge of its merits even in comparison with the original form of the work; but my idea is, that it is

less defective both in the theoretical and in the historical development, and ought to be worth the notice of those who deemed the earlier editions worth their notice and purchase: that it would really put a reader in possession of the view it was intended to convey, which I fear is more than can with any truth be said of its predecessors.

I am not, however, in any state of anxiety or impatience: and I am chiefly moved to refer these suggestions to your judgment from perceiving that the Fourth Edition is as yet far from having cleared itself.

I remain always,

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In the same year another author of different politics and strong anti-slavery views appeared to claim Mr. Murray's assistance as a publisher. It was Mr. Thomas Fowell Buxton, M.P., who desired him to publish his work upon the 'Slave Trade and its Remedy.'

Mr. Buxton to John Murray.

Dec. 31, 1837.

"The basis of my proposed book has already been brought before the Cabinet Ministers in a confidential letter addressed to Lord Melbourne. . . . It is now my purpose to publish a portion of the work, on the nature, extent, and horrors of the slave trade, and the failure of the efforts hitherto made to suppress it,* reserving the remainder for another volume to be published at a future day. I should like to have 1500 copies of the first volume thrown off without delay."

The book was published, and was followed by a cheaper volume in the following year, of which a large number was sold and distributed.

A very constant correspondent of Mr. Murray's was the

* See 'Life of W. E. Forster,' chap. iv.

late Earl Stanhope (at this time Lord Mahon). Two of his letters have been selected from a very large number; the second, as containing an allusion to Mr. Gladstone's 'Church and State.'

Lord Mahon to John Murray.

Chevening, December 11th, 1836.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

I am much obliged to you for the early copy of the *Review*, which I am reading with great pleasure. The article on myself was very gratifying to me. Its approbation of the work is joined to so much knowledge of the subject as to make the former truly valuable. Pray, when you see Mr. Lockhart, tell him how highly I appreciate it.

Lord Wellesley's letter* is quite beautiful—no less noble in sentiment than nervous in language. What a pity that a man who writes so well should write so little! Let us hope that some more letters may be extracted from him.

The third article on Napier† makes me think the following no bad plan, and I accordingly suggest it for your future consideration. When all the articles on that subject in the *Quarterly* are concluded—and from present appearances they seem likely to extend to six or seven—how would it answer to have them printed together in a pocket volume, for the use of the army and as a useful companion (though not certainly an harmonious one) to Napier's volumes? *Pensez y.*

On Tuesday we proceed to Strathfield Saye, and afterwards probably to Sir Edward Kerrison's in Suffolk. My second volume is not very far from completion, and a third will complete the work. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

MAHON.

* On the character of Pitt, addressed [to] Mr. Croker, to be used in his article on Wraxall's 'Memoirs.'

† By Sir George Murray: Lord Mahon's suggestion was not adopted.

Lord Mahon to John Murray.

Chevening, December 7th, 1840.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

Allow me to beg your acceptance of one of our Chevening turkeys, which, though it does not rival in size those of Suffolk—that classic land of all poultry—may, I hope, be found not inferior in flavour.

Allow me also to ask you a very ridiculous question—Is the outside of Abbotsford of stone or brick—grey, white or red in colour? My reason for asking is to please a worthy old lady—a maiden friend of ours in the country—who is busily engaged in a Scottish drawing, and who keeps it suspended until this important doubt be solved.

We are going in this week to Hertfordshire, and next for our Christmas quarters to the Land of Turkey aforesaid, namely Suffolk, but my address is always Grosvenor Place. I will take up *en passant* the books you had the kindness to lend me, and see how far I may be able to make any thing from them.

Mr. Gladstone's volume has of late engaged much of my attention. It is difficult to feel quite free from partiality where so amiable and excellent a man is concerned; but, if my friendship does not blind me, I should pronounce his production as marked by profound ecclesiastical learning, and eminent native ability. At the same time I must confess myself startled at some of his tenets; his doctrine of Private Judgment especially seems to me a contradiction in terms, attempting to blend together the incompatible advantages of the Romanist and of the Protestant principle upon that point. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

MAHON.

The following letter illustrates the dangerous results of reading sleepy books by candle-light in bed :—

Mr. Longman to John Murray.

MY DEAR MURRAY,

2 Hanover Terrace, 1838.

Can you oblige me by letting me have a third volume of 'Wilberforce.' The fact is, that at in reading that

work, my neighbour, Mr. Alexander, fell fast asleep from exhaustion, and, setting himself on fire, burnt the volume and his bed, to the narrow escape of the whole Terrace. Since that book has been published, premiums of fire assurance are up, and not having already insured my No. 2, now that the fire has broken out near my own door, no office will touch my house nor any others in the Terrace until it is ascertained that Mr. Alexander has finished with the book. So pray consider our position, and let me have a third volume to make up the set as soon as possible.

Among the other books published by Mr. Murray about this time were Sir Charles Fellows' [the excavator of Lycia] *Journal* written during an excursion in Asia Minor in 1838; Captain Harris's [afterwards Sir W. Cornwallis Harris] *'Wild Sports in South Africa'*; * Mr. John G. Kinnear's *'Cairo, Petra, and Damascus'*; and *'The Life of Sir Samuel Romilly.'*

The correspondence with Miss Rigby (afterwards Lady Eastlake), author of *'Letters from the Baltic,'* is interesting. In the first place Lady Palgrave wrote to Mr. Murray on the subject:—

Lady Palgrave to John Murray.

"I have many thanks to give you for the kind present of my cousin's *'Letters on Esthonia,'* with which, not only myself, but all our boys are delighted. I read the book to

* This book was submitted to Mr. Murray by Mr. W. J. Broderip, the well-known naturalist and police magistrate. In his letter (April 8th, 1839), he said:—

"Capt. Harris's book is entertaining, and seems to be the work of an honest man devoted to sport, and not caring what he suffers provided he gets his shot. . . . I don't know that I can recommend you to give a figure of the Bushwoman that shines at the head of Frederick Cuvier's *Mammifères*, though she is evidently the mother of all the Bustles. There is a little expression here and there in the Captain's book, that might be changed for the better—such as a rhinoceros giving up 'the ghost!'"

them for a treat at night, and we all enjoy the lively descriptions and the clever details extremely. The writer seems to me to unite all a woman's delicacy and discrimination in home scenes and views with a want of diffuseness which is very unusual in a woman's writing. I think, too, that there is a great evidence of originality and of being *undoctored*, if I may use such a term, which gives much interest to Miss Rigby's work."

With respect to her 'Letters from the Baltic' Miss Rigby wrote to Mr. Murray herself:—

Miss Rigby to John Murray.

MY DEAR SIR,

I shall be happy to accept the proposition of one hundred pounds for the copyright of my MSS. and etchings . . . I am inclined to adopt the title of 'Summer and Winter on the Baltic,' or 'The Shores of the Baltic,' as you may think expedient. I shall make two winters and one summer, as I find the former cannot be compressed—the one being confined to Revel and the winter in the country, and the other chiefly to St. Petersburg. My journey out, or rather voyage, will be an interesting letter, but I suffered no actual shipwreck. I quite value your allowing me to have my own way about the etchings.

Mr. Murray had agreed with the Bishop of Llandaff to publish Lord Dudley's posthumous works, but the Bishop made certain complaints which led to the following letter from Mr. Murray:—

John Murray to the Bishop of Llandaff.

December 31st, 1839.

MY LORD,

I am told that your Lordship continues to make heavy complaints of the inconvenience you incur by making me the publisher of 'Lord Dudley's Letters,' in consequence of the great distance between St. Paul's Churchyard and Albemarle Street, and that you have discovered another

cause for dissatisfaction in what you consider the inordinate profits of a publisher.

My Lord, when I had the honour to publish for Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, the one resided in Edinburgh, the other in Venice; and, with regard to the supposed advantages of a publisher, they were only such as custom has established, and experience proved to be no more than equivalent to his peculiar trouble and the inordinate risque which he incurs.

My long acquaintance with Lord Dudley, and the kindness and friendship with which he honoured me to the last, made me, in addition to my admiration of his talents, desire, and, indeed, expect to become the publisher of his posthumous works, being convinced that he would have had no other. After what has passed on your Lordship's side, however, I feel that it would be inconsistent with my own character to embarrass you any longer, and I therefore release your Lordship at once from any promise or supposed understanding whatever regarding this publication, and remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

The Bishop of Llandaff seems to have thought better of the matter, and in Mr. Murray's second letter to him (January 1, 1840) he states that, after his Lordship's satisfactory letter, he "renews his engagement as publisher of Lord Dudley's 'Letters' with increased pleasure." The volume was published in the following year, but was afterwards suppressed; it is now very scarce.

In 1840, Mr. Murray agreed to publish the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone's 'History of India,' and Lieutenant John Wood's 'Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus'; Mr. Murray taking the risk in both cases, and the authors to be allowed half profits. Mr. Murray's publications embraced half the world, and now he received a letter from Afghanistan from the famous Henry Havelock:—

Captain Havelock to John Murray.

Camp Zeezeen, October 19th, 1839,
Three marches from Cabool.

DEAR SIR,

Though personally unknown to you, I venture the liberty of addressing you on a subject which, from a conversation I had some time since with my friend Sir Alexander Burnes at Cabool, I hope may not be uninteresting to you. I have been employed during the operations now completed against the forces of the Baruckzye family in Affghanistan, as aide-de-camp to M.-General Sir W. T. Cotton, who commanded a division during the war, and in my leisure hours have kept a rude journal of our proceedings during our long marches of upwards of 1700 miles. These have at last grown into a little volume, which is illustrated with some landscapes and military places, of which I may venture to speak in high terms, since they are not from my pencil, but that of my brother officer, Captain Kershaw of the 13th Light Infantry. Burnes is of opinion that the public in England will yet feel some curiosity about Sindh and Affghanistan, even after the appearance of Conolly's * works and his own, and that the story of our *deeds*, though we managed to have but one fair fight, will likewise be interesting. This notion has induced me to trouble you with a letter, and to say, in short, that I propose to send my production to England overland to the care of a friend (as I cannot myself visit my native land before 1840), and that it is my wish, if you do not oppose it, that he should offer it for your perusal and acceptance. Should you honour it by deeming it worthy of publication, my correspondent will be authorized to treat precisely as if I were present. Whatever you may consider the book worth, my friend will receive, and hand over to you the manuscript and plates as your absolute property. I may mention, by the way, that I made my first appearance as an author twelve years ago, when I wrote a memoir of the three campaigns of Sir Archibald Campbell's army in Ava. The work was published in India, and may never perhaps have

* 'A Journey to the North of India, Overland from England,' by Lieut. A. Conolly, who was murdered, in company with Lieut. Stoddart, at Bokhara during the Afghan war.

met your eye . . . I have entitled the present work 'Personal Narrative of the Marches of the Royal Troops of the Army of the Indus'; but it will be best to let it speak for itself. I am at present returning with Sir W. T. Cotton to the British provinces, where it is probable he will have for some time the command of the army in Bengal; but the safest address will be Capt. H. Havelock, H. M.'s 13th Light Infantry, Bengal. We move by the Kyber Pass, and I propose to continue my journal to the Sutlege; but, aware of how much importance dispatch is in such a matter, I intend to send off the work brought up to the time of the occupation of Cabool. The object of this letter is merely to mention the matter to you, and I shall feel honoured by a line in reply.

I remain, with great respect,

H. HAVELOCK.

Mrs. Jameson proposed to Mr. Murray to publish a 'Guide to the Picture-Galleries of London.' He was willing to comply with her request, provided she submitted her manuscript for perusal and approval. But as she did not comply with his request, Mr. Murray wrote to her as follows:—

John Murray to Mrs. Jameson.

July 14th, 1840.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is with unfeigned regret that I perceive that you and I are not likely to understand each other. The change from a Publisher, to whose mode of conducting business you are accustomed, to another of whom you have heard merely good reports, operates something like second marriages, in which, whatever occurs that is different from that which was experienced in the first, is always considered wrong by the party who has married a second time. If, for a particular case, you have been induced to change your physician, you should not take offence, or feel even surprise, at a different mode of treatment. ✓

My rule is, never to engage in the publication of any work of which I have not been allowed to form a judgment of its merits and chances of success, by having the MSS. left with me a reasonable time, in order to form such opinion; and from this habit of many years' exercise, I confess to you that it will not, even upon the present occasion, suit me to deviate.

I am well aware that you would not wish to publish anything derogatory to the high reputation which you have so deservedly acquired; but Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott have written works that do not sell; and, as you expect money for the work which you wish to allow me the honour of publishing, how am I to judge of its value if I am not previously allowed to read it?

Mrs. Jameson at length submitted her work for Mr. Murray's inspection; and after some negotiation, her Guide-Book was purchased for £400; Hampton Court and Windsor being included in the 'Picture-Galleries of London.'

Mr. Murray had much communication with Sir Robert Peel during his parliamentary career. He published many of Peel's speeches and addresses—his Address to the Students of Glasgow University; his Speeches on the Irish Disturbances Bill, the Coercion Bill, the Repeal of the Union, and the Sugar Bills—all of which were most carefully revised before being issued. Sugar had become so cloying with Sir Robert, that he refused to read his speeches on the subject. "I am so sick of Sugar," he wrote to Murray, "and of the eight nights' debate, that I have not the courage to look at any report of my speech—at least at present." When an effort was being made to assist Mrs. McLean, *née* Landon (L. E. L.), wife of Mr. Maclean, who died at Cape Coast Castle, Mr. Murray applied to Sir Robert Peel for a small annual pension; and she was immediately assisted with £15 per annum, which was all that there was to spare at the time.

In one of his communications to Mr. Murray, Sir Robert Peel suggested the publication of a 'Guide Round London':

Sir Robert Peel to John Murray.

Whitehall, July 7th, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,

I forgot to thank you for the last edition of the Hand-book, but I have found leisure to look into it, and have read many parts of it with great interest. It is really a useful and amusing work for those who do not travel. Do not you think that a very interesting work might be written, to be entitled, 'A Historical Account of the Celebrated Villas in the Neighbourhood of London?' I mean rather the villas that *have* been, than those that now exist. Look at Horace Walpole's 'Song on Strawberry Hill.' How many places are there mentioned which have historical recollections connected with them, which would be worth preserving? There must be always great interest about the localities in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. In that Song alone are mentioned Gunnersbury, Sion, Chiswick, Strawberry Hill, Greenwich, Marble Hill, Oatlands, Claremont, Southcote. You might add Wanstead, Wimbledon, Holland House, and a hundred others—many with very curious anecdotes of local and personal history connected with them. Perhaps I overrate the interest with which such a book would be read. I certainly do not, if it would equal that which I myself read the account of places in the neighbourhood of Paris, remarkable in history, but the traces of many of which are fast fading away; such as Maisons, Meudon, Sceaux, Chantilly, &c. Hampton Court, the ancient palace at Richmond, Kew, and others, might enter into the work. The County Histories would furnish a substratum, but everything would depend upon the liveliness and accuracy of the details.

Ever truly yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The Guide-Book suggested by Sir Robert as "so valuable" was commenced by the late Peter Cunningham, and completed after his death by Mr. James Thorne.

The Rt. Hon. Sir R. Peel to John Murray.

July or August, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

Your printer must be descended from him who omitted *not* from the seventh Commandment, and finding a superfluous "not" in his possession, is anxious to find a place for it.

I am sorry he has bestowed it upon me, and has made me assure my constituents that I do *not* intend to support my political principles. Pray look at the 4th line of the second page of the enclosed.

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Notwithstanding the vehemence of party spirit during the Reform Bill era, the *Quarterly Review* held its position as one of the higher organs of criticism. From 9000 to 10,000 copies were circulated quarterly. Though some of the old contributors died, or disappeared, new and sometimes better ones came to the assistance of the *Quarterly*. The work was admirably edited. Lockhart had the knack of greatly improving the articles submitted to him. By his knowledge of language, and mastery of English style, he added grace and point to even the best-written papers, and by a few touches he would develop a half-expressed thought, and give life and spirit to the solid sense of a heavy article. He did this, too, without unnecessary curtailment, so as not to offend, but even to gratify the authors of the papers. He was also most punctual in his correspondence with the contributors; nor was he less prompt in the publication of the successive numbers of the *Quarterly* at the appointed periods—so different from the irregularity of its appearance in the time of his predecessor, William Gifford.

It was said that he was cold and unsympathetic. It is true he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor was he addicted to saying what he did not mean, but his heart was warm, and to those who knew him best he was invariably cordial, genial, and unreserved. Mr. George Ticknor, the American, in one of his visits to London, in 1838, dined at Mr. Murray's, where he had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Lockhart. He did not like him, because of his coldness and reserve. Two months later, Ticknor met Lockhart again at Sir Roderick Murchison's.

"The dinner," said Ticknor, "was at the ultra West End, so that I thought I should never get there. The party, however, was worth the trouble, for it was a striking mixture of talent, and aristocracy, and fashion. The talent might be considered as represented by Sedgwick, Lubbock—the mathematician, whom I liked a good deal,—Lockhart, and Murchison; and the aristocracy and fashion by the haggard, dried-up Lady Davy, Sir Charles Dalbiac, the Commander of the Cavalry, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, both young, handsome, and well-bred, and the Earl of Dartmouth, who renewed an acquaintance I had with him formerly at Rome, and invited me to his place in Staffordshire. It was all quite agreeable. Even Lockhart was softened by the society, and introduced the subject of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' which he would not have done if he had not been very amiable. . . . He promised, when he should be in the country, to look it over, and if he finds it what he expects to find it, to give it to some person who understands Spanish literature, to make an article about it. . . . This is a good deal; and it is still more that he was really good-humoured about it." *

In 1839 Mr. Murray, out of regard for Mr. Lockhart, took in hand an illustrated edition of his 'Spanish Ballads,' bestowing upon it appropriate embellishment, so as to

* The article did appear in the *Quarterly* (No. 127) for June 1839, written by Richard Ford, one of the best known Spanish critics of the time.

rescue a work of real genius from comparative obscurity. Mr. Murray, in writing to the author, observes: "I hope we shall produce *the* Book of the Season for next Christmas."

Specimens of the new edition of the 'Spanish Ballads' were sent to Mr. Macvey Napier, of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. Macvey Napier to John Murray.

Dec. 22nd, 1840.

"The inspection of them is a sufficient *salve* to my conscience, and it besides enables me to do what is but simple justice, namely, somewhat to heighten the commendations which the writer of the articles has bestowed upon their extraordinary beauty—I say transcendent—of their illustrations. I never have seen anything approaching to them, and shall say so; and I shall moreover be sincerely glad if I shall be in any way—however slightly—aiding in directing the public attention to so expensive a publication. It really does high honour to British Art, and to the British Press."

Among Mr. Lockhart's new contributors to the *Quarterly* was Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. He wrote the article (No. 114) on the Factory System. On the Editor sending him the usual draft for the contribution, Lord Ashley returned it, with the words: "I owe, as a Conservative, such a tribute to the *Quarterly*, and to Murray personally, for his unvaried liberality on all occasions towards myself, that I cannot accept it." On a later occasion Lord Ashley wrote to Mr. Murray from Brighton:—

Lord Ashley to John Murray.

Jan. 5th, 1839.

"The state of the factory districts is such that I really believe the blasphemous ravings of Stephens and Oastler will beget a bloody fanaticism. You will observe that all

their ferocious and devilish meetings are opened by hymns and prayer ; and then they proceed to break, in spirit and in words (as yet they are afraid of deeds) the whole tenor of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. But they have learned sedition from the lips of the Queen's ministers, and blasphemy from their tutor O'Connell. So we need not wonder at their proficiency."

A subsequent article on the same subject called forth the following criticism from Sir Francis Head :—

Sir Francis Head to John Murray.

2 Upper Hyde Park Street, June 26th, 1842.

My son will be quite proud at receiving the *first* copy of the new *Quarterly*, the only one, I believe, that can go to India by to-morrow's mail. I am very much obliged to you for your great kindness in sending it.

I have been peeping into it, and if the gaudy debauchery of Paris, as detailed in Art. No. 1, be contrasted with the dark picture described by Lord Ashley, and alluded to in Art. 6, it must, I think, be admitted that the *outside* of this world has no more right to be shocked at the immorality of the *inside*, than the pot, many years ago, had to complain of the complexion of the kettle.

I happened the other day, as I was following a stream through the country, to ride by a silk factory worked by boys and girls, and, from the little I heard and saw, merely *en passant*, I think I could convince you, that in spite of Lord Ashley's popular speech, the Devil passes many more hours *above* ground than *below*, and if you were to ask him, I believe he would tell you, with a grin, that many who *wear* silk are no better than those who *make* it. It is the fashion just now to be shocked at the idea of a boy and girl sitting cross-legged in the same "cirne" while they are being raised from the bottom of a mine, and yet their thin begrimed faces would probably blush if they could see one of our dandies and damsels waltzing together, and though we are all horrified even at the description of a poor miner's daughter working in deshabelle in utter darkness many fathoms below the surface of the earth, what would *she*, poor exhausted creature, say, if suddenly rising through

the floor at Almack's, she were to see before her hundreds of fine London ladies, with stark-naked backs and shoulders illumined by half a thousand wax candles?

God bless you, my dear Sir,

Believe me always to remain

Yours very faithfully,

F. B. HEAD.

The year 1839 was an alarming one. The factory districts were in a blaze. Stephens was tried at Chester, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. The Chartists proclaimed their doctrine of physical force by which to assert their rights. Feargus O'Connor announced the "sacred month;" "plug-drawing" commenced, and a crowd of hungry people, who had left their work, wandered from Lancashire into Yorkshire, and were met and dispersed at Leeds by the troops under General Brotherton. There were Chartist riots at Llanidloes, Birmingham, and Newcastle. Frost came down with his army of armed colliers, and attacked the Westgate Arms Inn at Newport. A small body of infantry were in the inn, protecting the magistrates, and after the Riot Act had been read, the Chartists were driven off, leaving eight of their number dead. Frost and others were apprehended, and sentenced to transportation for life. At the same time Feargus O'Connor was arrested, on a judge's warrant, for seditious conspiracy, and was tried at York. During the same year the Anti-Corn Law Agitation began.

In these circumstances, the mind of Thomas Carlyle was moved, and he proposed to write an article for the *Quarterly Review* on The Working Classes. He had an interview with Mr. Lockhart on the subject, and found him, as he says, "a person of sense, good-breeding, even

kindness, and great consentaneity of opinion with myself on the matter." Lockhart requested that the MS. might be left with him for a week, to which Carlyle consented. The article was full of strong, outspoken words, in the style of Carlyle, and was certainly not such a paper as *Quarterly* reviewers were accustomed to read; the writer found fault with Parliament and its palaver, the Constabulary, the Poor Law Bill, the Irish, Radicalism, and the Corn Laws. Lockhart "returned it," says Carlyle, "seemingly not without reluctance, saying he *dared not*." It was afterwards published separately, as a pamphlet, under the title of 'Chartism,' with the motto, "It never smokes but there is fire."

Towards the close of the year, Mr. Lockhart went down to Rokeby to see his friend Mr. Morritt, an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly*. While there he wrote to Mr. Murray, then at Leamington:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

September 24th, 1839.

"This morning our party had a sad loss in the departure of Lord Brougham, who drank very little wine, no champagne, but kept us all in a roar until long past midnight. Murchison would have died if he had heard Brougham on the philosophers of Birmingham. I expected a frank for this, but he started by 5 A.M. Morritt has just finished 'Hallam's Literature.' He is in raptures with it, and says such a book, forty years ago, would have been beyond all price for the direction of his studies. He is going to interleave his copy and annotate largely."

Lockhart next writes from Milton-Lockhart to Murray, who was still at Leamington, that he had not yet received Croker's annotations.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

September 19th, 1839.

"They may afford me some useful hints, though I care little for his *general* criticism on any article or *number*, inasmuch as he is, and you know it, absolutely incapable of seeing anything but faults in any work of any living writer, excepting himself and his own immediate connexions. . . Head has, in his revise, improved his article,* and he has now by him my suggestions for a second re-touching. I hope he may prove more manageable this time than he was the last ; but, whether or no, the paper is most powerful, and must produce, if they will read it, a painfully destructive effect upon the Government, which seems on all sides to be approaching the *ne plus ultra* of imbecility and consequent contempt. Depend upon it, they cannot go on through another session. The Court, their only stronghold, is woefully weakened by this Hastings' story in its final (if final?) exposition, and will not dare to oppose itself again to the Conservative strength."

October 26th, 1839.

"Ford writes from Paris, and wants to write a paper on the Daguerreotype, but I think that should come from a scientific hand. Oh! if we had but a first-rate man of business, who could and would write clearly and briefly—a Playfair or a Davy, or a Brougham, with all his blunders and superficialities! any hand that could command attention and give pleasure with instruction, however imperfect. Our Whewells, Brewsters, Lyells, &c., are all heavy, clumsy performers; all mere professors, hot about little detached controversies, but incapable of carrying the world with them in large comprehensive *resumés* of the actual progress achieved by the combined efforts of themselves and all their rivals. . . I have an offer from a first-rate Oxford hand on the life and works of Aristotle; or rather, my proposal of one has been favourably received. The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* have both had much of

* Head's article on 'British Policy' appeared in No. 128 of the *Quarterly*, published in October 1839.

Plato, but neither ever had one single article on the Stagyrite, the clearest and deepest of all human minds except Shakespeare and Homer; who writes with equal success on Moral and Natural Philosophy, the master of Alexander the Great, whose conquests were nothing to his own, either in extent or duration; above all, the grand enemy of all mystery and humbug in every department of thought and writing."

Sir John Barrow continued a staunch friend and supporter to the end :—

Sir John Barrow to John Murray.

December 16th, 1840.

I shall always feel disposed to meet your and Mr. Lockhart's wishes in doing anything I can for the *Quarterly Review*, notwithstanding your late abominable article on such a person as Carlyle, which every one condemns.* Australia is, and has been, a great hobby of mine, and I think there is *now* ample ground for a general view of the whole of that great continent and New Zealand, as well as a few words on Falkland Islands, more neglected than they ought to be. But Old Age, cold weather, and want of materials almost frighten one from undertaking it. Statistical accounts I may perhaps get from the Colonial Office and other quarters; but I should wish to have Colonel Collins' account of the first convicts that landed at Botany Bay, a curious journal of transactions; and it will also be curious to compare the first beginnings with the present state of New Holland, a specimen of the rise and progress of kingdoms and nations. Phillip's (Governor) account would also be acceptable. But I will inquire for them, and see what I can get.

Yours truly,

JOHN BARROW.†

* The article on Carlyle's works was written by the Rev. W. Sewell, and appeared in No. 132, September 1840.

† Sir John Barrow's article on the Australian Colonies appeared in No. 136, June 1841.

While Sir John Barrow was busy with his article on Australia, Mr. Murray received a long and interesting letter from his friend Charles J. Latrobe, then Superintendent of Port Phillip, a district of New South Wales, and its first governor when it was made a Colony in 1851 under the name of Victoria. His account of the infant settlement strangely contrasts with the present condition of the great and important offshoot of the Colonial power of Great Britain. After expressing his thanks for the literary treasures which Mr. Murray had presented to him and Mrs. Latrobe, he proceeded :—

Mr. Latrobe to John Murray.

December 15th, 1840.

You, my dear Sir, have never been transported 16,000 miles from civilization, and cannot imagine what it is to be cast so far beyond the reach of the thousand daily means of improvement and enjoyment which they possess who breathe the air of Europe ; you therefore cannot know the pleasure we experience when we feel that, so far removed, there is still a chain connecting us with the old country which vibrates occasionally, and proves to us that we are at least upon the surface of the same planet with our kind and kindred. I have called our present position *Exile*, and so it is, to all intents and purposes. We may be content with it, but still we look forward steadily to its termination some bright day. I hope you have never done us the despite to count us as Emigrants. No, no ; I do not exactly say that I would rather be hung in England than die in Australia ; but still, I deprecate the latter event, if so please God. . . Society here is, of course, as you may suppose, in its infancy. The arts and sciences are unborn. Nature itself seems to be only in her swaddling clothes. The natives, for their part, look like a race of beings that were never intended to be swaddled at all, and you are almost surprised at discovering that he or she is not marsupial, like the other wild animals upon the same uncouth continent. The main interest here in everything consists in the oddity, and odd enough everything is, if

that be to your taste ; but there is but little variety, and one soon tires of any monstrosity. Meanwhile English, and I should say British, perseverance and industry are effecting their usual marvels ; and, in spite of many disadvantages, the Colony of Port Phillip is advancing physically with extraordinary rapidity. This may be gathered from the public prints, maugre their lies and their fustian. My position thus far has been a singular one, and not without its difficulties ; but I have scrambled forward with as good courage as I could muster, not troubling myself much about difficulties that might be in advance, but just grappling with that of to-day, sometimes removing it according to rule and square, and sometimes jumping over it. My people are rapidly increasing in number, a good-natured, busy, speculative, impatient set, giving me three cheers one day and abusing me like a pickpocket the next, with equally poor reasons for their praise or their blame. Recent intelligence from home seems to point to the probability of this Colony being separated from New South Wales before long. Mrs. Latrobe has not been over strong since her arrival in these regions of the globe, though enjoying good general health. I am not quite sure that standing with the head downwards (as you know we are all obliged to do here) suits the female constitution, though one gets wonderfully used to it after the first month's trial. We live in tolerable tranquillity, despite our pre-eminence, in a pretty cottage about a mile out of Melbourne, which is really becoming a town. . . . I had the common sense to start at once with the determination that whatever my supposed position and liabilities might be, so long as Her Majesty's Government neither gave me a house nor the means of keeping an open one, I would not pretend to do so to please the little world around me. A man with a fortune may spend it, and ruin himself, to please people, if he think proper ; but, having no fortune, I could not even do that. Consequently, I drew my line at once. Persons arriving in the Colony with letters from any dear friend, I welcome with all my heart, and show them every attention in my power ; while to gentlemen who arrive with lithographed letters of recommendation from the Colonial Office, pronouncing their eulogy in set phrase and form, I show them the door. *Que faire ?* I want to get back in due time to see you

again in Albemarle Street, and to see something that dates further back than the year 1834. What you wrote to me of Fellows' doings in Asia Minor quite made my heart ache. When shall I discover an ancient city, or see one?

. . And now, my dear Mr. Murray, believe that on this side of the world people have warm hearts as well as in your own, and that we are not tempted to forget those who, like yourself, have always treated us with kindness and great indulgence. Your worthy friend, Sir John Franklin, now and then writes me a friendly line. He is quite well. Lady F. is off to Adelaide. Ross is off to the South Pole ; we have not seen him.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

C. J. LATROBE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MURRAY'S 'HANDBOOKS.'

NO account of Mr. Murray's career would be complete without some mention of the 'Handbooks,' with which his name has been for sixty years associated ; for though this series was in reality the invention of his son, it was Mr. Murray who provided the means and encouragement for the execution of the scheme, and by his own experience was instrumental in ensuring its success.

An article written by the present Mr. Murray has formed the basis of this chapter, but the information contained therein has been supplemented by extracts from several unpublished letters written by him during his travels in Europe, while he was writing or revising the 'Handbooks.'

It would perhaps be impossible to say what was the origin of the idea of guide-books for travellers ; so far back as 1817 we have seen Mr. Hobhouse, after commenting on the inadequate character of most books of European travel, writing from Italy :—

" If any one writes a book of travels without telling the truth about the masters and the subjects in this most unfortunate country, he deserves more than damnation and a dull sale, and I trust you will take care he has a niche in your temple of infamy, the *Quarterly*. If any but a gentleman, and a scholar, and an accomplished man in every way presumes to hazard such an undertaking, 'be ready,' Mr. Murray, 'with all your thunderbolts to dash him to pieces.'

"There is a wide field of glory open for any and for all answering the above description: but it would perhaps be almost impossible to find the requisite variety of acquirement and talent in one individual. The work should be done like a cyclopede dictionary, by departments."

In later years Mrs. Starke made a beginning, but her works were very superficial and inadequate, and after personally testing them on their own ground, Mr. John Murray wrote from Munich, in September 1831:—

"I am very sorry to find that Mrs. Starke has been so precipitate in reprinting her book. The errors in the German part of it are innumerable, and I have taken great pains, ever since I first went abroad to collect information, to improve it. A new and very much improved edition of Reichardt has recently been published. Would it be worth translating, do you think? The last edition, published by Leigh, is perfectly detestable—errors in almost every line."

Be the origin, however, what it may, there can be no doubt that its development in its present familiar form is due to the present Mr. Murray, who writes:—*

"Since so many thousands of persons have profited by these books, it may be of some interest to the public to learn their origin, and the cause which led me to prepare them. Having from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly, in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam, and my 'Handbook for Holland' gives the results of my personal observations and private studies of that wonderful country.

"At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only

* See *Murray's Magazine*, Nov. 1889.

Guides deserving the name were : Ebel, for Switzerland ; Boyce, for Belgium ; and Mrs. Starke for Italy. Hers was a work of real utility, because, amidst a singular medley of classical lore, borrowed from Lemprière's Dictionary, interwoven with details regulating the charges in washing-bills at Sorrento and Naples, and an elaborate theory on the origin of *Devonshire Cream*, in which she proves that it was brought by Phœnician colonists from Asia Minor into the West of England, it contained much practical information gathered on the spot. But I set forth for the North of Europe unprovided with any guide, excepting a few manuscript notes about towns and inns, &c., in Holland, furnished me by my good friend Dr. Somerville, husband of the learned Mrs. Somerville. These were of the greatest use. Sorry was I when, on landing at Hamburg, I found myself destitute of such friendly aid. It was this that impressed on my mind the value of practical information gathered on the spot, and I set to work to collect for myself all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English tourist would be likely to require or find useful. I travelled thus, note-book in hand, and whether in the street, the *Eilwagen*, or the Picture Gallery, I noted down every fact as it occurred. These note-books (of which I possess many dozens) were emptied out on my return home, arranged in Routes, along with such other information as I could gather on History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need ; and, finally, I submitted them to my father. He had known nothing of my scheme, but thought my work worth publishing, and gave it the name of 'Handbook,' a title applied by him for the first time to an English book. But these Routes would have been of comparatively little value, except for the principle and plan upon which they were laid down. I had to consult the wants and convenience of travellers in the order and arrangement of my facts. Arriving at a city like Berlin, I had to find out what was really worth seeing there, to make a selection of such objects, and to tell how best to see them, avoiding the ordinary practice of local Guide-books, which, in inflated language, cram in everything that can possibly be said—not bewildering my readers by describing all that *might* be seen—and using the most condensed and simplest style in description of special objects. I made it my aim to point

out things *peculiar* to the spot, or which might be better seen there than elsewhere. Having drawn up my Routes, and having had them roughly set in type, I proceeded to test them by lending them to friends about to travel, in order that they might be verified or criticised on the spot. I did not begin to publish until after several successive journeys and temporary residences in Continental cities, and after I had not only traversed beaten Routes, but explored various districts into which my countrymen had not yet penetrated.

“I began my travels not only before a single railway had been begun, but while North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam. The high road from Hamburg to Berlin, except the first 16 miles, which had been engineered and macadamised by an uncle of mine by way of example to the departments of Ponts et Chaussées, was a mere wheel track in the deep sand of Brandenburg. The postilion who drove the miscalled *Schnellpost* had to choose for himself a devious course amidst the multitude of ruts and big boulders of which the sand was full, and he consumed two days and a night on the dreary journey. In those days the carriage of that country (the *Stuhlwagen*) was literally a pliable basket on wheels, seated across, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones it had to pass over. . . . I was among the first to descend the Danube from Pesth to Orsova below Belgrade, near the spot where the river, having previously spread out to a width of five miles, is compelled to contract to 300 or 400 yards, in order to rush through a narrow gorge, or defile, split right through the range of the Carpathians, for its escape towards the Black Sea. In a timber barge I swept over the reefs and whirlpools in its bed, not yet fit for steamers to pass, admiring the wondrous precipices descending vertically to the water's edge, as far as to the Iron Gate. All this is described for the first time in my Handbook, as well as the ‘writing on the wall’ left by the Romans under Trajan, in the shape of two rows of put-lock holes, continued for 12 miles along the face of the precipice, made for the wooden balcony road by which the invincible Romans had rendered this ‘impasse’ passable and practicable for their armies. It is worthy of remark that from the days of Barbarian invasion which swept away the road, none other existed on this spot until 1834–35, when the Austrian Government blasted a highway through the

limestone cliff along the left bank of the Danube. My explorations ended at the Turkish frontier of Wallachia, which was not to be overstepped in those days without the penalty of six weeks in quarantine. I had already passed the Hungarian military frontier, and its line of outposts like our coastguard, and had penetrated into Carinthia and Carniola, where I visited the almost unknown cave of Adelsberg, with its subteranean lakes and fish without eyes, and I descended the quicksilver mine of Idria, in which it is death to work more than six hours in a week underground. I have especial pleasure in remembering that the first description, in English, of the *Dolomite Mountains* of Tyrol, not a scientific one (Murchison and Sedgwick were before me), appeared in my 'South Germany,' first edition. I explored those scenes of grandeur in company with a geological friend in 1831-32. Thousands of my countrymen now follow my advice and my footsteps yearly."

While the younger Mr. Murray was the originator and author of the well-known 'Guides,' it is to his father that the familiar name of 'Handbook' is due, as well as the uniform red cover which has become the badge of the British traveller. ✓

The following extracts from Mr. John Murray's letters home tell their own tale, and any comment on them would be superfluous. In these days, when every accessible corner of Europe may be said to have a special literature of its own, it is interesting to look back and realize what were the difficulties and discomforts which beset a traveller half a century ago.

It is further interesting to note that the 'Handbooks' were not the work of a mere stay-at-home student, but of one who determined to leave no stone unturned in acquiring a personal knowledge of the districts he was engaged in describing.

Mr. Murray's companions on his principal journeys were

Mr. Wm. Brockedon, the artist, or Mr. Torrie, a nephew of Professor Jamieson, whose Geological lectures Mr. Murray had attended while a student at Edinburgh University.

These extracts have been selected as being fair specimens of a large mass of correspondence, written by Mr. John Murray to his family during his journeys abroad.

Bordeaux, Hôtel de France, July 9th, 1830.

"My first halt after Marseilles was made at Aix ; the place is not interesting, but the neighbourhood is, from a Geological point of view, which was my object in remaining there a night and a day. . . . A walk of about a league all the way up hill under a *très grand soleil*, brought me to the scene of action, a mine from which gypsum is extracted for making plaster-of-Paris. I descended and remained sometime in the subterranean passages, which I found agreeably cool. I was told by the workmen that the place was quite overrun with mice, which is curious, considering that their only means of support consists in the droppings of oil from the lamps of the miners, and an accidental crust of bread skilfully extracted from the pocket of a jacket by chance thrown off to facilitate the labours of its owner. From these quarries, which were explored two years ago by Messrs. Murchison and Lyell, I procured some curious specimens of fossil fish and insects, which I am bringing along with me. . . ."

Venice, August 7th, 1831.

". . . Last night I made an excursion to the Armenian convent on the Island of San Lazzaro, to visit the *Padre Pasquale Ancher*, he had not by any means forgotten you, and asked very kindly after you. He conducted us over the convent, showing us the library in which Lord Byron used to receive his lessons from him. He has recently had for pupils Lord and Lady William Russell, to the former he has dedicated a translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' which he has recently made, and which has been printed at the press of the convent. This he also showed to us. I should fear that this, though perhaps a useful, is not a very profitable part of the establishment. He lastly brought us

seats in the neat little garden, which has been formed in the space enclosed by the cloisters (here coffee and lemonade was prepared for us), entertaining us in the meantime with his very agreeable conversation. He continues to speak English very well, and is warm in praise of the whole nation, with the exception of Lady Morgan, who has lugged him into her 'Italy' rather unceremoniously. One occurrence only he said had given him annoyance during his visit to London, that was the being mistaken for one of the witnesses against the Queen, whose trial was going on at the time : considering the Father's reverend station, together with the gravity of his long beard, this was a most unlucky mistake. However he was enabled to make it understood that though he came from Venice, he was not asked to leave, and had no knowledge of the business. He is aware that a preface was written by Lord Byron for the Armenian Grammar : it was suppressed at Father Pasquale's request because it contained some very strong passages against the Sultan, the Sovereign of his native country, who might easily have retorted on his friends and kindred for such an insult. He has given me a copy of his Armenian Milton for you, together with his own portrait. He received us with a kindness and good nature which was the more remarkable, as he is, I fancy, very much pestered with visits from English people, and especially in our case, as I found that our visit was paid at an hour when, by the convent regulations, the door ought to have been shut, and at last he was obliged fairly to turn us out and the key upon us."

Salzburg, August 20th, 1831.

" . . . My last letter was put into the post at Laibach, as I was unluckily too late to despatch it from Trieste. We left the latter place yesterday week ; before I set out I had the satisfaction of being introduced to Lord Byron's friend, Mr. Barry of Genoa, who has lately come to reside at Trieste. As soon as I heard his name I exerted myself to find him out ; he was in bed, unwell, but got up on hearing my name, but on this account I was obliged to curtail my visit. He was very civil, showed me some of Byron's letters and papers, among them one written by Lord Byron in Fletcher's name, giving a ludicrous account of his own death, addressed to Hobhouse as being one of his *executioners*.

He describes his master's patience on his death-bed ; he only d——d his friends once or twice, and wished that Kinnaird's Play might be d——d as well as himself. Barry has, I believe, the last letter Byron ever wrote, dated April 9, also a miniature taken at Genoa—in which he is represented thin and wan-looking, wearing a foraging cap with a gold band, and a plaid (the Gordon) jacket."

Munich, August 31st, 1831.

". . . . From Salzburg we took the Vienna road in order to reach the fall of the Traun, which Sir H. Davy had already brought into notice in England. We found the road crowded with people hastening from Vienna, evidently in alarm for the cholera, which at one time was supposed to have actually made its appearance in that city, several persons having died suddenly and of very suspicious cholics. The retreat of the Imperial family to Schönbrun also probably strengthened the report, though I believe it was unfounded. The terror of the disease is spreading through Germany. Within these few days a cordon has been established on the Bavarian border, and had we been at Vienna we should certainly not have been allowed to pass through it. The Austrian Government, in their paternal care for the people, have published a paper of advice, recommending frequency of ablutions, both of person and habitation, and to abstain from butter, old cheese, green apples, and things sour. I suppose there have been nearly a hundred different brochures published respecting this pestilence. Remedies of all sorts have been put forth, one of which is no other than Dr. Sangrado's *vixpine* water, and not a few are collections of prayers for the aversion of the calamity. Those which are good are almost entirely indebted to English publications for their matter. The experience of German physicians confirms the notion of its being epidemic (conveyed by air), and no cordon, however strong, has as yet stood against it. Its ravages in Hungary are said to be terrible. The peasants there are neither clean nor well fed ; they are very closely packed in their houses, and generally there is no more than one medical man to attend to a population of eight or ten thousand. . . ."

Munich, September 18, 1831.

"I see that the news of the cholera being at Vienna is contradicted, the cases of sickness which have occurred there turn out to be of a different character, and health passports are again issued to travellers. The precautions taken by the Government are quite wonderful. There is an overseer appointed to every house in Vienna who daily goes over them, sees that they are regularly fumigated, and gives to each individual a drop of some preparation."

Munich, October 1st, 1831.

"Within the last fortnight Munich has been gradually filling with refugees flying before the cholera. Though the information respecting Vienna in my last was correct, yet it appears a wonderful change took place two days afterwards. After a remarkable storm of rain, which lasted forty-eight hours, with great violence, the cholera, which to all appearance had been smothered, burst forth with great fury. The newspapers will inform you of the number of deaths which, however, considering the population, is not very great. It has not yet made much progress on its way hither, and probably will not arrive here before Christmas. The Government, however, have long since begun to take precaution against it, and the shop windows are filled with broad belts of flannel, called cholera belts, which are intended to be tied round the stomach as a preventive. Among the illustrious refugees is the Vienna Baron Rothschild, who seems to take great care of himself, never going out, even in the hot weather, which we have at present, without his great-coat ; but he is evidently prepared to cut and run on the first alarm. The hotel was thrown into great confusion last week by the announcement that a Polish nobleman with a family, a train of thirty persons, were to arrive on a stated day. At the appointed time they made their appearance in the town ; landaus with imperials above and coffers below ; lacqueys behind and before ; barouches, britskas, and chaises ; a complete caravan dislodged from their quarters in an Austrian halting-place, by this formidable foe. It is said that Prince Metternich's family is expected."

Liège, November 6th, 1833.

“Early next morning we crossed the frontier of Bavaria, which in this part appears a dull country, previous to reaching Passau, the situation of which town, at the junction of the Inn with the Danube, hemmed in by commanding heights, is remarkable. You will imagine what are the *désagrémens* of travelling in this part of the Continent when I tell you that, among other things, the coach constantly stops in the middle of the night, or early in the morning, at a place where it is met by a cross coach coming from a different quarter, and in consequence of the irregularity of travelling, it is detained at this inconvenient time for two or three hours. This happened to us at Ratisbon; here the coach arrived at about half-past three in the morning; our slumbers were all broken, and we were turned out into the room of a dreary inn, to wait till seven. It was useless to think of going to bed, and absurd to go out in the dark, so I awaited the approach of day in a sort of half-dose. Just because it was wanted, the sun delayed his appearance for about an hour longer than usual, and when he did appear, did little good, owing to the thick mist which lay heavily over the town, and reminded me almost of a London fog. I groped my way in the dark to the old cathedral, where the priest was mumbling matins to a few old women, over several of whom I stumbled. The uncertain light of a few tapers, aided by the approaching dawn, enabled me to form some notion of the grandeur of the building, and also to examine the exterior of the old town hall, which is only remarkable for being in former days the meeting-house of the German Diet.”

Cologne, Sunday, August 30th, 1834.

“I pushed on to Spa by a new road, and another beautiful valley, that of the Vesdre. Spa is out of fashion; the English have deserted it for the Brunnen of Nassau, and Leopold has not patronised it as the King of Holland used to do. It is, however, a pretty spot, and interesting from the recollections of our forefathers who used to visit it; indeed, it is from this place that all mineral springs, even down to the Beulah, get the name of Spa. I wished to see

the routine of the bather's life ; but no sooner had I arrived than it was dinned into my ears that an Englishman had just made an important discovery of a cave with stalactites which was a kind of world wonder ! Upon the strength of this, I hired a horse after dinner, and, taking a guide to show me the way, set out over a horrid cross road a distance of nine miles. It was dusk when I arrived ; a boy was sent with me as a guide, bearing a candle. We passed through an old cave or grotto, which has been known for some years, till at last the boy, stopping at a crack or gash in the floor, said, 'There, that is the way into the new grotto' ; and, taking up a stone, he let it fall into the cleft. After some minutes, down it came with a splash into the water. The fellow then said, 'Ah, I have been once, and I don't intend to go again ; will you go ?' With such a useful companion in case of need, and my own bad eyesight, I did not care to run the risk, so I returned. At the mouth of the cave I met a large party, consisting of the discoverer himself, an Englishman of the strange name of Hoy, his servant, an artist, and many guides. I immediately spoke to them, and asked if I might accompany them, to which Mr. H. consented. I went back to a sort of inn, borrowed a blouse, and bespoke a bed, knowing that the Englishman intended to pass some hours in the cave. When we reached the hole, I found, by the aid of several lights, the top of a ladder just peeping out of the bottom of it, so that resting my hands on each side of the cleft, I could just reach it with the end of my toe. The descent was not, after all, so very difficult or dangerous, only the hole is at present so narrow that there is not room for the body to pass through along with the ladder, so that you can only put one foot upon it at first, and swing the body round, and cling by the hands till the narrow gap is passed. The worst was that, after all this—after tumbling over rocks, climbing through a passage, in one place so low that for twenty yards it was necessary to crawl, not on all fours, but on my belly—after scrambling over a subterranean river, and nearly breaking my leg in a hole, into which it was fortunate my body did not go, along with the other leg—the cave was no great thing to see after all ; but perhaps I am no judge, having seen Adelsberg, the finest cave in the world. Still, there are a few fine stalactites in this, and I was amused with the adventure. As soon as I

had satisfied my curiosity, having been nearly three hours underground exploring the passages—so extensive are they—I took my leave, and—as I was very anxious to get back in time to see the Redoute at Spa that night—set out over the moors and through the dark lanes, with nothing to light me but the stars above and the glow-worms beneath, after the wind had blown out the lanthorn which was given to my guide at the inn. The road was so bad by day that there were very few places where one could trot, so you may suppose we could not make rapid progress in the dark. We did not get back till half-past eleven, when the Redoute was shut, and nearly all Spa in bed.”

Bourges, August 12th, 1841.

“Angers, where my journey ended, is a very antique town, and pleased me much, though modern improvements, quays, and houses looking like bandboxes from their whiteness and newness, are destroying in part its original character. Besides the cathedral full of painted glass, here is one of the sternest, loftiest, largest, and best-preserved castles I ever saw. Its seventeen towers, built of slate and layers of white stone, which make them look as though hooped round, rise 80 feet above the river, separated by a yawning fosse from the rest of the town. They show you within it the remains of the palace where good King René (see ‘*Quentin Durward*’), father of Margaret of Anjou, was born, and in the Devil’s Tower the *oubliettes* down which prisoners were cast. Here also, beside the castle, is the old Military Academy—now degraded to a barrack, and its curious carvings of houses, coats of arms, &c., defaced—where the Duke of Wellington was educated. From Angers, which lies on a tributary of the Loire, I travelled by land, but I soon came on the prettiest part of that river, near Saumur, passing upon the top of a lofty dike extending as far as Orleans, raised long ago to repress the river. Acacia-hedges, vines, and walnut-trees, with orchards and rich crops of corn, cover the country. Saumur also has a castle, which, together with its houses, is white, while the general character of Angers is black, so it makes a pleasing and smiling contrast. Near this I saw one of the most curious Druidical remains in France; a hut or house formed of huge blocks of unhewn stone placed

upright to form the walls, with others laid flat above for the roof, just as you would make a house of cards. . . . I turned aside to Fontevrault, memorable as the burial-place of our Kings Richard Cœur de Lion and his father Henry II. The vast church in which they lie, situated in a quiet valley, was, as usual, pillaged and ransacked at the Revolution, and these statues, interesting as portraits, were torn from their tombs and broken. They now lie in a dark corner with mutilated visages and broken noses, enclosed by bolts and bars and grilles, for the church has been converted into a prison, which is much to be deplored. After having come a considerable distance on a cab, hired *expressément*, I was very nearly turned away by the pert daughter of the gaoler, who shut the gate in my face, because the Minister of the Interior had lately published an ordinance prohibiting visitors entering prisons; but by perseverance, and explaining that I did not care a fig for the prisoners, but only for the chapel, I won my way.

"My day's journey ended at Chinon, a little town on the River Vienne, with a castle of enormous extent, now one vast heap of ruins, but originally the residence of our Kings Henry II. and Richard I., who held it as Counts of Anjou, and afterwards of the Kings of France. It stands on a most commanding platform of rock, divided into three parts by very deep fosses cut in the rock. In one pile of crumbling, roofless walls, where the position of once-stately rooms without number is shown by broken chimneys and windows, tradition has recorded that Joan of Arc was first introduced to Charles VII., and, distinguishing him from among his courtiers, led him to the recess in the thickness of the wall, apart from the rest, where she revealed to him things which the chroniclers say convinced him of her mission from heaven. Here are many dungeon towers in which the Grand Master of the Templars, Jacques de Molay, and the four chiefs of the order may have lingered; and from another tower ran a secret passage by which Charles VII. visited his mistress, Agnes Sorel, in the house which he had built for her outside the walls. At Tours I was in the land of 'Quentin Durward,' and one of my first proceedings was to visit the house of Tristan l'Hermite—the hangman of Louis XI.—in one of its narrow streets; it is a curious building, certainly, of that time, but I believe the chief authority for attributing it to that

personage is, that along its brick walls, among the ornaments of its windows and doors, runs a rope, well-carved, twisted at intervals into a very pretty knot remarkably like the noose of a halter. I climbed up to the top of its turret stair, which, rising above the neighbouring houses, curiously enough commands a view of Louis XI.'s residence, Plessis-les-Tours. To that ill-omened house of horrors, of bigotry and wickedness, I next walked; all its fosses and walls, watch-towers and pitfalls, so well described by Sir Walter Scott, have disappeared under the plough; and the castle itself (a very small fragment of which only remains, converted into a dwelling, with a tower stair at one corner), so far from possessing either the picturesque or frowning aspect of a castle, is a mean, red-brick house, with a tiled roof nearly as high as its walls, and large sash-windows groined with stone. Yet this was the style of building at the period, partly corresponding with that of Hampton Court. However, at the end of the garden I was shown one vaulted dungeon in which the lady of the house told me was Cardinal Balue's prison, and her little daughter conducted me to a neighbouring cottage, where, in an outhouse lumbered with empty casks, I discovered a small vaulted chapel, where, doubtless, Louis used to say some of his numerous prayers. To give an idea of his religious notions, here is a specimen I lately met with. I do not think it is mentioned in the novel. It is written from Plessis to the Prior of a distant church: '*Maître Pierre, mon ami, je vous prie, comme je puis, de prier incessamment Dieu et Notre Dame de Sales que leur plaisir soit de m'envoyer la fièvre quarte, car j'ai une maladie dont les physiciens disent que je ne puis guérir sans l'avoir, et quand je l'aurai je vous le ferai savoir incontinent.*' He probably had his wish, for a little while after he writes to beg the Prior will pray our Lady of Sales '*qu'elle me donne guérison parfaite.*'"

Bayonne, August 28th, 1841.

"... My companion and I have just returned from making a dash into Spain! This will probably surprise you, as I gave you no previous notice, but as the scheme was of my suggesting, I did not know whether Torrie would

like it ; he however was nothing loath, and I am happy to say the expedition has turned out successfully and afforded both of us much pleasure. As the inducements to the journey, besides that of having a glimpse of a country and people entirely new to us, I may mention my desire to explore the farthest roots of the Pyrenees on the W., where they push themselves into the sea, and to visit the extreme S.W. country of France, a district not yet Trollopized, and indeed scarcely described by any English traveller, but interesting as being the country of the Basques. I had also some curiosity to see the effects which war leaves upon a country, the frontier of Spain bordering on France, being as you know, the battle-field of the late war between Carlists and Christinos, and I return blessing the happy star which exempts our little island from the horrors of such a scourge. The sight of it would do good to Joseph Hume, and all such as vote against our Army and Navy Estimates, which, under Providence, have the effect of keeping all enemies at a distance from our door. We quitted this place (where there is little to be seen except the Adour river, which the Duke of Wellington's army crossed a mile below the town, just out of reach of the guns of the citadel, one of the strongest in France) yesterday morning, on the top of a diligence which runs from this to St. Sebastian, established within the last eight months ; all communication having been stopped while the war lasted. The little river Bidassoa, which the Duke of Wellington crossed also in his triumphant entrance into France from Spain, driving Marshal Soult before him, divides the two countries. A little below the bridge is an earth bank tufted with grass, a mere strip of ground on which one or two cows were feeding, called *Île des Faisans*, memorable because upon it, as a piece of neutral ground, Cardinal Mazarin and the Spanish General Haro negotiated the marriage of Louis XIV. A pavilion was erected in the centre, and approaches were made from both sides by bridges for the Ambassadors and their suites to meet. Inundations have carried off a large part of the isle, which has also been cut and pared by the peasants in order to lay the earth on their fields, so that in a few years probably it will not exist. Scarcely had we passed beyond the fortified house—flanked with loop-holes and trussed by enormous stone buttresses at the end of the bridge, forming

the Spanish Custom House, and guarded by soldiers of that country, who, in their blue uniforms and white duck trousers and gaiters, look neater than the French—than we began to see traces of the war in ruined houses ; and on the approach to Irun, the first village about two miles off, we passed a large house of rude masonry by the roadside, the lower windows of which were built up with stones so as to leave only a narrow loop-hole in the middle to fire through. It formed a fore-post for General Evans, who finally succeeded in taking the town. Some of the most conspicuously placed houses in Irun are literally peppered and pocked from top to bottom with shot-marks, while in others the damage is concealed by a coat of whitewash, serving, as a Spanish cloak often does, to conceal rags and rents below it.

* * * *

“The postilions who drove us had in one or two instances been out with Don Carlos—one still wore the military great-coat bearing C.V. buttons now turned into a boxcoat ; they urge on their horses and mules—for both occur mixed in one team—by calling each by its name and scolding them with volleys of Spanish oaths—quite different from and twice as bad as the French. To complete the contrast, and fully assure us we were in Spain, we had not advanced eight miles before out started from among a party of peasants assembled by the roadside, on the approach of our conveyance, a pair of wild-looking but athletic fellows in blue caps and blouses, with heavy guns slung behind their backs, and ran by the roadside for a whole stage keeping up with the horses. These were miquellates, or police officers appointed to escort and protect us from robbers—as in the present state of the country there are many wild fellows about, and the Zaragossa diligence was robbed a few days ago to a very large amount, taken from the different passengers. In our case there appeared to be no risk of such an adventure ; but really the country seems made for robbery and war, a very thieves’ Paradise. The houses, great, heavy, square flat-roofed buildings with thick walls and small windows, are ready-made forts, every little window commanding the road looks like a loop-hole, and the country is so tossed about with hills, enclosed with winding, defile valleys, having sudden turns, so scattered with mounds and banks, and sprinkled with tufts, bushes,

hedges, and bits of old wall—an ambuscade might be formed at every five yards. . . . After toiling up a long and very steep ascent we came in sight of St. Sebastian—the Gibraltar of the north of Spain—a tall, rocky eminence, with a crown of embrazured walls bristling with cannon on its top, rising out of the sea in the middle of a bay, which extends two hilly arms on either side. A tongue of sand, along which the road is carried, joins the rock to the land, and at the end of the causeway, which every advancing tide contracts in width to a musket-shot, lies the small town, nestling under the tall rock and also surrounded by very strong and lofty fortifications. Its aspect as you descend the hill towards the sea is very striking, but our attention was partly withdrawn from it by the objects in the fore-ground. The whole slope of the bay towards the fortress, forming a curve of high hills extending for five or six miles, is sprinkled over with cottages and convents, and with the exception of one or two which have been repaired or rebuilt in the last eighteen months, not one remains entire; the roofs smashed in or entirely gone, the inside gutted of every bit of timber, with heaps of stones, already grass-grown, lying where once were hearthstones and chambers; the windows empty or built up with loopholes; the outer walls scarified by shot, except where some cannon-ball or shell had gone clean through, leaving either a hole or prostrating the walls entirely. Such is the aspect of the country within a radius of three miles from St. Sebastian—such the consequences of war. These houses were good points for annoying the fortress, and were on this account occupied by the Carlists in besieging it; they, dislodged by its cannon, were sometimes buried under the ruins, but always burning or gutting the habitation before they quitted it.”

Barrèges, September 7th, 1841.

“. . . . It happens that the watering-places of the Pyrenees are so placed as to form excellent halting-places for mere tourists, while in passing from one to the other, or in short excursions, you see all the finest scenery. The number of English we have seen here is remarkably small, I cannot help thinking because so little is known of the country. There is literally no tolerable guide. I know no district so destitute, and we are obliged to feel our way at every step by gleanings of oral information. Torrie is a most invaluable

and delightful companion. It is like seeing with another pair of eyes to have him at my elbow, and it is not a little agreeable to revive old recollections and associations of former journeys. After having been so many years separated, there was yet a question, on once more travelling together, how far our tastes might agree. The result has proved that no change has occurred, and he has so much good sense and good temper that it is impossible, I am sure, to find a more agreeable companion. Owing to his long illness, however, he still feels the effects of his rheumatism in his knees to such an extent that he cannot take very long walks, so that we have hitherto not made any arduous expeditions. The longest walk we have taken was from Cauterets to a small lake called Lac de Gaube, about twelve miles there and back, through fine scenery, but up hill all the way. The lake has a melancholy interest from the death of a newly-married English pair—who arriving at this lonely spot, where there is only a solitary fishing hut, in the absence of the fisherman got into his wretched ticklish canoe for a row—when in the middle of the lake the boat upset, how, no one knows—and they were drowned, without any eye to mark their fate even. In toiling up the steep path, Torrie's sharp eye discovered the recent foot-marks of a bear's paws, claw and heel as distinct as possible imprinted probably not more than three or four hours before. Snow had fallen in the night, which had probably caused Bruin to descend lower than usual in search of food. We made the pretty little village of Luz our headquarters for a day or two, on account of its central situation for making several excursions. The chief of these is to the Cirque de Gavarnie, distant about fifteen miles. We set out on horseback soon after six, with a guide, Jacques, recommended by our worthy little fat landlady, Madame Caseaux, who gives almost the best dinners to be found in the Pyrenees.

"Favoured by brilliant sunshine and fresh morning air, we toiled up the valley, past the edge of precipices, down which the eye looked plump 250 or 300 feet into the green and frothy river, agonized within the narrow cleft, barely opened for it between the rocks; below, we trotted over many narrow bridges of planks, suspended over gulfs and cataracts, and galloped by waterfalls innumerable, many of them bestridden by water-mills four or five in a row, not

much larger than boxes, looking at a distance like beads on a white thread. About half-way in descending a hill towards a village called Gedres, where the gorge expands into a basin-shaped valley, we had a fine view of the mountain called Marboré, which rises above the Cirque de Gavarnie, all covered with snow, and beside it we saw equally clearly the far-famed Brèche de Roland. This is a square gap in the wall of rock, forming the crest of the mountain, and made by the Paladin en Chef Orlando, with one smashing blow of his sword when he passed over into Spain to fight the Moors. We pulled up and eyed it attentively; I with my glass. From where we stood it looked a mere notch, or like the gap left in an otherwise well-filled jaw, by the loss of a single tooth. Yet we gazed on it with interest from the story, and its name, and its great elevation, 9000 feet above the sea, and Torrie advised me to make the ascent, he of course, not being equal to it. The idea had occurred to me already; the ambition of the exploit, and my desire to benefit the readers of the 'Hand-book' (should there be any readers) prevailed, and I proposed to our guide. The suggestion came unexpectedly upon him. We had started one hour and a half too late, he said, and it would take four hours' hard climbing from the foot of the ascent. In short he seemed very *lukewarm*. Still the ascent was at once decided on. At Gavarnie we were provided with crampons, spikes for the feet, and with spiked batons, which a wild dishevelled lass bore, scampering after our ponies about three miles from the village as far as the Cirque. This is a natural amphitheatre, surrounded not by mountains, as valleys commonly are, but by a circle of precipices, rising like a wall on all sides, save one where there is a break to let out the river formed by the drainage of many glaciers, and of twelve or sixteen streamlets which descend over the walls of rock in falls like white strings. In the Cirque of Gavarnie, its walls are divided into three or four steps or terraces, and between each terrace is a glacier of ice and snow heaped up—the whole surmounted by numerous sharp snowy peaks. As a scale to show you the dimensions of the Cirque, there is one fall which descends in one white cord, down the face of a precipice 1200 to 1400 feet high. Yet there is a singular ocular deception; you arrive at the entrance, and think the water-fall close at hand, but you toil on over rough fallen stones

and glacier for nearly half an hour before you reach its foot, the distance being a long mile. I have now got to the foot of the mountain, and the very verge of my paper, and in consequence must break off; but I promise to continue my narrative immediately on another sheet."

With regard to the following letter, the reader must bear in mind that it was written sixteen years before the Alpine Club came into existence, at a time when the science of mountaineering, as now understood and practised, was in its earliest infancy.

Bagnères de Bigorre, September 8th, 1841.

"Before quitting the village of Gavarnie, by Torrie's advice I fortified myself with breakfast—some trout and a very tough chop, washed down with a small quantity of red wine and water, but the wine being very bad, I did not take much of it. "But," you exclaim, "you have brought us to the foot of the mountain; why don't you carry us up?" The fact is, I cannot see my way up, and neither you, nor any other person, coming to the Cirque for the first time, would divine that there was any way up. It is all wall and precipice, perpendicular all the way round. Jacques, however—the sturdy guide of eighteen years' standing, who has been up to the Brèche twice this year, and four or five times last, and more than forty times in his life—is leading the way steadily over stripes of dirty glacier and heaps of pointed stones fallen from above since the Creation, and perhaps part before it, while the world was a chaos. He, however, makes steadily for the right-hand corner, picking his way where no path is visible, to a slightly-projecting buttress of rock, seemingly as abrupt and vertical as any other part. Here, however, he commences literally ascending the precipice, and as the undertaking is now not to be avoided—no shirking, your humble servant set to work in earnest to imitate Jacques, and find his way. Where we began, the rock is literally a sheer wall; but, being composed of shivery limestone—a kind of slate—it breaks off into splintery edges, which serve, with care, as steps. I do not profess to be especially courageous, or provided with strong nerve, or endowed with remarkable strength or

steadiness of head, and felt it was only by firmly riveting my attention to the object before me, the very spot on which I was to place my foot, that I could avoid the distraction and tendency to giddiness produced by a sheer glance down a precipice hundreds of feet beneath me. In many places the steps were very wide apart, or instead of a projection offering a hold for the foot, nothing but a smooth space of slate presented itself; now and then my blindness prevented my discovering the proper steps, and I then had to feel my way, aided by the guide's instruction, and grasping firm hold by the hands of some projection above. Here the spiked pole was much in the way, and I was tempted to throw it aside—it was well I did not. The guide made his way steadily upwards, putting one foot before the other in the same even steps, as though regularly beating time, but always ascending, sometimes up a steep bank of greensward, at another up a projecting buttress of the limestone rock, the strata of which, being almost vertical, resembled the leaves of a book, only quite ragged round the edges. In this way we toiled up for two good hours—of incessant hard staircase work without intermission of level ground. The heat was intense, and I felt a constant throbbing in the drums of my ears; once or twice we stopped to draw breath, and it was a glorious sight to look around upon the Cirque, and the snowy ridges surmounting it; it was a glorious sight now to look down upon the precipices and waterfalls beneath my feet, which just before I had gazed up at with aching head.

“After each twenty minutes of hard toil I looked round upon the great waterfall, the 1200 feet cascade, as a measure of my own progress in ascending—and it was a tough job to get the mastery of him, and look down upon him, I assure you. The only sound in this wilderness hitherto had been the murmur of these falling waters, but about twelve, when the sun had become powerful, a distant report like thunder attracted my attention, followed by another; it was the roar of the avalanches stirred by the heat, and a very respectable broadside the Pyrenees kept up that afternoon, not much inferior to the Alps.

“At the height we had now attained—about 1500 feet from the bottom of the rock—we were met by the cold wind from the glacier, and very refreshing it was, I assure

you. Below us still yawned the gaping Cirque, apparently so close under our feet that we might throw a stone into it. The guide traced Torrie's progress along the bottom, but he was reduced to such an emmet in the depth below that my eyes could not discover him. Above our heads now opened out a wide expanse of snow and glacier, covering a very steep slope, and surmounted by the ridge of rock in which is the rent of Roland's Brèche. The glacier is a high steep plane, like the roof of a house, and the most difficult part of the task is to ascend it. I sat down on the last rock rising, as it were, on the shore of this sea of ice, and after the guide had tied the crampons very firmly upon my feet, I grasped my pole and started. I was very tired by this time, and the steepness, together with the weight of the crampons, to which I was unaccustomed, and the snow hanging to them, rendered it very laborious; add to this, a cold rain and sleet came on, which made the snow and ice still more slippery and the foothold more difficult. As I toiled on, keeping as well as I could nearly up with the guide, and treading in his footsteps, two other travellers, who had started some hours before us, passed us, swiftly descending. How I envied them; but half-an-hour's good hard work still remained for me. From the slipperiness of the snow (which had recently fallen), and the fatigue I felt, my steps no longer continued firm, my feet slipped from under me, and, after one or two slips, down I slid like an arrow, traversing in half a minute what had taken a quarter of an hour to surmount; indeed, I was in a fair way to the bottom of the glacier, but, recollecting some of my Swiss experience, I threw myself on my back, stretched wide my feet, digging in the heels, and driving the spike of my baton deep into the snow, and thus shortly brought myself to an anchor. In an instant Jacques was down from the height he had reached, beside me, and, laying hold of my hand, with stout arm and firm foot soon led me to the top of the ascent. The next stage of the business is to cross another division of the glacier nearly in a straight line, scarcely ascending at all, but the angle at which it lies is very much steeper than that passed already, so that I do not think it would be possible, except for a very skilful mountaineer, to ascend it, and the foot that once slipped in crossing it would go irretrievably to the bottom. Here my guide made me precede him, and gave me special injunctions to lift up my

feet well, and set each foot down with a stamp, so as to make a good hole in the snow, sticking in my pole to a considerable depth before each step, adding after his admonitions, 'Parcequ'il y a de danger ici.' This *mauvais pas* was passed happily, safely, and quickly, and a few steps more brought me within the Brèche de Roland. The little ridge which I had seen below, eight miles off, like the blade of a small saw inserted in a grooved handle, now rose before me a mountainous wall of rock 300 feet high, and about 50 feet thick in the gap. The gap of Roland itself had expanded to a width of 180 feet. Before me, looking through this singular window, was Spain, a most uninviting prospect in the foreground of rugged ridges, and bare mountains, and valleys filled with stones and snow. The horizon, up to which rises the vast plain of Arragon, dimly seen in very clear weather, was now concealed. On the French side the Vignemale, the highest mountain in Southern France, and covered with glaciers, was also partly hidden. But except these all was clear, the sleety rain had ceased, the sun shone brightly forth, and a hundred peaks rose around me. Still, the absorbing feature is the Brèche itself, and the colossal wall, rising so high and so abruptly—literally a wall in proportion to the mountain, with slopes down on both sides like a house-roof. It is like the crested mane rising from the neck of a Grecian horse. The threshold of the Brèche shares in this peculiar character, so that I sat astride of the rocky ridge which forms the boundary line of two mighty kingdoms, with one leg in France and the other in Spain. The gratification of having succeeded, the elasticity of the mountain air, and a crust of bread with a piece of prepared chocolate cake, washed down by a draught from Jacques' previously-despised wooden bottle, dissipated all fatigue. Jacques was distressed that he had no cup, but one or two good hearty pulls at the bottle-mouth, time about, and a couple of cigaritos—genuine from St. Sebastian—cemented our friendship, and we became great allies. The Brèche, notwithstanding its difficulty of access, serves as a pass from a small Spanish village into France, and my guide pointed out to me a nook in the rock where a flask of wine had been deposited by a party of three wild but handsome and Murillo-ish shepherds, whom we had met conducting two priests.

"We had accomplished the ascent in three hours, the time

usually taken being four ; the descent was effected in less than two, which is equally good speed.

"The first glacier was passed slowly and cautiously ; the second we glided down in the fashion of a *montagne Russe*, resting on our spiked staffs to check the rapidity of our progress, I was right glad to get rid of the crampons when beyond the slope. The rest of the descent we leaped, trotted, walked, or scrambled down in the time mentioned, taking our time about those craggy buttresses of precipitous rock. I was surprised to find how nearly the guide followed the same track in descending ; though quite imperceptible at a distance to my eye, yet I found myself treading on the very same stones I had trod on in mounting. I had agreed with Torrie that he should ride back to Luz quietly, and await me there, but not be surprised if he did not see me till next morning ; but, having got through the walk so well and quickly, and finding my guide true to the backbone, I determined to ride back that night. Accordingly, after half-an-hour's rest and a cup of coffee at Gavarnie, we were once more on horseback, and in less than three hours' time the fourteen miles of mountain road was passed, and the courtyard of good and fat Madame Cazeaux' inn was resounding to the crack of my whip. I was warmly welcomed by Torrie, as you may suppose, and after a supper of tea and fowl, retired to a good sound sleep, with no other discomfort than of considerable chafing, which, considering I do not think I ever rode thirty miles before in one day, was to be expected. The last four or five was in the dark, but I made the guide ride between me and the precipices."

The first of Mr. John Murray's Handbooks to the Continent, published 1836, included Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, and was followed at short intervals by South Germany, Switzerland—in which he was assisted by his intimate friend and fellow-traveller, William Brockedon, the artist, who was then engaged in preparing his own splendid work on 'The Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers of the Alps'—and France. These were all written

by Mr. Murray himself; but, as the series proceeded, it was necessary to call in the aid of other writers and travellers. Switzerland, which appeared in 1838, was followed in 1839 by Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and in 1840 by the Handbook to the East, the work of Mr. H. Parish, aided by Mr. Godfrey Levinge. In 1842 Sir Francis Palgrave completed the Guide to Northern Italy, while Central and Southern Italy were entrusted to Mr. Octavian Blewitt, for many years Secretary of the Royal Literary Fund.

This is not the place to give a detailed account of the developments which have been made in this well-known series since the death of the elder Mr. Murray. Suffice it to say, that the originator of the Handbooks has been fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, and Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GEORGE BORROW — RICHARD FORD — HORACE TWISS —
JOHN STERLING — MR. GLADSTONE — DEATH OF
SOUTHEY, ETC.

IN November 1840 a tall athletic gentleman in black called upon Mr. Murray offering a MS. for perusal and publication. The proposed author had been a travelling missionary of the Bible Society in Spain, though in early life he had prided himself in being an athlete, and had even taken lessons in pugilism from Thurtell, who was a fellow-townsmen. George Borrow was a native of Dereham, Norfolk, but had wandered much in his youth, first following his father, who was a Captain of Militia. He went from south to north, from Kent to Edinburgh, where he was entered as pupil in the High School, and took part in the "bickers" so well described by Sir Walter Scott. Then the boy followed the regiment to Ireland, where he studied the Celtic dialect. From early youth he had a passion, and an extraordinary capacity, for learning languages, and on reaching manhood he was appointed agent to the Bible Society, and was sent to Russia to translate and introduce the Scriptures. While there he mastered the language, and learnt besides the Slavonian and the gypsy dialects. He translated the Testament into the Tartar Mantchow, and published versions from English into thirty languages. He made

successive visits into Russia, Norway, Turkey, Bohemia, Spain and Barbary. In fact, the sole of his foot never rested. While an agent for the Bible Society in Spain, he translated the Testament into Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian, and Basque—which language, it is said, the devil himself never could learn—and when he had learnt the Basque he acquired the name of Lavengro, or word-master.

Such was George Borrow when he called upon Murray to offer him the MSS. of his first book, 'The Gypsies in Spain.' Mr. Murray could not fail to be taken at first sight with this extraordinary man. He had a splendid physique, standing six feet two in his stockings, and he had brains as well as muscles, as his works sufficiently show. The book now submitted was of a very uncommon character, and neither the author nor the publisher were very sanguine about its success. Mr. Murray agreed, after perusal, to print and publish 750 copies of 'The Gypsies in Spain,' and divide the profits with the author. But this was only the beginning, and Borrow reaped much better remuneration from future editions of the volume. Indeed, the book was exceedingly well received, and met with a considerable sale; but not so great as his next work, 'The Bible in Spain,' which he was now preparing.

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

Aug. 23rd, 1841.

"A queer book will be this same 'Bible in Spain,' containing all my queer adventures in that queer country whilst engaged in distributing the Gospel, but neither learning, nor disquisition, fine writing, or poetry. A book with such a Bible and of this description can scarcely fail of success. It will make two nice foolscap octavo volumes of about 500 pages each. I have not heard from Ford since I had last the pleasure of seeing you. Is his book out? I hope that he will not review the 'Zincali' until the

Bible is forthcoming, when he may, if he please, kill two birds with one stone. I hear from Saint Petersburg that there is a notice of the 'Zincali' in the *Revue Britannique*; it has been translated into Russian. Do you know anything about it?"

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

Oulton Hall, Lowestoft, Jan. 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

We are losing time. I have corrected seven hundred consecutive pages of MS., and the remaining two hundred will be ready in a fortnight. I do not think there will be a dull page in the whole book, as I have made one or two very important alterations; the account of my imprisonment at Madrid cannot fail, I think, of being particularly interesting. . . . During the last week I have been chiefly engaged in horse-breaking. A most magnificent animal has found his way to this neighbourhood—a half-bred Arabian. He is at present in the hands of a low horse-dealer, and can be bought for eight pounds, but no one will have him. It is said that he kills everybody who mounts him. I have been *charming* him, and have so far succeeded that he does not fling me more than once in five minutes. What a contemptible trade is the author's compared with that of the jockey's!

Mr. Borrow prided himself on being a horse-sorcerer, an art he learned among the gypsies, with whose secrets he claimed acquaintance. He whispered some unknown gibberish into their ears, and professed thus to tame them.

He proceeded with 'The Bible in Spain.' In the following month he sent to Mr. Murray the MS. of the first volume. To the general information as to the contents and interest of the volume, he added these words:—

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

Feb. 1842.

"I spent a day last week with our friend Dawson Turner at Yarmouth. What capital port he keeps! He gave me some twenty years old, and of nearly the finest flavour that I

ever tasted. There are few better things than old books, old pictures, and old port, and he seems to have plenty of all three."

May 10th, 1842.

"I am coming up to London to-morrow, and intend to call at Albemarle Street. . . . I make no doubt that we shall be able to come to terms ; I like not the idea of applying to second-rate people. I have been dreadfully unwell since I last heard from you—a regular nervous attack ; at present I have a bad cough, caught by getting up at night in pursuit of poachers and thieves. A horrible neighbourhood this—not a magistrate that dares to do his duty.

"P.S.—Ford's book not out yet?"

There seems to have been some difficulty about coming to terms. Borrow had promised his friends that his book should be out by October 1, and he did not wish them to be disappointed:—

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

July 4th, 1842.

Why this delay? Mr. Woodfall [the printer] tells me that the state of trade is wretched. Well and good! But you yourself told me so two months ago, when you wrote requesting that I would give you the preference, provided I had not made arrangements with other publishers. Between ourselves, my dear friend, I wish the state of the trade were ten times worse than it is, and then things would find their true level, and an original work would be properly appreciated, and a set of people who have no pretensions to write, having nothing to communicate but tea-table twaddle, could no longer be palmed off upon the public as mighty lions and lionesses. But to the question: What are your intentions with respect to 'The Bible in Spain'? I am a frank man, and frankness never offends me. Has anybody put you out of conceit with the book? There is no lack of critics, especially in your neighbourhood. Tell me frankly, and I will drink your health in Rommany. Or, would the appearance of 'The Bible' on the first of October interfere with the Avatar, first or second,

of some very Lion or Divinity, to whom George Borrow, who is neither, must, of course, give place? Be frank with me, my dear sir, and I will drink your health in Rommany and Madeira.

In case of either of the above possibilities being the fact, allow me to assure you that I am quite willing to release you from your share of the agreement into which we entered. At the same time, I do not intend to let the work fall to the ground, as it has been promised to the public. Unless you go on with it, I shall remit Woodfall the necessary money for the purchase of paper, and when it is ready offer it to the world. If it be but allowed fair play, I have no doubt of its success. It is an original book, on an original subject. To-morrow, July 5, I am thirty-nine. Have the kindness to drink my health in Madeira.

Ever most sincerely yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

Terms were eventually arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. Borrow informed Murray that he had sent the last proofs to the printer, and continued :—

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

Nov. 25th, 1842.

Only think, poor Allan Cunningham dead! A young man, only fifty-eight, strong and tall as a giant, might have lived to a hundred and one; but he bothered himself about the affairs of this world far too much. That statue shop [of Chantrey's] was his bane! Took to bookmaking likewise—in a word, was too fond of Mammon. Awful death—no preparation—came literally upon him like a thief in the dark. I'm thinking of writing a short life of him; old friend of twenty years' standing. I know a good deal about him; 'Traditional Tales,' his best work, first appeared in *London Magazine*. Pray send Dr. Bowring a copy of the Bible—another old friend. Send one to Ford, a capital fellow. God bless you—feel quite melancholy.

Ever yours,

G. BORROW.

'The Bible in Spain' was published towards the end of the year, and created a sensation. It was praised by many critics, and condemned by others, for Borrow had his enemies in the press.

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray, Junior.

Lowestoft, December 1st, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your kind letter containing the bills. It was very friendly in you, and I thank you, though, thank God, I have no Christmas bills to settle. Money, however, always acceptable. I dare say I shall be in London with the entrance of the New Year; I shall be most happy to see you, and still more your father, whose jokes do one good. I wish all the world were as gay as he; a gentleman drowned himself last week on my property. I wish he had gone somewhere else. I can't get poor Allan out of my head. When I come up, intend to go and see his wife. What a woman! I hope our book will be successful. If so, shall put another on the stocks. Capital subject; early life, studies, and adventures; some account of my father, William Taylor Whiter, Big Ben, &c., &c. Had another letter from Ford; wonderful fellow; seems in high spirits. Yesterday read 'Letters from the Baltic'; much pleased with it; very clever writer; critique in *Despatch* harsh and unjust; quite uncalled for; blackguard affair altogether.

I remain, dear Sir, ever yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

December 31st, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have great pleasure in acknowledging your very kind letter of the 28th, and am happy to hear that matters are going on so prosperously. It is quite useless to write books unless they sell, and the public has of late become so fastidious that it is no easy matter to please it. With respect to the critique in the *Times*, I fully agree with you that it was harsh and unjust, and the passages selected by no means calculated to afford a fair idea of the contents of

the work. A book, however, like 'The Bible in Spain' can scarcely be published without exciting considerable hostility, and I have been so long used to receiving hard knocks that they make no impression upon me. After all, the abuse of the *Times* is better than its silence; it would scarcely have attacked the work unless it had deemed it of some importance, and so the public will think. All I can say is, that I did my best, never writing but when the fit took me, and never delivering anything to my amanuensis but what I was perfectly satisfied with. You ask me my opinion of the review in the *Quarterly*. Very good, very clever, very neatly done. Only one fault to find—too laudatory. I am by no means the person which the reviewer had the kindness to represent me. I hope you are getting on well as to health; strange weather this, very unwholesome, I believe, both for man and beast: several people dead, and great mortality amongst the cattle. Am tolerably well myself, but get but little rest—disagreeable dreams—digestion not quite so good as I could wish; been on the water system—won't do; have left it off, and am now taking lessons in singing. I hope to be in London towards the end of next month, and reckon much upon the pleasure of seeing you. On Monday I shall mount my horse and ride into Norwich to pay a visit to a few old friends. Yesterday the son of our excellent Dawson Turner rode over to see me; they are all well, it seems. Our friend Joseph Gurney, however, seems to be in a strange way—diabetes, I hear. I frequently meditate upon 'The Life,' and am arranging the scenes in my mind. With best remembrances to Mrs. M. and all your excellent family,

Truly and respectfully yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

Mr. Richard Ford's forthcoming work—'The Handbook for Spain,' about which Mr. Borrow had been making so many enquiries, was the result of many years' hard riding and constant investigation throughout Spain, one of the least known of all European countries at that time. Mr. Ford called upon Mr. Murray, after 'The Bible in Spain' had been published, and a copy of the

work was presented to him. He was about to start on his journey to Heavitree, near Exeter. A few days after his arrival Mr. Murray received the following letter from him :—

Mr. Richard Ford to John Murray.

“ I read Borrow with great delight all the way down per rail, and it shortened the rapid flight of that velocipede. You may depend upon it that the book will sell, which, after all, is the rub. It is the antipodes of Lord Carnarvon, and yet how they tally in what they have in common, and that is much—the people, the scenery of Galicia, and the suspicions and absurdities of Spanish Jacks-in-office, who yield not in ignorance or insolence to any kind of red-tapists, hatched in the hot-beds of jobbery and utilitarian mares'-nests . . . Borrow spares none of them. I see he hits right and left, and floors his man wherever he meets him. I am pleased with his honest sincerity of purpose and his graphic abrupt style. It is like an old Spanish ballad, leaping in *res medias*, going from incident to incident, bang, bang, bang, hops, steps, and jumps like a cracker, and leaving off like one, when you wish he would give you another touch or *coup de grâce* . . . He really sometimes puts me in mind of Gil Blas ; but he has not the sneer of the Frenchman, nor does he gild the bad. He has a touch of Bunyan, and, like that enthusiastic tinker, hammers away, *à la Gitano*, whenever he thinks he can thwack the Devil or his man-of-all-work on earth—the Pope. Therein he resembles my friend and everybody's friend—*Punch*—who, amidst all his adventures, never spares the black one. However, I am not going to review him now ; for I know that Mr. Lockhart has expressed a wish that I should do it for the *Quarterly Review*. Now, a wish from my liege master is a command. I had half engaged myself elsewhere, thinking that he did not quite appreciate such a *trump* as I know Borrow to be. He is as full of meat as an egg, and a fresh laid one—not one of your Inglis breed, long addled by over-bookmaking. Borrow will lay you golden eggs, and hatch them after the ways of Egypt ; put salt on his tail and secure him in your coop, and beware how any poacher coaxes him with ‘raisins’ or

reasons out of the Albemarle preserves. When you see Mr. Lockhart tell him that I will do the paper. I owe my entire allegiance to the *Q. R.* flag . . . Perhaps my understanding the *full force* of this 'gratia' makes me over partial to this wild Missionary ; but I have ridden over the same tracks without the tracts, seen the same people, and know that *he* is true, and I believe that he believes all that he writes to be true."

Mr. Lockhart himself, however, wrote the review for the *Quarterly* (No. 141, December 1842). It was a temptation that he could not resist, and his article was most interesting. 'The Gypsies in Spain' and 'The Bible in Spain' went through many editions, and there is still a large demand for both works. Before we leave George Borrow we will give a few extracts from his letters, which, like his books, were short, abrupt, and graphic. He was asked to become a member of the Royal Institution.

Mr. George Borrow to John Murray.

Feb. 25th, 1843.

"I should like to become a member. The thing would just suit me, more especially as they do not want *clever* men, but *safe* men. Now, I am safe enough ; ask the Bible Society, whose secrets I have kept so much to their satisfaction, that they have just accepted at my hands an English Gypsy Gospel gratis. What would the Institution expect me to write ? I have exhausted Spain and the Gypsies, though an essay on Welsh language and literature might suit, with an account of the Celtic tongue. Or, won't something about the ancient North and its literature be more acceptable ? I have just received an invitation to join the Ethnological Society (who are they ?), which I have declined. I am at present in great demand ; a bishop has just requested me to visit him. The worst of these bishops is that they are skin-flints, saving for their families. Their cuisine is bad, and their port wine execrable, and as for their cigars !—I say, do you remember those precious ones of the Sanctuary ?

A few days ago one of them turned up again. I found it in my great-coat pocket, and thought of you. I have seen the article in the *Edinburgh* about the Bible—exceedingly brilliant and clever, but rather too epigrammatic, quotations scanty and not correct. Ford is certainly a most astonishing fellow; he quite flabbergasts me—handbooks, reviews, and I hear that he has just been writing a 'Life of Velasquez' for the 'Penny Cyclopædia'!"

Oulton Hall, Lowestoft, March 13th, 1843.

"So the second edition is disposed of. Well and good. Now, my dear friend, have the kindness to send me an account of the profits of it and let us come to a settlement. Up to the present time I do assure you I have not made a penny by writing, what with journeys to London and tarrying there. Basta! I hate to talk of money matters.

"Let them call me a nonentity if they will; I believe that some of those who say I am a phantom would alter their tone provided they were to ask me to a good dinner; bottles emptied and fowls devoured are not exactly the feats of a phantom: no! I partake more of the nature of a Brownie or Robin Goodfellow—goblins, 'tis true, but full of merriment and fun, and fond of good eating and drinking. Occasionally I write a page or two of my life. I am now getting my father into the Earl of Albemarle's regiment, in which he was captain for many years. If I live, and my spirits keep up tolerably well, I hope that within a year I shall be able to go to press with something which shall beat the 'Bible in Spain.'"

And a few days later:—

"I have received your account for the two editions. I am perfectly satisfied. We will now, whenever you please, bring out a third edition.

"The book which I am at present about will consist, if I live to finish it, of a series of Rembrandt pictures, interspersed here and there with a Claude. I shall tell the world of my parentage, my early thoughts and habits, how I became a *sap-engro*, or viper-catcher: my wanderings with the regiment in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which last place my jockey habits first commenced: then

a great deal about Norwich, Billy Taylor, Thurtell, &c. : how I took to study and became a *lav-engro*. What do you think of this for a bill of fare? I am now in a blacksmith's shop in the south of Ireland taking lessons from the Vulcan in horse charming and horse-shoe making. By the bye, I wish I were acquainted with Sir Robert Peel. I could give him many a useful hint with respect to Ireland and the Irish. I know both tolerably well. Whenever there's a row, I intend to go over with Sidi Habesmith and put myself at the head of a body of volunteers."

A few of the works may be mentioned which Mr. Murray published in 1841, 1842, and the beginning of 1843. Sir Charles Fellows had continued his 'Excavations in Lycia,' and published his second journal in 1841, containing "more recent discoveries in Ancient Lycia; being a journal kept during a second excursion in Asia Minor." The results are to be seen in the splendid array of Lycian temples and monuments preserved in the British Museum.

While arranging for the publication of Mr. Horace Twiss's 'Life of the Earl of Eldon,' Mr. Murray wrote to Mr. Twiss:—

John Murray to Mr. Twiss..

May 11th, 1842.

"I am very sorry to say that the publishing of books at this time involves nothing but loss, and that I have found it absolutely necessary to withdraw from the printers every work that I had in the press, and to return to the authors any MS. for which they required immediate publication."

Mr. Murray nevertheless agreed to publish the 'Life of Eldon' on commission, and it proved very successful, going through several editions.

Another work offered to Mr. Murray in 1841, was 'The Moor and the Loch,' by John Colquhoun, of Leney House, Callander. He had published the first

edition at Edinburgh through Mr. Blackwood ; and, having had some differences with that publisher, he now proposed to issue the second edition in London. He wrote to Mr. Murray desiring him to undertake the work, and received the following reply :—

John Murray to Mr. Colquhoun.

March 16th, 1841.

SIR,

I should certainly have had much pleasure in being the original publisher of your very interesting work 'The Moor and the Loch,' but I have a very great dislike to the *appearance even* of interfering with any other publisher. Having glass windows, I must not throw stones. With Blackwood, indeed, I have long had particular relations, and they for several years acted as my agents in Edinburgh ; so pray have the kindness to confide to me the cause of your misunderstanding with that house, and let me have the satisfaction of at least trying in the first place to settle the matter amicably. In any case, however, you may rely upon all my means to promote the success of your work, the offer of which has made me, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Colquhoun to John Murray.

March 20th, 1841.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged by your note which I received yesterday. I shall endeavour to see you directly, and when I explain the cause of my dissatisfaction with Messrs. Blackwood, I am sure you will at once see that it would be impossible for us to go on comfortably together with my second edition ; and even if any adjustment was brought about, I feel convinced that the book would suffer. I do not mean to imply anything against the Messrs. Blackwood as men of business, and should be sorry to be thus understood ; but this case has been a peculiar one,

and requires too long an explanation for a letter. In the meantime I have written to you under the strictest confidence, as the Messrs. B. are not aware of my intention of bringing out a second edition at the present time, or of my leaving them. My reasons, however, are such that my determination cannot be altered; and I hope, after a full explanation with you, that we shall at once agree to publish the book with the least possible delay. I shall be most happy to return your note, which you may afterwards show to Messrs. B., and I may add that had you altogether refused to publish my book, it could in no way have affected my decision of leaving them.

I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN COLQUHOUN.

Mr. Colquhoun came up expressly to London, and after an interview with Mr. Murray, who again expressed his willingness to mediate with the Edinburgh publishers, Mr. Colquhoun repeated his final decision, and Mr. Murray at length agreed to publish the second edition of 'The Moor and the Loch.' It may be added that in the end Mr. Colquhoun did, as urged by Murray, return to the Blackwoods, who still continue to publish his work.

Allan Cunningham ended his literary life by preparing the 'Memoirs' of his friend Sir David Wilkie. Shortly before he undertook the work he had been prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, but on his partial recovery he proceeded with the memoirs, and the enfeebling effects of his attack may be traced in portions of the work. Towards the close of his life Wilkie had made a journey to the East, had painted the then Sultan at Constantinople, and afterwards made his way to Smyrna, Rhodes, Beyrout, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. He returned through Egypt, and at Alexandria he embarked on board the *Oriental* steamship for England. While at Alexandria, he had complained of

illness, which increased, partly in consequence of his intense sickness at sea, and he died off Gibraltar on the 1st June, 1841, when his body was committed to the deep. Turner's splendid picture of the scene was one of Wilkie's best memorials. A review of Allan Cunningham's work, by Mr. Lockhart, appeared in the *Quarterly*, No. 144. Previous to its appearance he wrote to Mr. Murray as follows:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

February 25th, 1843.

DEAR MURRAY,

I don't know if you have read much of 'The Life of Wilkie.' All Cunningham's part seems to be wretched, but in the 'Italian and Spanish Journals and Letters' Wilkie shines out in a comparatively new character. He is a very eloquent and, I fancy, a deep and instructive critic on painting; at all events, Vol. ii. is full of very high interest . . . Is there anywhere a good criticism on the alteration that Wilkie's style exhibited after his Italian and Spanish tours? The general impression always was, and I suppose will always be, that the change was for the worse. But it will be a nice piece of work to account for an unfortunate change being the result of travel and observation, which we now own to have produced such a stock of admirable theoretical disquisition on the principles of the Art. I can see little to admire or like in the man Wilkie. Some good homely Scotch kindness for kith and kin, and for some old friends too perhaps; but generally the character seems not to rise above the dull prudentialities of a decent man in awe of the world and the great, and awfully careful about No. 1. No genuine enjoyment, save in study of Art, and getting money through that study. He is a fellow that you can't suppose ever to have been drunk or in love—too much a Presbyterian Elder for either you or me.

In the beginning of 1841, Mr. John Sterling, who had already published poetry in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and through Moxon, but without attracting much attention, wrote to Murray about the publication of a new poem,

entitled 'The Election,' which consisted, in its first draught, of about two thousand verses. Murray so far departed from his usual rule not to publish poetry, as to intimate to Mr. Sterling's father—Mr. Edward Sterling, then a writer for, and afterwards editor of, the *Times*—that he would agree to print from 750 to 1250 copies of 'The Election,' at half profits. The number was eventually limited to 750 copies, and the author wrote to Mr. Murray, that he was quite satisfied with his arrangements, and that he "considered it a great advantage to his poem to be published by him." Thomas Carlyle, in his 'Life of Sterling,' refers to the poem. It might, he said, "be called the mock-heroic, or sentimental Hudibrastic, reminding one, a little, too, of Wieland's 'Oberon'—it had touches of true drollery, combined not ill with grave, clear insight; showed spirit everywhere, and a plainly improved power of execution." 'The Election—a Poem,' was published at the end of 1841, but notwithstanding Carlyle's eulogy, it did not prove a success.

"This new poetic Duodecimo," says Carlyle, "as the last had done and as the next also did, met with little or no recognition from the world; which was not very inexcusable on the world's part; though many a poem with far less proof of merit than this offers, has run, when the accidents favoured it, through its tens of editions, and raised the writer to the demigods for a year or two, if not longer."

Mr. Sterling had, about this time, an opportunity of meeting Mr. Lockhart, and his impression of him confirms the opinion already given of the kindness of the man.

"I made my first oral acquaintance with Lockhart of the *Quarterly*, and found him as neat, clear, and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good nature, and liberal anti-bigotry, that would surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness."

Mr. Murray received another communication from Mr. Sterling (16th December, 1841). "Not," he said, "respecting his own literary affairs, but those of a friend." The friend was Mr. John Stuart Mill, son of the historian of British India. He had completed his work on Logic, of which Mr. Sterling had the highest opinion. He said it had been the "labour of many years of a singularly subtle, patient, and comprehensive mind. It will be our chief speculative monument of this age." Mr. Mill himself addressed Mr. Murray, first on the 20th December, 1841, while he was preparing the work for the press, and again in January and February, 1842, when he had forwarded the MS. to the publisher, and requested his decision. We find, however, that Mr. Murray was very ill at the time; that he could not give the necessary attention to the subject; and that the MS. was eventually returned.

The *Quarterly* went on as usual. Lockhart often exceeded even himself in the spirit and entertainment of his articles. In No. 137 he wrote a paper on the Copyright Question:—

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Dec. 13th, 1841.

"As to my own article, you can, if you please, reject it *in toto*; but if so, I am pledged to Mr. Wordsworth, and it must go to Blackwood. I don't at present feel at all disposed to take thought about Peel's or any other politician's opinion. I have studied the subject, and so has Wordsworth, who is at least as likely to study any question to advantage as Sir Robert Peel. I propose no plan for an Act of Parliament. But I think I have shown that unless more protection be given to authors and publishers—whose interests I have treated as identical, which they are—our literature must expire in a muddled heap of fraudulent and worthless compilations, and base appeals to the lower passions. After all, just ask yourself whether the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has not a right to express his own

deliberate opinion on a subject of this sort whenever he pleases? It seems to me that if he has not that right, he has none."

Mr. Thomas Mitchell also wrote to Mr. Murray on the same subject:—

Mr. Mitchell to John Murray.

Jan. 15th, 1842.

"I do sincerely hope that whatever may be the fate of the next Copyright Bill, which, it seems, is to be introduced to the new Parliament, as far as authors are concerned, that effectual steps will be taken to secure publishers from the infamous piracies of the foreign market. Two years ago, I remember that a travelled friend told me that you had yourself suffered largely from this conduct, which is as disgraceful to our legislature as ruinous to individuals. Protection to publishers would, I believe, be the best protection to nine-tenths of us authors. I don't know who is the author of the paper in the *Quarterly* on the subject, but I am reading it a second time from the interest which I feel in it."*

* Mr. Mitchell made very little by his authorship. Towards the end of his days, when he found his powers failing, Sir Robert Peel had the generosity to place £150 at his disposal. Mr. Mitchell was then preparing an edition of Aristophanes for the use of schools. Mr. Lockhart, with whom he was intimate, was much annoyed to find that he had introduced so many political notions into the 'Notes to Aristophanes.' "Nothing," he wrote to Murray, "can be in worse taste than the mingling up of ephemeral politics with the 'Notes on Aristophanes.' I declare I never could have fancied anything so preposterous as allusions to Benjamin Hawes, soap-boiler, M.P. for Lambeth, and others of that order, in the sheets now returned. . . . What should we think of an edition of Aristophanes stuffed full of Wilkes or Dr. Sacheverell? But you must not tell T. M. that I consider his wit and humour anything but Aristophanic. Worse drivelling have I seldom encountered than all this about the savants of Birmingham. Why make a School Book a Tory Book? You won't get it into Rugby." Before the school book was issued, all the offensive political notes were expurgated.

When Copyright became the subject of legislation the following year, Mr. Murray received a letter from Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone to John Murray.

Whitehall, February 6th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg leave to thank you for the information contained in and accompanying your note which reached me on Saturday

The view with which the clauses relating to copyright in the Customs' Act were framed was that those interested in the exclusion of pirated works would take care to supply the Board of Customs from time to time with lists of all works under copyright which were at all likely to be reprinted abroad, and that this would render the law upon the whole much more operative and more fair than an enormous catalogue of all the works entitled to the privilege, of which it would be found very difficult for the officers at the ports to manage the use.

Directions in conformity with the Acts of last Session will be sent to the Colonies.

But I cannot omit to state that I learn from your note with great satisfaction, that steps are to be taken here to back the recent proceedings of the Legislature. I must not hesitate to express my conviction that what Parliament has done will be fruitless, unless the *law* be seconded by the adoption of such modes of publication, as will allow the public here and in the colonies to obtain possession of new and popular English works at moderate prices. If it be practicable for authors and publishers to make such arrangements, I should hope to see a great extension of our book trade, as well as much advantage to literature, from the measures that have now been taken and from those which I trust we shall be enabled to take in completion of them; but unless the proceedings of the trade itself adapt and adjust themselves to the altered circumstances, I can feel no doubt that we shall relapse into or towards the old state of things; the law will be first evaded and then relaxed.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Shortly after his second marriage, Southey's intellect began to fail him, and he soon sank into a state of mental imbecility. He would wander about his library, take down a book, look into it, and then put it back again, but was incapable of work. When Mr. Murray sent him the octavo edition of the 'Peninsular War,' his wife answered :—

Mrs. Southey to John Murray.

Greta Hall, May 15th, 1840.

If the word *pleasure* were not become to me as a *dead letter*, I should tell you with how much I took possession of your kind gift. But I *may* tell you truly that it gratified, and more than gratified me, by giving pleasure to my dear husband, as a token of your regard for him, so testified towards myself. The time is not far passed when we should have rejoiced together like children over such an acquisition.

Yours very truly and thankfully,

CAR. SOUTHEY.

May 23rd, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

Very cordially I return your friendly salutations, feeling, as I do, that every manifestation of kindness for my husband's sake is more precious to me than any I could receive for my own exclusively. Two-and-twenty years ago, when he wished to put into your hands, as publisher, a first attempt of mine, of which he thought better than it deserved, he little thought that in so doing he was endeavouring to forward the interests of his future wife ; of her for whom it was appointed (a sad but honoured lot) to be the companion of his later days, over which it has pleased God to cast the "shadow before" of that "night in which no man can work." But twelve short months ago he was cheerfully anticipating (in the bright buoyancy of his happy nature) a far other companionship for the short remainder of our earthly sojourn ; never forgetting, however, that ours must be short at the longest, and that "in the midst of life we are in death." He desires me to thank you for your kind

expressions towards him, and to be most kindly remembered to you. Your intimation of the favourable progress of his 8vo 'Book of the Church' gave him pleasure, and he thanks you for so promptly attending to his wishes about a neatly bound set of his 'Peninsular War.' Accept my assurances of regard, and believe me to be, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

On September 17th, 1840, Mr. Murray sent to Mr. Southey a draft for £259, being the balance for his 'Book of the Church,' and informed him that he would be pleased to know that another edition was called for. Mrs. Southey replied:—

Mrs. Southey to John Murray.

"He made no remark on your request to be favoured with any suggestions he might have to offer. *My* sad persuasion is that Robert Southey's works have received their last revision and correction from his mind and pen."

Greta Hall, October 5th, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

I will not let another post go out, without conveying to you my thanks for your very kind letter last night received. It will gratify you to know that its contents (the copy of the critique included), aroused and fixed Mr. Southey's attention more than anything that has occurred for months past—gratifying him, I believe, far more than anything more immediately concerning himself could have done. "Tell Murray," he said, "I am very much obliged to him." It is long since he has sent a message to friend or relation.

Now let me say for myself that I am very thankful to *you*—very thankful to my indulgent reviewer—and that if I could yet feel interest about anything of my own writing, I should be pleased and encouraged by his encomium—as well as grateful for it. But if it did *not sound thanklessly*,

I should say, "too late—too late—it comes too late!" and that bitter feeling came upon me so suddenly, as my eyes fell upon the passage in question, that they overflowed with tears before it was finished.

But he *did take interest in* it, at least for a few moments, and so it was not *quite* too late; and (doing as I *know he would have me*), I shall act upon your most *kind* and *friendly* advice, and transmit it to Blackwood, who will, I doubt not, be willingly guided by it.

It was one of my husband's pleasant visions before our marriage, and his favourite prospect, to publish a volume of poetry conjointly with me, not weighing the disproportion of talent.

I must tell you that immediately on receiving the *Review*, I should have written to express my sense of your kindness, and of the flattering nature of the critique; but happening to *tell* Miss Southey and her brother that you had sent it me, as I believed, as an obliging personal attention, they assured me I was mistaken, and that the numbers were only intended for "their set." Fearing, therefore, to arrogate to myself more than was designed for me, I kept silence; and now expose *my simplicity* rather than *leave myself open* to the imputation of unthankfulness. Mr. Southey desires to be very kindly remembered to you, and I am, my dear Sir,

Very thankfully and truly yours,

CAR. SOUTHEY.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten to thank you for so kindly offering to send the *Review* to any friends of mine, I may wish to gratify. I *will* accept the proffered favour, and ask you to send one addressed to Miss Burnard, Shirley, Southampton, Hants. The other members of my family and most of my friends take the *Q. R.*, or are sure of seeing it. This last number is an excellent one.

A final letter reached Mr. Murray from Mrs. Southey announcing the approaching end of Robert Southey's life:—

Mrs. Southey to John Murray.

Feb. 27th, 1843.

"There has been little alteration in my husband's state until about three weeks ago, when he had a slight—a very slight—apoplectic seizure. He was promptly relieved, and there has been no recurrence of alarming symptoms. But the warning was an impressive one."

As in the case of Sir Walter Scott, the seizures returned. Southey became less able to resist them, and died on the 21st of March, 1843.

Thomas Mitchell was much distressed by the deaths of his old friends.

"Disease and death," he wrote to Murray, "seem to be making no small havoc among our literary men—Maginn, Cunningham, Basil Hall, and poor Southey, worst of all. Lockhart's letters of late have made me very uneasy, too, about him. Has he yet returned from Scotland, and is he at all improved?"

Lockhart, however, was still working as industriously as usual for the *Quarterly*. When he was ill or absent, he left the *Review* in charge of the indefatigable Mr. Croker. Theodore Hook was one of those literary men who had recently departed. Mr. Lockhart wrote for the May number of the *Quarterly* an account of his life, which proved to be one of the most charming and entertaining of his compositions.

Mr. Lockhart to John Murray.

Mar. 28th, 1843.

DEAR M.,

I am sorry indeed to find that you have been so unwell. Let me hope you are now yourself, and that we shall meet now and then. I have been myself neither well nor in good spirits, but I worked hard for a while on Hook's papers,

and am willing to work again at Wilkie's,* though I don't like the character. It wants generosity and openness, and without these qualities who can care much about any man? The real merit is his critiques on Art. If you encourage me, after reading my sketch of Theodore Hook, I will try, but I don't often please you, I know, and have little heart, therefore, for writing with a view to *Q. R.*

Many important books about Afghanistan were published about this time. Mr. Murray had already brought out a 'Residence in Cabool,' by Sir Alexander Burnes, afterwards murdered in that city, and this was in due course succeeded by Lieutenant Eyre's 'Military Operations in Cabool,' which appeared in January 1843. Mr. Murray presented a copy of the work to Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who, after perusing it, wrote to him:—

"I have read it with great pain and shame, which are, as I fear one must say in such a case, the tests of its merits as a work. May another occasion for such a narrative never arise!"

But the most important work of the kind was Lady Sale's 'Journal.' Sir Robert H. Sale was the general who commanded the British forces sent to redeem the British name in Afghanistan. He forced the Jugdulloek Pass, stormed the fort of Mamoo Khail, and retreated to Jellalabad, where, after a siege by the Afghan troops, he attacked and utterly routed them. Finally, he advanced upon Cabool, and contributed to its capture. Lady Sale's narrative related to the memorable retreat from Afghanistan, and will not soon be forgotten.

Sir Francis B. Head, in acknowledging the receipt of the book, wrote:—

* The article on Wilkie appeared in the following number (114).

Sir F. B. Head to John Murray.

April 19th, 1843.

Your kind present of 'Lady Sale' reached me on the day of the arrival of my eldest son from India after an absence of seven years. He has returned to me in such robust health that, to tell you the truth, I have been too overjoyed to read, or do anything rational but look at him. Tomorrow, however, I shall leave my young man for your old woman, of whose charms I can give you the following proof. I was at a committee this morning, when I heard a gentleman say: "My friend, Mr. Bouverie, got hold of Lady Sale's book yesterday evening, and sat reading it till five o'clock this morning." In fact, he passed the night with Lady Sale instead of with his own wife. I mention this as one of the sins for which, as a publisher, you will some of these days have to account.

Yours, my dear friend, very sincerely,

F. B. HEAD.

Mr. Lockhart, on receiving his copy of the work (April 3rd, 1843), wrote that he thought—

"It must have a great vogue, especially among the ladies. I am truly delighted," he continued, "to hear that you are yourself once more, and that news will do much good, I assure you, as well as myself. I dined yesterday with Lord Mahon, where we had only Peel, Brougham, Hallam and Follet. Brougham charming, and the Premier very funny, but looking, I thought, very worn and bloated, and not happy until he had had some wine."

This was the last important work that Mr. Murray published: in the autumn of 1842 his health began to fail rapidly, and he found it necessary to live much out of London, and to try various watering-places; but although he rallied at times sufficiently to return to his business for short periods, he never recovered, and passed away in sleep on the 27th of June, 1843, at the age of sixty-five.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOHN MURRAY AS A PUBLISHER.

IN considering the career of John Murray, the reader can hardly fail to be struck with the remarkable manner in which his personal qualities appeared to correspond with the circumstances out of which he built his fortunes.

When he entered his profession, the standard of conduct in every department of life connected with the publishing trade was determined by aristocratic ideas. The unwritten laws which regulated the practice of bookselling in the eighteenth century were derived from the Stationers' Company. Founded as it had been on the joint principles of commercial monopoly and State control, this famous organization had long lost its old vitality. But it had bequeathed to the bookselling community a large portion of its original spirit, both in the practice of co-operative publication which produced the 'Trade Books,' so common in the last century, and in that deep-rooted belief in the perpetuity of copyright, which only received its death-blow from the celebrated judgment of the House of Lords in the case of *Donaldson v. Becket* in 1774. Narrow and exclusive as they may have been in their relation to the public interest, there can be no doubt that these traditions helped to constitute, in the dealings of the booksellers among themselves, a standard of honour which put a certain curb on the pursuit of private gain. It was this feeling which

provoked such intense indignation in the trade against the publishers who took advantage of their strict legal rights to invade what was generally regarded as the property of their brethren ; while the sense of what was due to the credit, as well as to the interest, of a great organized body, made the associated booksellers zealous in the promotion of all enterprises likely to add to the fame of English literature.

Again, there was something, in the best sense of the word, aristocratic in the position of literature itself. Patronage, indeed, had declined. The patron of the early days of the century, who, like Halifax, sought in the Universities or in the London Coffee-houses for literary talent to strengthen the ranks of political party, had disappeared, together with the later and inferior order of patron, who, after the manner of Bubb Dodington, flattered his social pride by maintaining a retinue of poetical clients at his country seat. The nobility themselves, absorbed in politics or pleasure, cared far less for letters than their fathers in the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges. Hence, as Johnson said, the bookseller had become the *Mæcenas* of the age ; but not the bookseller of Grub Street. To be a man of letters was no longer a reproach. Johnson himself had been rewarded with a literary pension, and the names of almost all the distinguished scholars of the latter part of the eighteenth century—Warburton, the two Wartons, Lowth, Burke, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson—belong to men who either by birth or merit were in a position which rendered them independent of literature as a source of livelihood. The author influenced the public rather than the public the author, while the part of the bookseller was restricted to introducing and distributing to society the works which the scholar had designed.

Naturally enough, from such conditions arose a highly aristocratic standard of taste. The centre of literary judgment passed from the half-democratic society of the Coffee-house to the dining-room of scholars like Cambridge or Beauclerk ; and opinion, formed from the brilliant conversation at such gatherings as the Literary Club, afterwards circulated among the public either in the treatises of individual critics, or in the pages of the two leading Monthly Reviews. The society from which it proceeded, though not in the strict sense of the word fashionable, was eminently refined and widely representative ; it included the politician, the clergyman, the artist, the connoisseur, and was permeated with the necessary leaven of feminine intuition, ranging from the observation of Miss Burney or the vivacity of Mrs. Thrale, to the stately morality of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Hannah More.

On the other hand, the whole period of Murray's life as a publisher, extending, to speak broadly, from the first French Revolution to almost the eve of the French Revolution of 1848, was characterised in a marked degree by the advance of Democracy. In all directions there was an uprising of the spirit of individual liberty against the prescriptions of established authority. In Politics the tendency is apparent in the progress of the Reform movement. In Commerce it was marked by the inauguration of the Free Trade movement. In Literature it made itself felt in the great outburst of poetry at the beginning of the century, and in the assertion of the superiority of individual genius to the traditional laws of form.

The effect produced by the working of the democratic spirit within the aristocratic constitution of society and taste may without exaggeration be described as prodigious. At first sight, indeed, there seems to be a certain abruptness

in the transition from the highly-organized society represented in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' to the philosophical retirement of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is only when we look beneath the surface that we see the old traditions still upheld by a small class of Conservative writers, including Campbell, Rogers, and Crabbe, and, as far as style is concerned, by some of the romantic innovators, Byron, Scott, and Moore. But, generally speaking, the age succeeding the first French Revolution, exhibits the triumph of individualism. Society itself is penetrated by new ideas; literature becomes fashionable; men of position are no longer ashamed to be known as authors, nor women of distinction afraid to welcome men of letters in their drawing-rooms. On all sides the excitement and curiosity of the times is reflected in the demand for poems, novels, essays, travels, and every kind of imaginative production, under the name of *belles lettres*.

As in the sphere of poetry this strange blend of democratic energy and aristocratic refinement found its fullest expression in the works of Byron, so in the sphere of taste it met with its most congenial interpreter in Murray. A certain romantic spirit of enterprise shows itself in his character at the very outset of his career. Tied to a partner of a petty and timorous disposition, he seizes an early opportunity to rid himself of the incubus. With youthful ardour he begs of a veteran author to be allowed the privilege of publishing, as his first undertaking, a work which he himself genuinely admired. He refuses to be bound by mere trading calculations. "The business of a publishing bookseller," he writes to a correspondent, "is not in his shop, or even in his connections, but in his brains." In all his professional conduct a largeness of view is apparent. A new conception of the scope of his trade

seems early to have risen in his mind, and he was perhaps the first member of the Stationers' craft to separate the business of bookselling from that of publishing. When Constable in Edinburgh sent him "a miscellaneous order of books from London," he replied: "Country orders are a branch of business which I have ever totally declined as incompatible with my more serious plans as a publisher."

With ideas of this kind, it may readily be imagined that Murray was not what is usually called "a good man of business," a fact of which he was well aware, as the following incident, which occurred in his later years, amusingly indicates.

The head of one of the larger firms with which he dealt came in person to Albemarle Street to receive payment of his account. This was duly handed to him in bills, which, by some carelessness, he lost on his way home. He thereupon wrote to Mr. Murray, requesting him to advertise in his own name for the lost property. Murray's reply was as follows:—

Twickenham, October 26, 1841.

MY DEAR —,

I am exceedingly sorry for the vexatious, though, I hope, only temporary loss which you have met with; but I have so little character for being a man of business, that if the bills were advertised in *my* name it would be publicly confirming the suspicion—but in your own name, it will be only considered as a very extraordinary circumstance, and I therefore give my impartial opinion in favour of the latter mode. Remaining, my dear —,

Most truly yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

The possession of ordinary commercial shrewdness, however, was by no means the quality most essential for successful publishing at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Both Constable and Ballantyne were men of great cleverness and aptitude for business ; but, wanting the higher endowments of head and heart, they were unable to resist the whirl of excitement accompanying an unprecedented measure of financial success. Their ruin was as rapid as their rise. To Murray, on the other hand, perhaps their inferior in the average arts of calculation, a vigorous native sense, tempering a genuine enthusiasm for what was excellent in literature, gave precisely that mixture of dash and steadiness which was needed to satisfy the complicated requirements of the public taste.

A high sense of rectitude is apparent in all his business transactions ; and Charles Knight did him no more than justice in saying that he had " left an example of talent and honourable conduct which would long be a model for those who aim at distinction in the profession." He would have nothing to do with what was poor and shabby. When it was suggested to him, as a young publisher, that his former partner was ready to bear part of the risk in a contemplated undertaking, he refused to associate his fortunes with a man who conducted his business on underhand principles. " I cannot allow my name to stand with his, because he undersells all other publishers at the regular and advertised prices." Boundless as was his admiration for the genius of Scott and Byron, he abandoned one of the most cherished objects of his ambition—to be the publisher of new works by the author of *Waverley*—rather than involve himself further in transactions which he foresaw must lead to discredit and disaster ; and, at the risk of a quarrel, strove to recall Byron to the ways of sound literature, when through his wayward genius he seemed to be drifting into an unworthy course.

In the same way, when the disagreement between the

firms of Constable and Longmans seemed likely to turn to his own advantage, instead of making haste to seize the golden opportunity, he exerted himself to effect a reconciliation between the disputants, by pointing out what he considered the just and reasonable view of their mutual interests. The letters which, on this occasion, he addressed respectively to Mr. A. G. Hunter, to the Constables, and to the Longmans, are models of good sense and manly rectitude. Nor was his conduct to Constable after the downfall of the latter, less worthy of admiration. Deeply as Constable had injured him by the reckless conduct of his business, Murray not only retained no ill-feeling against him, but, anxious simply to help a brother in misfortune, resigned in his favour, in a manner full of the most delicate consideration, his own claim to a valuable copyright. The same warmth of heart and disinterested friendship appears in his efforts to re-establish the affairs of the Robinsons after the failure of that firm. Yet, remarkable as he was for his loyalty to his comrades, he was no less distinguished by his spirit and independence. No man without a very high sense of justice and self-respect could have conducted a correspondence on a matter of business in terms of such dignified propriety as Murray employed in addressing Benjamin Disraeli after the collapse of the *Representative*. It is indeed a proof of power to appreciate character, remarkable in so young a man, that Disraeli should, after all that had passed between them, have approached Murray in his capacity of publisher with complete confidence. He knew that he was dealing with a man at once shrewd and magnanimous, and he gave him credit for understanding how to estimate his professional interest apart from his sense of private injury.

Perhaps his most distinguishing characteristic as a

publisher was his unfeigned love of literature for its own sake ; a love which he owed in great part to the example and instruction of his half-brother Archibald. His almost romantic admiration for genius and its productions, raised him above the atmosphere of petty calculation. Not unfrequently it of course led him into commercial mistakes, and in his purchase of Crabbe's 'Tales,' he found to his cost, that his enthusiastic appreciation of that author's works and the magnificence of his dealings with him were not the measure of the public taste. Yet disappointments of this kind in no way embittered his temper, or affected the liberality with which he treated writers like Washington Irving, of whose powers he had himself once formed a high conception. The mere love of money indeed was never an absorbing motive in Murray's commercial career, otherwise it is certain that his course in the suppression of Byron's *Memoirs* would have been something very different to that which he actually pursued. On the perfect letter which he wrote to Scott, presenting him with his fourth share in 'Marmion,' the best comment is the equally admirable letter in which Scott returned his thanks. The grandeur—for that seems the appropriate word—of his dealings with men of high genius, is seen in his payments to Byron, while his confidence in the solid value of literary excellence appears from the fact that, when the *Quarterly* was not paying its expenses, he gave Southey for his 'Life of Nelson' double the usual rate of remuneration. No doubt his lavish generosity was politic as well as splendid. This, and the prestige which he obtained as Byron's publisher, naturally drew to him all that was vigorous and original in the intellect of the day, so that there was a general desire among young authors to be introduced to the public under his auspices. The relations between author and publisher

which had prevailed in the eighteenth century were, in his case, curiously inverted, and, in the place of a solitary scholar like Johnson, surrounded by an association of booksellers, the drawing-room of Murray now presented the remarkable spectacle of a single publisher acting as the centre of attraction to a host of distinguished writers.

In Murray the spirit of the eighteenth century seemed to meet and harmonise with the spirit of the nineteenth. Enthusiasm, daring, originality, and freedom from conventionality made him eminently a man of his time, and, in a certain sense, he did as much as any of his contemporaries to swell that movement in his profession towards complete individual liberty, which had been growing almost from the foundation of the Stationers' Company. On the other hand, in his temper, taste, and general principles, he reflected the best and most ancient traditions of his craft. Had his life been prolonged, he would have witnessed the disappearance in the trade of many institutions which he revered and always sought to develop. Some of them, indeed, vanished in his own life-time. The old association of booksellers, with its accompaniment of trade-books, dwindled with the growth of the spirit of competition and the greater facility of communication, so that, long before his death, the co-operation between the booksellers of London and Edinburgh was no more than a memory. Another institution which had his warm support was the Sale dinner, but this too has all but succumbed during the past decade, to the existing tendency for new and more rapid methods of conducting business. The object of the Sale dinner was to induce the great distributing houses and the retail booksellers to speculate, and buy an increased supply of books on special terms. Speculation has now almost ceased in consequence

of the enormous number of books published, which makes it difficult for a bookseller to keep a large stock of any single work, and renders the life of a new book so precarious that the demand for it may at any moment come to a sudden stop.

The country booksellers—a class in which Murray was always deeply interested—are dying out. Profits on books being cut down to a minimum, these tradesmen find it almost impossible to live by the sale of books alone, and are forced to couple this with some other kind of business.

The apparent risk involved in Murray's extraordinary spirit of adventure was in reality diminished by the many checks which in his day operated on competition, and by the high prices then paid for ordinary books. Men were at that time in the habit of forming large private libraries, and furnishing them with the sumptuous editions of travels and books of costly engraving issued from Murray's press. The taste of the time has changed. Collections of books have been superseded, as a fashion, by collections of pictures, and the circulating library encourages the habit of reading books without buying them. Cheap bookselling, the characteristic of the age, has been promoted by the removal of the tax on paper, and by the refuse out of which paper can now be manufactured. This cheapness, the ideal condition for which Charles Knight sighed, has been accompanied by a distinct deterioration in the taste and industry of the general reader. The multiplication of Reviews, Magazines, manuals, and abstracts, has impaired the love of, and perhaps the capacity for, study, research, and scholarship on which the general quality of literature must depend. Books, and even knowledge, like other commodities, may, in proportion to the ease with which they are obtained, lose at once both their external value and their intrinsic merit.

Murray's professional success is sufficient evidence of the extent of his intellectual powers. The foregoing Memoir has confined itself almost exclusively to an account of his life as a publisher, and it has been left to the reader's imagination to divine from a few glimpses how much of this success was due to force of character and a rare combination of personal qualities. A few concluding words on this point may not be inappropriate.

Quick-tempered and impulsive, he was at the same time warm-hearted and generous to a fault, while a genuine sense of humour, which constantly shows itself in his letters, saved him many a time from those troubles into which the hasty often fall. "I wish," wrote George Borrow, within a short time of the publisher's death, "that all the world were as gay as he."

He was in some respects indolent, and not infrequently caused serious misunderstandings by his neglect to answer letters ; but when he did apply himself to work, he achieved results more solid than most of his compeers. He had, moreover, a wonderful power of attraction, and both in his conversation and correspondence possessed a gift of felicitous expression which rarely failed to arouse a sympathetic response in those whom he addressed. Throughout "the trade" he was beloved, and he rarely lost a friend among those who had come within his personal influence.

He was eager to look for, and quick to discern, any promise of talent in the young. "Every one," he would say, "has a book in him, or her, if one only knew how to extract it," and many was the time that he lent a helping hand to those who were first entering on a literary career.

To his remarkable powers as a host, the many descriptions of his dinner parties which have been preserved amply testify ; he was more than a mere entertainer, and

took the utmost pains so to combine and to place his guests as best to promote sympathetic conversation and the general harmony of the gathering. Among the noted wits and talkers, moreover, who assembled round his table he was fully able to hold his own in conversation and in repartee.

On one occasion Lady Bell was present at one of these parties, and wrote: "The talk was of wit, and Moore gave specimens. Charles thought that our host Murray said the best things that brilliant night."

Many of the friends whose names are most conspicuous in these pages had passed away before him, but of those who remained there was scarcely one whose letters do not testify to the general affection with which he was regarded.

We give here one or two extracts from letters received during his last illness.

Thomas Mitchell wrote to the present Mr. Murray:—

"Give my most affectionate remembrances to your father. More than once I should have sunk under the ills of life but for his kind support and countenance, and so I believe would many others say besides myself. Be his maladies small or great, assure him that he has the earnest sympathies of one who well knows and appreciates his sterling merits."

Sir Francis Palgrave, who had known Mr. Murray during the whole course of his career, wrote to him affectionately of "the friendship and goodwill which," said he, "you have borne towards me during a period of more than half my life. I am sure," he added, "as we grow older we find day by day the impossibility of finding *any* equivalent for old friends." Sharon Turner also, the historian, was most cordial in his letters.

"Our old friends," he said, "are dropping off so often that it becomes more and more pleasing to know that

some still survive whom we esteem and by whom we are not forgotten . . . Certainly we can look back on each other now for forty years, and I can do so as to you with great pleasure and satisfaction, when, besides the grounds of private satisfaction and esteem, I think of the many works of great benefit to society which you have been instrumental in publishing, and in some instances of suggesting and causing. You have thus made your life serviceable to the world as well as honourable to yourself. . . . You are frequently in my recollections, and always with those feelings which accompanied our intercourse in our days of health and activity. May every blessing accompany you and yours, both here and hereafter."

It was not only in England that his loss was felt, for the news of his death called forth many tokens of respect and regard from beyond the seas, and we will close these remarks with two typical extracts from the letters of American correspondents.

Dr. Robinson, of New York, summed up his qualities in these words, written to the present Mr. Murray :—

"I have deeply sympathised with the bereaved family at the tidings of the decease of one of whom I have heard and read from childhood, and to whose kindness and friendship I had recently been myself so much indebted. He has indeed left you a rich inheritance, not only by his successful example in business and a wide circle of friends, but also in that good name which is better than all riches. He lived in a fortunate period—his own name is inseparably connected with one of the brightest eras of English literature—one, too, which, if not created, was yet developed and fostered by his unparalleled enterprise and princely liberality. I counted it a high privilege to be connected with him as a publisher, and shall rejoice in continuing the connection with his son and successor."

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney wrote from Hartford, Connecticut, U.S. :—

"Your father's death is a loss which is mourned on this side of the Atlantic. His powerful agency on the patronage

of a correct literature, which he was so well qualified to appreciate, has rendered him a benefactor in that realm of intellect which binds men together in all ages, however dissevered by political creed or local prejudice. His urbanity to strangers is treasured with gratitude in many hearts. To me his personal kindness was so great that I deeply regretted not having formed his acquaintance until just on the eve of my leaving London. But his parting gifts are among the chief ornaments of my library, and his last letter, preserved as a sacred autograph, expresses the kindness of a friend of long standing, and promises another 'more at length,' which, unfortunately, I had never the happiness of receiving."



THE END.

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